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PICTORIAL REVIEW

(Registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

ARTHUR T. VANCE, *Editor*

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY

William Paul Ahnelt

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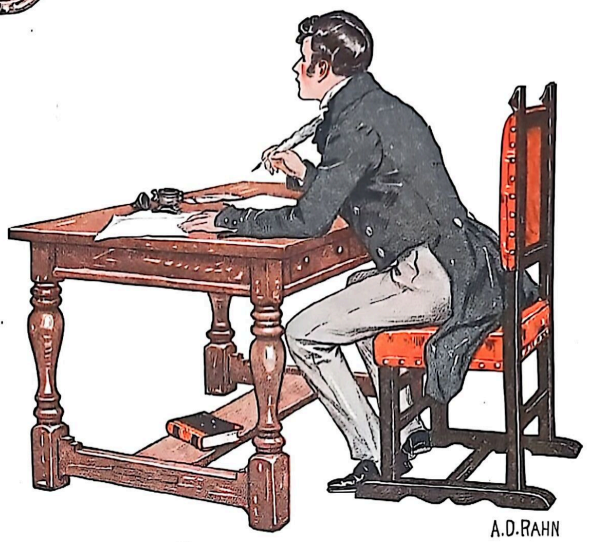

A.D.RAHN

"HE RECALLS HER KISSES, 'GLOWING AS HER LOVELY SOUL'"

One Lover

By BARONESS LÉONIE AMINOFF

Illustration by A. D. Rahn

WHAT are poets but lovers? There is generally a woman behind their verses—they don't see their lines; they see her. Sometimes she is a real, flesh and blood woman. Sometimes a mere image, a myth, an idea, a tendril of some lonely forest glade—a memory—an inspiration; a direct challenge to the future, the unknown wonderful future.

Yet the past has greater attractions to those who have the privilege of being born, let us say, with second sight. If you can't visualize the past it becomes at once "book-stuff," as Louis XI. said, and merely a dull channel to possible school prizes.

Let us suppose you and I, and all the world of our friends at least, are gifted, canny folk. That is if we are faced, say, by a faded print, setting out a little-known or a well-known incident in history—that picture at once takes upon itself extraordinary powers. It glows with life and movement. Each character has his say. We can only listen. Some of us make mental notes of the situation. For years, maybe, they have lain in the dark, practically forgotten. Life is so full of shadows waiting to be quickened—then, suddenly, for no obvious reason, as we can see, that old dim remembrance becomes of importance. We want to explain it. No. We let the action explain itself. Have we not hoarded the story in our hearts for just such an opportunity?

Once upon a time—to come to personalities—I happened on a little picture, painted on glass, representing a pretty little lady wearing a white-satin dress and a delicious lace bonnet adorned with yellow and white feathers. Her sleeves were of the leg-of-mutton variety; her waist a true hour-glass, pinched beyond belief, and her cloak, slipping off her bare shoulders, fashioned of ocher-yellow velvet. Her eyes were dark, and matched her smooth hair to a nicety. The eyes look at you. The mouth is not so good—it is a painted mouth—but the eyes are alive.

The whole picture measures ten inches by eight. When I bought it from a dilapidated antique-shop in Abo, Finland, a good many years ago now—for a mere nothing—it was unsigned; the gilt frame, which the old woman in the shop thought by far the best of the bargain, stood in bad need of cleaning. It was dull and tarnished.

At the time I did nothing to it. I merely, on coming home, rubbed the glass face of the pretty lady with a soft silk handkerchief, not to hurt her feelings and to remove the dust of nigh a century, to judge from her clothes. I hung her on a convenient nail in a spare room—and forgot her.

One day, maybe expecting special visitors, I packed her up and sent her to the cleaner's. That frame was a disgrace. The old craftsman in the shop knows me and I know him. He phoned me to come and see him. The lady was lying on the counter; her frame had been re-gilded (which was a pity), and was hanging all by itself in the company of its kind. We never gave it a glance. Behind the glass lady the dealer had discovered another picture. A charming pencil-sketch of a young girl. Underneath the portrait was written, in a faded, very good hand, a love-poem. The verses were in French, dated 1825, and signed "A. S. Pushkin."

I ordered the picture-dealer to put back that precious drawing where he'd found it. I watched him as he, somewhat reluctantly, took down the gilded frame, inserted the glass lady in her former position, guarded by Pushkin's secret, covering it all up decently behind the original board, where the screws had been shifted. I allowed a new wire cord to match that new-looking frame, and I carried them home.

Some one met me on the road. "Baroness, why are your eyes shining?"

"I have made a discovery," I said.

"Tell me—"

"One day," I replied; "one day."

To justify my conscience, however, I now hung up the glass lady in a splendid new home on the *salon* wall. She smiles between two antique handsome Sèvres mirrors, quite valuable pieces of china. They are what they are. Any one who cares to look can see they are mounted on solid mahogany backs and that the porcelain flowers are in excellent condition. But no one could guess what lies behind the lady in white and yellow.

ALEXANDER SERGEIEVITCH PUSHKIN is Russia's greatest poet. Not alone is his verse colorful and melodious, but it represents a new school, a national school. He did not want to sing in the French way, which had hitherto been almost an obligation with all would-be writers, still under the influence of Catherine the Great and her times, Peter the Great and his times, and so back to the few oases of cultivation the centuries have to produce in the histories of all the Russias.

Always outside influence at work. Their own material was too raw to be acceptable without judicious blending with Western ideas. Pushkin rose up against this unwritten law. He saw the teeming millions around him, he saw the great rivers at flood—the cities still paralyzed by the great invasion. He was born May 26, 1799, at Moscow. In 1811 he joined the newly instituted Imperial College for the sons of noblemen. He must have been in Moscow, or close by, when the war-trumpets of Napoleon echoed down the forsaken streets in 1812. In 1814 his first poems were accepted for publication by Moscow's principal paper, the *European News*.

Three years later he left college and got his first salaried appointment in the Foreign Office at Petersburg. A boy who writes poetry for the newspapers at fourteen years of age would be a firebrand at twenty. Young Pushkin was not very popular. At the Foreign Office they were rather inclined to deride his muse. His conservative ideas, his outlandish clothes, the fire of his eye, and his consuming talk all came in for criticism.

Pushkin didn't care, not the feather of an eagle's tail. He was born a freeman, a nobleman. His blood ran hot and fast in his veins. He adored the Emperor; he adored old traditions. He mixed with the people on high-days and holidays. He had a way of wheedling out of the most reserved, tales and facts belonging to the past. All was rainbow-color. He returned to his apartments almost in a trance. His pen would scratch far into the night, when his companions at the Foreign Office were, in all probability, dancing or playing the night away. Cards were the ruin of young Russia in those days. Every one played for high stakes.

In 1820 Napoleon was still alive. Some of the fever of his personality must have been about. People could not have quite forgotten him. Moscow was being rebuilt. They were planning the Saviour's Cathedral, which took shape much later, to the glory and honor of God and holy Russia, victorious Russia. Countless millions have crossed themselves, humbly kneeling, in the beautiful cathedral, which was lavishly decorated with silver, precious stones, and tinted glass. To-day, I believe, it is a cinema-house. Tickets are fairly cheap. Even in Soviet Russia they can't quite rub away tradition. It is easier to forget education. Easier to forget Christ—that long-suffering Christ in whose honor the great cathedral was erected, and completed not so long ago.

PUSHKIN was bound to come in collision with red tape. He had not been a year at the Foreign Office before his superiors found it convenient to send him to the provinces. He was placed under General Nisoff in a small town in southern Russia. He took the opportunity of visiting the Caucasus and Odessa. He remained four years with the general, who treated him kindly, and who gave him good advice to leave authorship alone. "In Russia, my dear boy," he said, "it is the greatest mistake to make enemies."

That was after a satirical and very brilliant poem came to his ears, in which Pushkin mercilessly makes fun of Count Vorontsoff, his successor in office.

Again the unfortunate young poet was set back. This time he was sent down to the family place, Michajloskoe, in the county of Pskoff, his future as a promising young diplomat nipped in its infancy. We can imagine the state of his suffering friends and his perplexed parents. You are never a prophet in your own home. The parents had expected better things of their son than being a pen-wiper.

Young Pushkin took his trials lightly. He had a room in an attic, snugly isolated, which he used as a study. Here he continued to write furiously, descending only for meals, neither talkative nor hungry. His mother would look at him sadly from her place at the head of the table. The Pushkins, like all Russian families of condition, were hospitable. Aunts and cousins, unto the third and fourth degrees, assembled there every Summer; also old family friends and their children. They brought their servants and nearly always their bedding. They stayed, as we have said, for months.

The house was large. The park and gardens were very extensive. The stables were fully occupied. Maybe the uncles and cousins and the old friends brought their horses with them also. Very likely. We have not an idea in our miserly times how munificently they did things a hundred years ago. It was quite immaterial if they had money or not. "God is good," they'd say, and kiss the newcomers, and immediately set them down to tea; very excellent tea, too.

Two years slipped past.

Pushkin wrote at this time his celebrated poem to "The Bronze Horseman," a magnificent equestrian statue of Peter the Great, set up in his own burgh. Peter had his visions. He saw a splendid city rise—as it did—on unfriendly, low-lying morasses flanking the Neva. They drained what they could of the land and they left the rest to God, or the next generation, or those following after. That is also a principle.

(Continued on Page 29)

Every day we find some new need for Vaseline

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PETROLEUM JELLY

"Handiest thing in the house"

THOUSANDS of housewives—when asked how they use "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly—answered with enthusiasm:

"There are dozens of ways in which it helps us."

"It's the handiest thing in the house."

"Every day we find some new need for it—for first-aid uses, for certain beauty purposes many women overlook, for household lubricating, cleaning, polishing."

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Each family ought to have several jars or tubes on hand. Keep a special tube for the baby; a jar for your own toilet use; a jar in the kitchen ready for emergencies; a tube in garage or workshop or barn or club locker for the men of the family.

Here are some of the ways in which "Vaseline" Jelly helps other women:

First Aid Uses

Minor cuts—Wash under running water and apply "Vaseline" Jelly.

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Burns—Cover the burned area with "Vaseline" Jelly, spread on clean linen or gauze. Change dressing daily.

Scalds—Cover the scalded area with "Vaseline" Jelly, spread on clean linen or gauze. Change dressing daily.

Blisters—Prick the edge of the blister with a sterilized needle, press out the water, and dress with "Vaseline" Jelly.

Sores—Apply "Vaseline" Jelly at frequent intervals.

Bumps and Bruises—Apply cold compresses, immediately, then dress with "Vaseline" Jelly.

Head Colds—Place a little "Vaseline" Jelly in each nostril when retiring. For tickling coughs take a teaspoonful internally as required.

Toilette Uses

For scalp and hair—To dress hair, make it shiny, help hold the wave, spread a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Jelly over the palms of the hands, and apply to the hair. Then brush briskly. To treat the scalp, part the hair, lock by lock, massage the scalp at the part with "Vaseline" Jelly on the finger tips. Leave on over night, then shampoo.

To shape the eyebrows—Apply a bit of "Vaseline" Jelly with the finger tip and shape with an eyebrow brush.

To encourage the eyelashes—Apply "Vaseline" Jelly with a tiny brush and leave on over night.

For chapped lips and skin—Apply to the lips several times a day. Spread a thin layer over chapped skin and leave on all night.

To beautify hands—If the hands are rough and cracked massage with "Vaseline" Jelly and wear soft silk or cotton gloves over night. If the hands are grimy from manual work, massage with "Vaseline" Jelly and wash with a non-irritating soap. If the grime has got into the cracks of the hands, leave the "Vaseline" Jelly on over night and wear gloves. This treatment makes the hands soft, and keeps the cuticle of the nails firm.

Household Uses

To prevent rust—Pots, waffle irons, the iron parts of the kitchen stove, etc., can be kept free from rust by coating with "Vaseline" Jelly when not in use.

Nickel and aluminum polish—With "Vaseline" Jelly you can restore the bright finish.

Squeaky hinges—"Vaseline" Jelly relieves the squeak in a jiffy.

Screens—Prevent screens from getting rusty by oiling with a cloth in which a bit of "Vaseline" Jelly has been rubbed.

Washing machines—Use "Vaseline" Jelly in the grease cup. It won't drip.

Electric fans—Use "Vaseline" Jelly in the grease cup.

Victrola—Lubricate with "Vaseline" Jelly. So easy to use.

For fine furniture—Rub "Vaseline" Jelly in thoroughly with a soft cloth. Imparts a fine finish and preserves the wood. Old furniture needs this constant oiling.

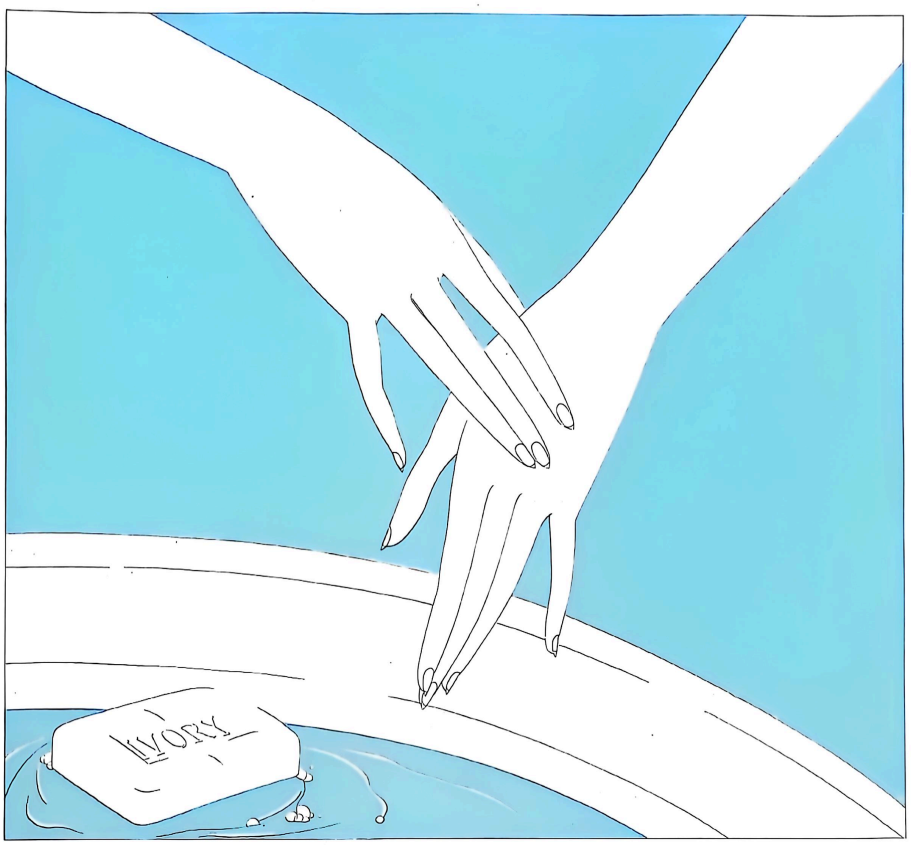
To dress leather—Rub well with a soft cloth and "Vaseline" Jelly.

Shoe cleaning—"Vaseline" Jelly is the best dressing for patent leather shoes. For scuffed black satin shoes, slick down with a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Jelly. Takes off that scuffed look all children's shoes get so easily. Also restores the softness of leather when shoes have been soaked.

If you are interested in keeping these and other uses for handy reference, write Dept. P 5-27, Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, 17 State St., New York, for new booklet of uses.

"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is on sale everywhere in bottles, tubes and tins.

And remember when you buy that the trade-mark "Vaseline" on the package gives you the assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd.



Was Beauty's ransom ever so modest?

WE know two cousins, whose names might be Joan and Elsie.

Their incomes are equal. Both have long been accustomed to the best that life affords. But Joan's hats, which cost all the way from nothing to five dollars apiece, are always as smart as Elsie's at twenty-five dollars. Joan's complexion, smooth and pink as peach blossoms, happens to cost her only a few cents a week, whereas Elsie positively refuses to tell how many dollars she spends on beauty-treatments, lotions, creams and imported soaps.

Joan's soap, for instance, is just as fine, just as pure, just as gentle as Elsie's costly treasures. White, too, moreover—Joan considers a white soap daintier.

Yet this smartly turned-out soap of hers in its crisp blue wrapping—as distinctive as her quite sophisticated five-dollar hats—costs the enormous sum of five cents!

Its name? Guest Ivory. White, pure, gentle, honest, as Ivory has been for nearly half a century. And—with its delicate modeling, its smoothly-rounded edges, its rich cleansing lather—fit for a princess.

Joan always buys three cakes of Guest Ivory at a time, so as to have a fresh cake on hand whenever a princess arrives unexpectedly.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

For the face and hands 5¢
As fine as soap can be

99 44/100% Pure
It Floats

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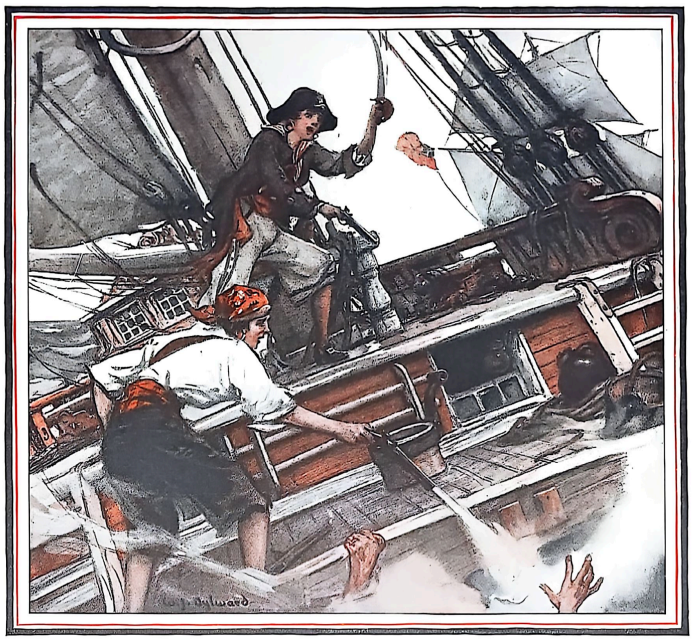

"ANNE AND MARY, CUTLASES IN HAND, HAD BEEN THE ONLY ONES TO REMAIN ON DECK"

Two Rogues on the High Seas

Second of the Unique Stories of "Gay and Gallant Ladies"

by Cameron Rogers

Illustration by W. J. Aylward

VAGABONDAGE has throughout history exercised a potent fascination for certain types of men, from such distinguished gentlemen errant as Casanova to light-hearted blackguards like Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard, or that epic brigand Jesse James. History, while not condoning their crimes or social misdemeanors, perpetuates the glamour of their lives. But it is not from men alone that sterling vagabonds are made. The chronicles are dotted with the names of women, beautiful, courageous, who, born meanly, rose to command, fought victoriously in armies, and controlled the destinies of states.

Some, like Lady Hester Stanhope, attempted to carve for themselves principalities from lands far distant from their own; some remained to govern the countries of their birth, and some chose to fare forth like men into a man's world and, as lady adventurers, wrest fortune from a society they deemed unjust.

Of the last class the most valiant examples are those two handsome girls who in the second decade of the eighteenth century were as feared by honest merchantmen who sailed the Spanish Main as was ever Avery of England or Kidd. The times were as rough as the seas they sailed, and justice was done with a stout rope and a long drop; but these two girls pursued their piracies, undaunted to the last by either all the King's money or all the King's men. And history, in recounting their misdeeds, sheds a certain glamour upon their lives, the story of whose short and merry existence is this:

On the 5th day of September, 1717, His Gracious Majesty King George I. of England and Ireland set his hand upon a Proclamation of Pardon to all pirates, freebooters, gentlemen adventurers, and sea-rovers who would, on or before the 5th of September, 1718, surrender themselves to "one of our Principal Secretaries of State in Great Britain or Ireland, or to any Governor or Deputy Governor of any of our Plantations beyond the Seas."

This paper, admirably executed in the King's English—tho, to be strict here, in the King's counselor's English, for the King had no English, being lately come from Hanover and so approved the proclamation in a passable German translation—went westward upon the person of Captain Woodes Rogers, appointed Governor of the Island of New Providence, with authority to deal faithfully by such notable villains as Captain Teach (better known as "Blackbeard"), Stede Bonnet, Captain Vane, his quartermaster Rackam, and others of their disreputable ilk.

Sent ahead to New Providence to apprize the gentlemen adventurers there assembled what was afoot, this notice caused consternation and much profanity. Blackbeard, characteristically enough, was for fighting Governor Rogers and serving illimitable rum immediately to all hands. Others were for retiring in good order with their loot to neighboring plantations, and as the pirates' council sat, these fought with cutlases to decide who would sail to which plantations. One Captain Jennings, however, the most influential among them, stood fast for accepting the royal George's pardon, and in the end all save Vane and Rackam followed him to the fold.

Vane and his quartermaster, as Rogers's men-of-war entered one channel of the island's harbor, hoisted sail and ran out the other, firing upon the King's ships as they went. A few turbulent months later Vane and Rackam parted, each to command his own rascal crew, and from the 24th day of November, 1718, until the dawn that found him miserably suspended in chains from Port Royal gallows, Rackam sailed the main on his own nefarious business, assisted therein by the strangest pair of pirates that ever trod a slippery deck.

One was Mary Read; the other was Anne Bonny, a name which in an adjectival use would have described both to the life, for both were comely girls, exceedingly well favored in face and form. Why they sailed with such a blackguard as Rackam constituted a problem which at eventual assizes was decided against them, tho it should be pleaded that as the King's Proclamation of Pardon was extended to gentlemen adventurers only, they, being lady adventurers, were thereby automatically debarred from enjoying it. At any rate they never did enjoy it nor even attempted to, a fact which seems to have convinced their judges that, tho handsome and high-mettled, they were confirmed in wickedness. But before they came to their accounting, both of them had merry and exciting lives.

Mary Read, the more womanly of the two, had lived stirring days before ever she shipped beneath the skull and cross-bones. Mary was a true lady adventurer, and the circumstances of her birth and childhood all worked together to guarantee the pursuit of a predilection that must have been hers since earliest infancy. Her mother, a pretty Devon lass, was married young to Read, an Englishman, probably of Plymouth, who, in the parlance of the day, "used the sea," and who sailed away one day, leaving behind him, cared for by his relatives, his Devon maid. Shortly after, she became a mother, but her husband never

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"AT FIRST PEOPLE DID NOT KNOW HER. THEN A GASP WENT AROUND THE ROOM—'WHY, IT'S SALLY PENDLETON!'"

A Perfect Lady

By MARY BADGER WILSON

Illustrations by L. F. Wilford

IT IS the fashion to begin a story with a sort of opening chorus of the elders. In tearful contralto and gloomy bass a middle-aged choir chants the misdeeds of that hackneyed heroine, the flapper. Thus heralded, there dashes into the tale the heroine herself—lipstick, hip-flask, petters' parlance, 'n' everything. In her brittle, young soprano she then proceeds to develop the author's theme through a jazzy solo.

But this particular story is, I fear, a lame and unfashionable tale. For it has to do with that older generation which came of age in sentimental, pre-War days; a generation which learned to dance when dreams were set to waltz-time; a generation which was reared on the illusion of champagne rather than the stark realism of synthetic gin. And so, appropriately enough, the heroine of the story is Sally Pendleton, who in her third decade was derisively described by the flappers of her home town as "a perfect lady."

Sally was just that. When she was six years old and had for the first time heard the enthralling tale of creation—the Garden of Eden version, not the evolutionary heresy, of course—she had informed her uncle Peyton in her grave, funny little way:

"God made ladies."

Uncle Peyton had pursed his lips and quirked his eyebrows.

"I doubt that, baby," he said with a gravity equal to her own.

Sally's round blue eyes clouded and she sucked her under lip in. She looked hurt.

"But Aunt 'Berta told me so," she protested.

Uncle Peyton laughed.

"God made women," he conceded, "but ladies were made by man."

Altho Sally did not understand this, there was something about it that she instinctively resented, and she ran off on her fat little legs as fast as ever she could to Aunt 'Berta.

"Aunt 'Berta," she appealed, "didn't God make ladies? Uncle Peyton says He didn't."

Aunt Roberta caught the child up to her flat, spinsterly bosom.

"Of course He did," she comforted. "Don't you listen to Peyton. Peyton doesn't know any better."

Later to her brother, Aunt Roberta expressed her indignation with less restraint.

"You ought to be ashamed to tease the child that way, Peyton. And putting your irreligious notions in her head!"

Peyton shrugged his slouched shoulders.

"The child's in a fair way to be an awful prig, the way you're bringing her up, 'Berta. I was just trying to season her spiritual porridge with the spice of a little human doubt."

Two red spots burned in Aunt Roberta's thin cheeks.

"As long as you contribute nothing to her support and take none of the responsibility of her rearing, I'll thank you, Peyton, to keep your advice to yourself," she said.

"Sure," agreed Peyton easily. "There's justice in your point, my beloved sister. And as I'm certainly not going to tie myself down to the nursery, I'll try not to interfere with your choice of doll babies."

So Uncle Peyton withdrew to India or Australia or Africa—one of the ends of the earth to which he was continually traveling—and Sally was left to the orthodox guidance of her Aunt Roberta.

Thus protected from the one heretical influence that threatened her, Sally grew up to be a perfect lady. She was a sweetly deferential little girl who never spilled her mud pies on her starched, immaculate gingham frocks. She minded her manners and, in the matchless phrase of Uncle Remus, "learned how to don't." Mothers of other children eagerly sought her companionship for their less malleable youngsters, and she was always put first on the list for any children's party that might be in contemplation.

"Isn't Sally Pendleton a darling? And so pretty too." The phrase followed her from her perambulator to her début-party.

Not that Sally's coming-out party was actually called a "début." The social customs of her time and town were not yet formal enough for that. True, the pleasant old Southern town in which she had grown up was even then—in 1912—putting on the manners of a city.

Boosters' clubs were springing up; census statistics were being proudly printed; traffic policemen had been placed on guard at the two busiest corners in the business section. But society was still ruled by traditions of the past, and the conservatives who held the social reins considered that a "début," formally announced as such, was nothing but a crude Yankee fashion of saying that a girl was in the marriage-market. Of course a perfect lady like Sally Pendleton would not make such a mistake as that.

But as Sally had just returned home from St. Mary's School, where she had been graduated with honor at the conventional age of eighteen, it was entirely within the proprieties for Aunt Roberta to bid the socially elect of the community to a welcome-home dance for her young niece. And Aunt Roberta accordingly dispatched a hundred rather stately invitations, each one written in her own delicate, spidery handwriting.

Everybody came, and the great square rooms of the old Pendleton house, after a long period of arid peace, were filled with the lyric clamor of gaiety, with the heady perfume of youth. This, be it remembered, was 1912, when youth was neither so clamorous nor so heady as it is to-day. But maybe there was as much real gaiety when young feet danced sentimentally to the eternal heart-break of the violin as there is to-day when young feet dance fearlessly to the savage passion of the kettle-drum. At all events there was much laughter and much coquetry and much gallantry at Sally's party.

Sally herself was demurely dressed in filmy white, and all the guests—especially all the chaperons—said how very pretty she looked. She was asked to dance by every boy and every man at the party, for she was the hostess, and in 1912 there were such things as Conventions and Manners, spelled with a large "C" and a big "M."

But if any one had been critical enough to notice, it might have been noticed that Sally was not "rushed" as certain of the other girls were. Not as much as Beth Mayfield, for instance, altho Beth was a notorious hoiden; not as much as Marjorie Sherwood, tho Marjorie was really not pretty except for that naughty twinkle in her greenish eyes; not as much as Jessie Eaton, tho Jessie had come back from a year's travel in Europe with several shocking habits—she rode horseback cross-saddle and was reported to swear "like a man," and Miss Effie Meekins had said that she had actually seen Jessie smoking a cigaret; but of course Miss Effie was a gossip!

In the years which swiftly succeeded Sally's début-party, it became increasingly apparent to the most uncritical observer that she was not one of the popular girls of her set. In fact, so far as the onlooker could tell, she had but one real suitor. That one, however, was a shiningly eligible and very-hard-to-please bachelor—Robert Baird. Robert was a successful lawyer who was entrusted with important cases by prosperous corporations and who never soiled his legal reputation by defending a criminal or appearing in a divorce suit.

Sally was twenty years old and he was past thirty-five when he first began to take her to dances and to spend his free evenings at the Pendleton house; and the affair created some little flurry among the gossips of the town because it was the very first time in his cool, careful life that he had paid "serious attentions" to a girl.

As has been said, Robert was the only beau Sally had ever had, so far as onlookers could tell. There was a little matter which was not known to onlookers—oh, not very much of a matter, nothing to speak of in the same breath with Robert's courtship.

ROBERT had a younger cousin, James Baird, dark and thin and a little too handsome, who was living up to the romantic Baird tradition of "a ne'er-do-well in every generation."

As he belonged to the older branch of his family, James had inherited the Baird estate, a lovely old colonial house set in a fine grove and with some quite extensive outlying acreage. It had once been three miles from town, but the town was edging up to it pretty rapidly now and it ought some day to bring in a good price, if James did not mortgage it to the hilt. He had already put a small mortgage on the house, and people shook their heads ominously.

James was a lawyer too, but he had a very different class of clients from those of his cousin Robert. His clients were failures who were being sued for debts, marital misfits who wanted their legal bonds loosened, citizens

of questionable morals who had to be defended in court on charges of petty crimes. The fees that he collected from this practise were intermittent and small, and such thin income as trickled into his careless hands dribbled out again very quickly.

But to get back to that little matter between James and Sally. It was small even then; to-day it would be infinitesimal. It was nothing but a kiss. They were dancing together at Beth Mayfield's party, and it was a very warm evening, so Sally suggested that they stop dancing and sit out the rest of the number. There was a moon that night, and the Mayfields' veranda was shadowy and the stars were a little mocking and the scent of roses from the garden was a little heady. So James had caught her up in his hard, young arms and had kissed her a little cruelly with his hard, young lips, and when he let her go he had said:

"You sweet, unawakened thing!" and he had laughed as he said it.

Sally had been indignant, of course. As has been explained several times, Sally was a lady. Because she was indignant and because she was a lady, she had tried to put the whole unpleasant episode out of her mind. But sometimes, lying awake on sultry nights, she would remember, and she would thrill and tingle to the memory in a manner which—to be perfectly honest—was not altogether disagreeable.

She was always just a little timid with James Baird after that and blushed whenever he asked her to dance, which amused him enormously. But after Robert had been calling on her with conspicuous regularity for three or four months and had thus, he felt, acquired certain proprietary rights, he told her that he wished she would not dance with his cousin James.

"Jim," he said, "is the black sheep of our family. He is not the kind of man I like to see you with. It makes me pretty sick to watch him dance with you; he oughtn't to touch such a pure, white flower."

Sally, brought up on romanticism, thrilled to the simile. She loved being considered "a pure, white flower," and she loved Robert's protective attitude. So the next time she saw James Baird she gave him a very cool little nod and turned her blushing face away. It was the nearest thing to a direct cut that such a perfect lady as Sally could manage. The laughter in James's eyes chilled to amazement and the smile on his lips hardened to irony.

He looked at Robert, who stood by Sally's side, complacent and possessive; and then he looked back at Sally, prettily flustered, and there was contempt in his regard. After that he never asked Sally to dance, but sometimes across a ballroom or in passing her on the street he would make her a mocking, exaggerated obeisance.

Having proved his power over Sally in this matter, Robert began to mold her pliant personality exactly to his taste. He had firm convictions about women; the things that women should do and the things that they should not do. And Sally was nervously anxious to live up to his ideals. All her life she had lived up to the ideals of other people—to Aunt 'Berta's ideals, to the ideals of her teachers at school, to the ideals of Aunt 'Berta's friends, the ones who murmured "Sally's such a darling!" and now there were Robert's ideals.

Robert did not believe in women's clubs, so Sally refused to join The Wednesday Morning Club and The Idlers. It was no particular sacrifice to remain outside The Wednesday Morning Club, because that was chiefly composed of middle-aged matrons, with only a sprinkling of the younger set, and the sessions were devoted to a study of current events and stupid civic affairs. But The Idlers was a different matter. All her contemporaries belonged to that club and they met once a week to play bridge. The most luscious refreshments were served, and over the frozen sweets one could hear the very latest gossip. Consequently in the matter of The Idlers, Sally felt that she was making a real sacrifice for Robert, and his commendation was precious to her.

"I'm very glad you are not one of these club-women," he said; and Sally glowed.

Robert did not like to see a woman drive a car unless the car were an electric. There was something refined and ladylike about an electric, he said, but he did not like to see a woman bending over the wheel of a gas-driven car. So Sally bought an electric instead of the roadster she had desired, and her driving was practically limited to town because the roads through the outlying country were a bit too rough for her gentle car.

Already the dancing was getting a little barbaric. Robert was outspoken in his disapproval of the fox-trot and the other new dances, and consequently Sally always sat out everything but the waltz and the one-step.

In the matter of clothes his preferences were equally strong. He thought these new, shoe-top dresses the women were wearing were disgraceful; and so Sally's skirts continued to touch her ankles, thereby giving her a slightly pathetic look, since nothing contributes so much to pathos as a skirt that is longer than the fashion.

And telephones—Robert had a great deal to say about the unmaidenly habit of calling men up on the phone. Whenever Sally planned a little party she had to write out all her invitations to her masculine guests, and as a result she usually had a frightful time getting her quota of men, because while her polite little notes were taking their leisurely way through the post-office, other girls were dating up the men on the telephone. It made things rather awkward, but then Sally had the satisfaction of knowing that in every particular she was living up to Robert's ideal.

ROBERT called upon her regularly twice a week and escorted her to all the dances and walked home from church with her each Sunday. Every one thought they were engaged, but really the affair had never assumed such formality. As a matter of unromantic fact, Robert had never definitely proposed to her. He was a cool, deliberate person and his bachelor apartment, with old Jeff to cook for him, was extremely comfortable, and Sally made no demands, so what was the hurry? Of course Sally made no demands; Sally was a perfect lady who waited patiently for man, the pursuer, to pursue.

During the first year of Robert's attentions people used to tease Sally about him and she would always blush and stammer, but she liked being teased, all the same. However, in the second year, people began to lift skeptical eyebrows. They wondered if Robert Baird really had any idea of marrying Sally, and in the third year they stopped teasing her.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN NOTICED THAT SALLY WAS NOT 'RUSHED' AS CERTAIN OF THE OTHER GIRLS WERE"

Sally's standing in the community, even with the elderly women, subtly altered. She was being unsuccessful in woman's oldest business, in the business where women must succeed; and the very women who had said she was "a perfect darling" now began to whisper that she must be "a perfect fool." As for Robert, they thought none the less of him. Of course, he was being selfish, but that was man's prerogative.

And then, almost overnight, people lost interest in petty individual problems like Sally's. America went into the World War. Even peaceful towns, far removed from camps and seaports and munition-factories, were thrown into turmoil. Sudden marriages and passionate farewells and new, strange activities swirled madly about Sally now, but she still stood calmly in the center of the whirlwind, and continued to be a perfect lady!

Jessie Eaton—who was Jessie Towner now—wanted her to join the motor corps and volunteer for service up at the State capital. But Robert disapproved terribly of Jessie.

"The men can take care of this war, as they have taken care of war since the beginning of the world," he said.

So, naturally, Sally couldn't join the motor corps. She wanted to go to Washington and do war work in the Government departments, but Robert disapproved of that too. Living conditions in Washington were intolerable for a delicately reared girl, he told her. Washington was packed to the gates with the riffraff of the country since war had been declared.

The only thing that Robert seemed to think was all right was to roll bandages. Therefore Sally went every day to the Parish Hall of St. Mark's, where all the middle-aged and elderly women met to make bandages.

As for Robert, he went to Washington as a dollar-a-year man. Sally drove him to the train in her neat electric, and as she stood on the platform waving good-by to him in his departing Pullman, she caught sight of James Baird watching her ironically from a day-coach. James was going to the nearest military camp; he had been one of the first to enlist after war was declared.

Aunt 'Berta had been in failing health for the last two or three years, and soon after Robert went away she died. Robert came home for the funeral and sat in the family pew with Sally at the services, but still he did not say anything about marriage. Sally had rather thought he would want to protect her now that Aunt 'Berta was gone and she was all alone, because Robert always expressed such a beautiful sympathy for "unprotected women." But he said nothing to indicate that marriage was in his thoughts. What he did say was that his work was almost overwhelming, but that if we were to win the War, every one must shoulder his burdens, no matter how heavy.

Sally gathered that such personal things as weddings would be unpatriotic. Of course she was tremendously proud of Robert, who, she was convinced, was practically directing military operations from his desk in Washington. Still, one did feel a little confused, almost hurt sometimes. A certain frightened expression that had appeared in her wide gray eyes now and again, began to assume permanence.

Robert did not get home again until 1920; he was so important to the Government, it seemed, that he was one of the last dollar-a-year men to be demobilized. He found his law practise, in his own phrase, "all shot to pieces," and he had to buckle down to hard work to build it up again. Naturally, he could not be expected to think of marriage under conditions of that kind, but he still seemed to admire Sally as much as ever.

He called on her regularly twice a week, just as he had done before he went away, and he constantly told her what a relief it was to see a real lady again, after those terrible war-workers in Washington. And to such dances as were attended by the married set, he always escorted her. Sally's contemporaries were practically all married now, so the married set dances were the only ones to which she was invited. Her dancing

(Continued on Page 30)

HONOR BETWEEN VAMPIRES

By

WILLIAM C. CHAMBERS

Illustrations by Addison Burbank

"'SHE COULDN'T HAVE *CONTRIVED* A COSTUME THAT WOULD HAVE SHOW

MARY ELIZABETH was quite grown up—all except her nose. The worst of her nose was that it never would grow up. The older she got the more determined it seemed to remain snub with childhood.

If only, she thought, it would become plastic for just the teeniest second, she could alter it as a sculptor might alter the nose on a clay statue. She put her finger on the tip of it and pressed it down a little, lengthening it. It would be so easy! But the instant she removed her finger it sprang up again, as tip-tilted and immature-looking as ever. It was terrible to be destined to go through life denounced by a nose like that.

With a sigh she turned back from her mirror to the description of the heroine in the magazine story she was reading. No, there was no use trying to pretend: she simply wasn't beautiful like that. That was the trouble, Mary Elizabeth had discovered, about heroines in stories. Almost all of them were amazingly and seductively beautiful. They had *allure*. It was no wonder that handsome men became enamored of them. It was no wonder that their dreams of love and romance always came true. But what Mary Elizabeth wanted to know was:

How about all the other girls? How about the girls who, without being homely, still were not sensationally beautiful? Hadn't they any right to romance? Couldn't they ever expect their dreams to come true? No man had ever whispered to Mary Elizabeth that *her* mouth was—what did it say in the story?—"a rosebud in which a thousand kisses slept." No man had ever told her that her skin was "gardenia-white" even when it wasn't sunburned, or that her arms were "like alabaster." No man had ever stooped to inhale the ambrosia of her hair—whatever ambrosia was! So Mary Elizabeth wanted to know: How about a girl like herself whom men simply refused to fall in love with because she wasn't really what you would call beautiful?

There was nothing new about this question. She had been pondering it vaguely for several years. But it had assumed a sudden and very vital importance since the afternoon, a few weeks before, when Dick Hargrave swam out to join her on the diving-raft.

"Hullo, Mary Elizabeth!" he shouted from the water. "Bet I can do some dives you can't!"

"Bet you can't!" she retorted promptly.

She had known Dick ever since they were children and he had spent his Summers on the old Hargrave estate at Point Prudence. He had been her hero, remembered from one Summer to the next, even then. During the last few years, when he had been going on long house-parties with his college friends and to Summer camps and on European cruises, she had rather lost sight of him. But the minute she saw him swimming toward her, the old tingle of excitement came back.

As he heaved himself up on the raft the muscles in his arms and shoulders bulged and rippled beneath his gleaming, sun-bronzed skin. Broad-shouldered and clean-limbed, he seemed more magnificent than ever. He was so sunburned that the whites of his dark eyes contrasted startlingly with his skin, and when he grinned his teeth fairly gleamed in the sun.

They took turns in diving—swan-dive, back-dive, corkscrew, jack-knife. They counted twenty-two kinds that afternoon, including two new dives which Mary Elizabeth invented; and Dick was forced to confess that he could not beat her.

She had seen him other times since then. There was the morning when he took her out in his new knockabout, a fifteen-foot sailboat. He let her take the tiller. How dazzling white the sail was in the sunlight! How they scudded along, their exultant laughter ringing across the water! And there was the afternoon they spent upon the links. That afternoon something glorious seemed to rise in Mary Elizabeth's breast as they came back with the sunset in their faces. But in the women's locker-room afterward she happened to overhear a remark which Dick exchanged with a man outside, and all at once her glory faded.

"May I give you a lift?" the man asked.

"Thanks, I have my own car here. I'm just waiting for a girl."

"Oh, was that you playing with Mary Elizabeth?"

"Yes," said Dick, and laughed. "She's a nice kid, really. An awfully good little sport."

Mary Elizabeth had not forgiven him for that remark. Every time she remembered it she shriveled inwardly.

"A nice kid," indeed! Just because he was a little older than she, just because he had known her when her hair was in braids, he had no right to speak of her like that. If he had been able to see beyond the end of her deceptive nose, he would have known how wrong he was. She was determined that he should find it out, too, before long—perhaps to his sorrow.

For deep down in the secret places of her heart Mary Elizabeth felt that she was anything but "a nice kid." If the sinister truth be known, she was the sort of girl who might turn into a tiger woman, living only to destroy the souls of men, should she be thwarted in love too long.

Of course, in broad daylight, when she was swimming, sailing, playing golf or tennis with Dick, it was a little difficult to disclose her vampire nature. But at the first chance she had Dick was going to find her out.

Now, seated at her dressing-table with its array of chubby little pots and mysterious jars, she set about a strange transformation of herself. She piled her blond hair in a high *coiffure* and capped it with a three-inch tortoise-shell comb. Into the lobes of her little coral ears she screwed long, pendent, Oriental earrings of onyx and green jade. She touched her neck beneath them with the stopper of a bottle containing *narcisse noir*. Her sandy eyebrows, which had been somewhat bleached by the sun, became thin, black arcs. Melting some black mascaro above a spirit-lamp, she applied it by means of a little brush to her eyelashes until they stood out with starlike radiance from her baby-blue eyes. Her mouth became a vivid wound in her face, suggesting that she had already tasted blood. Over her white chiffon dress she draped a long-fringed, jade-green Venetian scarf that had belonged to her mother.

No, Mary Elizabeth was not trying to impersonate Pola Negri or Nazimova. She had understudied both of them; but this Summer she had another model. This afternoon Mary Elizabeth was preparing to pay a call for a very special purpose—a purpose closely connected

HER UP MORE MERCILESSLY."

with Dick Hargrave. It was a call that required great courage, for it was upon her present idol, no less a personage than the Princess Valentina Aristoff.

To be sure, the princess was plain Mrs. Thayer now, for Major Thayer had met her in Paris during the War, when she was acting in a Russian ballet, and had straightway married her. After the War he had not brought her back to America, but had remained in Europe on account of his failing health. Now, two years after his death, his charming widow had come to America to settle some matters concerning his estate, and had decided to spend the Summer in the old Thayer house on Point Prudence.

Point Prudence admitted her to its country club and its exclusive beach, but it was not entirely comfortable about having in its midst this exotic beauty, who wore extreme Paris gowns and exhaled an atmosphere of mystery.

Mary Elizabeth had overheard the ample-bosomed matrons of the community discussing Mrs. Thayer one evening at the casino.

"My dear, no one can deny that she has instinct for dress; but I must say that some of her costumes would be more suitable in the gaming-rooms of Monte Carlo or Biarritz. Look at her gliding through that tango!"

"I declare, the men are all mad about her. I suppose it's her artificiality that attracts them so, and that look of *décadence*."

"Dissipation, I call it! My dear, have you noticed the languorous way she walks and those deep shadows beneath her eyes? And as for her interminable scented cigarets——"

"Scented! Do you mean to say you haven't *heard?* Surely you've noticed she hardly ever smokes them in a room, and out-of-doors she is always careful to stand on the lee side of——"

"You don't mean——?"

The ladies' voices dropped so low that Mary Elizabeth could not hear. Then one word leaped out at her:

"Hashish—yes, my dear; an addict! That's the way she takes it. My husband examined one of the stubs after she had discarded it, and he said there wasn't a shred of real tobacco in it!"

Mary Elizabeth thrilled to the tips of her toes. Afterward, when she actually met the princess at Mrs. Plummer's garden-party, she thrilled again, and her heroines of the silver screen were promptly relegated to the past.

"You must come to see me vairy soon," Mrs. Thayer murmured when she said good-by to her hostess. Then she turned, with a little sweeping smile that certainly could be interpreted as including Mary Elizabeth, and added: "All of you."

So now Mary Elizabeth was going to call. She was going to find out exactly what it was that so attracted men and how the handicap of a childish nose might be effectively overcome.

She managed to get safely out of the house without her father seeing her. Probably it would not have mattered very much if he had; for since his wife's death Dr. Sherwood had allowed Mary Elizabeth to bedeck her healthy, little body very much as she pleased.

But as she opened her parasol Mary Elizabeth felt that it was perhaps a little early for vampires to be abroad. Before her the road stretched white and empty in the afternoon sun. The white-columned, colonial houses of the old residents seemed to have fallen asleep in the relaxing heat, and even the new, pink stucco villas of the Summer colonists showed little sign of habitation. Once when the road turned she had a distant glimpse of Dick's sailboat, poised like a white butterfly upon the blue mirror of Narragansett Bay. She came to the Thayer grounds and turned into its neat driveway of crushed bluestone. As she approached the house a peacock rose lazily in her path and spread out its tail with a proud, silken rustle.

She pressed the button beside the screen door and heard a bell ring somewhere in the hollow depths of the house. After a long moment a negro butler admitted her. He took her card, one of the cards she had had engraved that Spring to send out with her commencement invitations, and showed her into a long, cool living-room.

Somehow it was not exactly the sort of room she would have expected a vampire to have. There was a huge bowl of white tea-roses on the old-fashioned grand piano; some of their petals had fallen off and were reflected on the gleaming mahogany. But there were no wall-tapestries nor low couches heaped with Oriental cushions.

As the minutes passed she grew uneasy. Probably Mrs. Thayer was taking a nap and would be furious at being disturbed. Mary Elizabeth began to get panicky. She hadn't the slightest idea how she was going to formulate the request she had come to make. She couldn't begin by saying, "Oh, Mrs. Thayer, won't you please tell me the secrets of being beautiful and of fascinating men?" Mary Elizabeth decided to lead up to the subject by discussing the Oriental love-powders and then inquiring casually if Mrs. Thayer had ever used them.

At last she heard the click of little heels in the hall, and the slender and lovely Mrs. Thayer glided into the room. She was wearing a soft, flowing tea-gown of black chiffon and gold lace that modeled itself plastically about her graceful figure.

"Why," she exclaimed, "it is the little girl of the garden-party! How it is sweet of you to come to see me!"

She spoke with a delicious foreign accent and in a rich, soft voice that somehow made one think of velvet and gold. Mary Elizabeth was aware of an unobtrusive but faintly stimulating perfume that emanated from her. As Mrs. Thayer took her capable, sunburned hand in her own slim, cool, white fingers it seemed as if their very touch must impart a fresh, alluring fragrance.

"I'm awf'ly afraid I interrupted your nap," began Mary Elizabeth contritely. "But I expected you always had a lot of people for tea, and I—I sort of wanted to see you before they came."

"But I am vairy please!" protested Mrs. Thayer. "No one evair comes to see me." Her lips quirked with sly mischief and she dropped her voice confidingly: "Do you know, I think they are all afwraid of me!"

Mary Elizabeth loved the way she pronounced her "r's."

"I wouldn't be surprized," she agreed politely. "People here are terribly provincial, don't you find? They have no sophistication. But I'm just as glad if no one's coming, because we can have a real *tête-à-tête*."

Mary Elizabeth had had two years of French, and she hoped she pronounced the phrase correctly.

"But that will be charming."

Mrs. Thayer opened a little, red-morocco case that was lying on the arm of her chair. Taking out a long, thin cigaret, she inserted it into a six-inch ivory holder. She hesitated and looked at Mary Elizabeth doubtfully.

"I would ask you to have one," she explained graciously, "but they are a little—how should I say?—*spécialité* of mine. Instead of tobacco they——"

"Oh, no, thank you!" interposed Mary Elizabeth hastily.

Her blue eyes grew round with fascination as she watched Mrs. Thayer light the cigaret. She consumed a quarter of an inch of it in one deep inhalation. Then, tilting back her pale, exquisitely sculptured face, she allowed the smoke to roll out over her lips in a languorous blue wave. The smoke had a dry, spicy aroma like some Eastern incense.

Mary Elizabeth looked to see if the pupils of her eyes had contracted to mere pin-points; but beneath those long, drooping, black lashes it was impossible to see anything but two enigmatic slits of tourmalin-green. Suddenly the eyes opened a little and looked at Mary Elizabeth inquiringly.

"Oh, Mrs. Thayer—!" she began, and stopped quite out of breath.

"Oh, Mary Elizabeth, is it something so terrible, then—what you wish to talk to me about?"

Afterward Mary Elizabeth never knew quite how she got it out. She was not very coherent and she forgot all about the Oriental love-powders. But somehow she must have made Mrs. Thayer understand. For suddenly, in a

(Continued on Page 49)

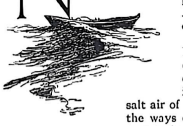
"SHE WAS LOOKING UP AT HIM BREATHLESSLY, HER LIPS PARTED"

Captain Goudy's Grandson

By MAY STANLEY

Illustrations by R. L. Lambdin

"'A MAN'S GOT TO TAKE HIS BEARIN'S FROM THE COMPASS THAT'S IN HIS OWN HEART'"



NO ONE in Goodhaven was surprized to hear that Anora Goudy was going to marry the young preacher Brother William Eldridge. Anora was religious, energetic, thrifty. A born manager, every one said.

The Reverend William Eldridge was a frail, mild-eyed young man who came from a small town inland. He found the salt air of the coast distressing and the ways of fisherfolk strange and past understanding. After discussing his hopes and aims with Anora, he applied for a charge in that wide field vaguely known as "The West," and was in due time assigned to a remote hamlet in the Dakotas.

Anora's father, old Captain Asa Goudy, retired fisherman, asked his daughter if she wouldn't be likely to "find it kind of queer, livin' away off there?"

"No, I guess not," Anora said, adding, "I don't like the sea and I don't hold with fishermen and their ways. It'll be kind of nice to settle down some place else."

"Mebbe. But I've noticed that folks born by salt water most allus hanker to git back to it."

"I won't," his daughter replied with conviction, "and I got a notion that folks inland don't have their hearts so set on carnal pleasures—card-playing and smoking and such."

"Dunno about that," Captain Goudy returned mildly. "I ain't been that far inland to find out and I don't never aim to be."

"While we're talkin' about me goin' away," his daughter went on briskly, "I'd like to settle about who's goin' to keep house for you. There's Sister Elizabeth Haines, a good Christian widow——"

"She ain't comin' here," he retorted emphatically. "I'll have no woman fussin' around this house—once you're gone—let alone that long-faced hen of a Liz Haines! I can make as good clam chowder as a man ever put spoon to and nobody livin' can beat my plum duff. I'll do for myself, thank ye," and to this resolve he adhered despite further argument.

When the wedding was over and he had seen Anora and her husband aboard a West-bound train, Captain Goudy made only two changes in his accustomed mode of life: He transferred a squat, capacious jug from a haymow in the barn to a convenient shelf in the kitchen cupboard, and announced down at the store that it would no longer be necessary for any one wanting a hand of cards to play down in Ez Bowker's fish-house.

DURING the first night Anora Eldridge passed in the small, bleak parsonage—her home for the coming two years—she woke suddenly and lay wondering what had roused her.

No sound came from outside. She got up and went to the window. A faint glimmer of stars shone through ragged masses of cloud and the wind had died out.

The church-building was at one end of the main street, with the parsonage beside it and open prairie beyond. Anora looked toward the church thoughtfully. It was shabby and uncared for. She had noticed yesterday that one of the windows was broken and the whole place needed cleaning and fresh paint. Perhaps there was no Aid Society to raise money for repairs. Have to start one right away. Turning back to bed, she paused, wondering again at the unfamiliar silence. She seemed to be missing something—but what? Then suddenly she knew. Of course! No sound of water; no tides crashing against gray rocks; no wind sweeping keenly in from sea.

In the darkness she smiled, a thin-lipped smile of triumph. She did not like the sea, and God had opened a way of escape from it. He would always open the way.

Getting into bed, she slept dreamlessly.

In the months which followed Anora carried out each plan minutely. The church was painted and thoroughly repaired. Money was raised for a new organ. She marshaled the less objectionable voices into a choir and led its attacks on familiar hymns.

A great worker, the new minister's wife, members of the congregation said, adding, "But kind of hard."

They meant, among other things, the case of the two boys who had been dismissed from Sunday-school for card-playing. There was a feeling that Brother Eldridge wouldn't have done it if his wife had not insisted. Which was true.

"Cards is the devil's prayer-book," Anora told her husband sternly, "and nobody can fool God by saying they play just to pass the time on long Winter evenings. Condone card-playing and then pretty quick you'll have gambling and smoking to deal with, and after that the young folks'll be dancing and goodness knows what!"

William Eldridge mildly quoted something about rain falling alike on the just and on the unjust, but Anora pointed out that while discomfort and hardships come to all God's mercy is only for the righteous. So the names of the young offenders were stricken from the list of those eligible to attend the Christmas eve entertainment.

Still there were times that Winter when Anora's mood softened. Sitting through services during the months before her baby was born, her thoughts would often wander from the text. Her baby would be a boy, of course. A boy big and strong like the Goudy men, but a preacher like his father. She would train him into serving the Lord with diligence, a man mighty in prayer.

FREEMAN ELDRIDGE was only ten years old when his father died, after a year's losing fight with rheumatic fever. Captain Goudy wrote that he would like to have his daughter and grandson come home to live. Anora could keep house for him again if she was so minded, and it would liven up the old place to have a youngster in it.

But his daughter sent a prim letter of thanks declining the offer:

When I saw how fast William was failing [she wrote] I kind of looked around and made up my mind what to do. There's a seminary in a town near here where young men study for the ministry and I aim to move there. Freeman can go to school and then be right there when it's time for him to enter seminary. I am going to take a house I have

heard about and board young men that's studying. It will not cost much for us to live as I will get special prices on most everything, being a preacher's widow, and the presiding elder is going to see that I get nice young men for boarders so they will be a good influence on Freeman. So you see everything will be all right with us, and I am bearing up, for I know that whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.

Your affec. daughter,

ANORA ELDRIDGE.

P. S.—I thank you for the money you sent, which was very welcome.

Anora's plan materialized in the form of a large, gaunt, unshaded house which she rented and then filled with serious-faced young men who carried large, marble-edged books when they came to meals, who talked at length of the Septuagint and Apocrypha, and in their lighter moods argued over the Books of the Law.

His mother saw to it that Freeman was always present during these discussions.

"You're going to be a preacher, too, when you grow up and you've got to learn all you can now."

Freeman shocked her one day by saying: "But maybe I won't be. How can you tell?"

"Because I say so," Anora returned sharply, adding in a milder voice, "There isn't any work so noble as laboring in the Lord's vineyard. You want to do the noblest work there is, don't you?"

"Why, I dunno. I—" he paused, vaguely conscious that his mother would be horrified if she knew of his secret yearning to drive a truck when he was old enough—a big truck, painted red. "Gee!" he said softly at the thought.

"Freeman Eldridge!" Anora gasped. "Never let me hear you say that word again. Don't you know that's almost as bad as *swearing?*"

"Well, but," he considered this gravely for a few moments, then said, "what'm I goin' to do when I'm all squizzled up inside? Kind of—kind of—full of words?"

"If you've got to say anything, say 'My goodness!'"

"Aw, no, Maw! That's what *girls* say! Aw, gee, you wouldn't——"

"Go and get your Bible," his mother said coldly, "and commit to memory the fifth chapter of Hebrews. Tomorrow you can tell me what the verse means that says: 'Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec.'"

Sometimes the little boy would escape from the gaunt house and the serious-faced young men and follow the street which led out into the country. Five minutes' walk brought him to the edge of the wheat-fields which hemmed in the town—vividly green in Spring and yellow-gold as Summer passed. He would lie down amid the wheat and stare up at the drifting clouds, listen to the whirring sound that the wind made as it stirred the heavy heads of grain and set them whispering together. Shutting his eyes, Freeman would try to understand what it was they were trying to tell him.

It was something which wakened in him vague memories, the longing to do something—he didn't know quite what. He only knew that he loved the clean winds blowing across miles of wheat and touching his forehead and eyelids with fingers soft and yet, somehow, urgent. He would sigh, stir uneasily, and then settle down once more, watch a white cloud drift before the wind—and himself drift into sleep. But he never dropped asleep immediately. There was always a little while when he seemed to be sinking through cool, green spaces that closed under and around him, deeper and deeper, until he could no longer hear the wind that whispered overhead.

Freeman never told his mother about these solitary visits to the wheat-fields, knowing instinctively that she would disapprove. As he grew older and his school-work became more and more arduous the visits to the fields were less frequent. Finally they stopped.

When he was nineteen his mother reaped the reward of tireless effort in seeing her son enter the theological seminary as its youngest student.

FREEMAN met Agnes Morrison, daughter of the presiding elder, at a student party, and took her home afterward.

Agnes was slight and pretty. She had been reared on wholesome thoughts, the "Pansy" books, and nine hours' sleep each night. As a result she was healthy, devoid of imagination, devout, filled with zeal to become a missionary's wife, and beginning to look about for the young man. In her slim, white dress she seemed an incredibly clean and well-behaved flower.

The romping and more hilarious games of the evening had no appeal for Agnes. She sat and talked with Freeman, encouraging him to tell her of his studies at the seminary and what he was planning to do after ordination. Freeman said he hoped to be a missionary and be sent out somewhere—China or Africa, he wasn't quite sure which. Agnes said that she had never *heard* of any one so young as he passing the entrance examinations and that he must have a perfectly *wonderful* mind.

It was then that Freeman, blushing and stammering under the gentle but unmistakable admiration in her eyes, asked if he might see her home.

His mother, watching from behind the sitting-room window-curtains, saw them go by. But she said nothing to Freeman when he reached home except to ask if the party hadn't kept on pretty late.

"Not so very," he said, adding, "I took Agnes Morrison home. That's what kept me."

"Oh," his mother replied, "did you? She's a sweet girl. I like her better than most any of the other young people, don't you?"

"Why—yes, I guess so." He rose, yawned. "Guess I'll go to bed."

Anora did not kiss her son good night—she did not believe in what she termed "foolishness"—but she looked after him proudly as he went up the narrow stairs.

During the early Winter Freeman studied painstakingly, but March found him tired and listless. It was increasingly hard to concentrate on the work before him. His head ached. He was despondent and lost appetite.

"Guess it's just Spring coming on makes you feel that way," his mother said.

But one morning a few days later he was too ill to rise for breakfast. When summoned the doctor looked grave, said he couldn't be sure just yet, but the symptoms pointed toward typhoid.

It was June before the fever abated and Freeman was well enough to sit up in bed. From his window he saw a changed world. Wheat again spread its delicate, green mantle across the earth. A little breeze, delirious with sunshine, was bringing heady scents of wild roses, young leaves, and new grass into the sick-room.

Agnes Morrison, who had been a visiting angel during the weeks of Freeman's illness, sat by the bed in a crisp mauve organdy and talked in a gentle monotone, her words flowing on and on with the unvarying persistence of a shallow brook.

"I'm sure the doctor will let you get up almost any day now, but there's really no hurry," she was saying, "for you've all Summer to make up the work that you've missed. Father said to tell you that he'll be glad to give you any help you wish. You've no idea how anxious every one has been. There were prayers in church for you, and almost every one has asked how you are.

"Oh, Freeman," she clasped her hands carefully to avoid crumpling the mauve organdy, "I do so hope you'll be able to walk about soon, for there's a missionary from China coming to speak here next month, and I really think we ought to hear him—" she paused, blushed, and added self-consciously, "I mean, *you* ought to hear him if you're going——"

The door opened to admit Anora and a cup of chicken broth.

"Don't want it," Freeman protested at sight of the broth. "I'm sick of that stuff."

"But you must drink it. Come now!"

"I don't want it."

"Drink it, Freeman!"

"IT WAS ROSE ELLEN'S TURN TO FLUSH. SHE TURNED AND WENT DOWN THE PATH. IN TWO STRIDES FREEMAN WAS BESIDE HER. 'DON'T BE MAD,' HE PLEADED. 'I DIDN'T MEAN THAT THE WAY IT SOUNDED'"

Freeman drank, lay back on the pillow, and closed his eyes.

Agnes moved toward the door.

"Good-by, Freeman," she said softly. "I'll look in for just a few minutes this evening. He's better, don't you think, Mrs. Eldridge?"

"Much better," Anora agreed.

She listened until Agnes had closed the front door, then turned to her son.

"Agnes is a real picture in that dress, isn't she? Made it herself, too. Every stitch. And she made that jelly she fetched you yesterday."

Freeman said nothing, and his mother went on:

"The young man who gets her for a wife will get a treasure, I must say." She paused, moistened her lips. "I had a letter come to-day from your grandpa, and I thought I'd kind of like to talk it over—if you feel well enough."

Freeman opened his eyes.

"Why?" he said. "Anything wrong?"

"No, nothing *wrong;* it's just—well, the doctor said yesterday he'd like to see you getting your strength back faster'n you're doing, and on top of that come this letter."

"What'd it say?"

"Your grandpa wrote he was sorry you'd been so sick and he'd like to have you come and stay with him this Summer. He sent the money for your ticket and the doctor says that sea air'll be the very thing to strengthen you."

"Do you want me to go?"

Anora's lips set in a thin line.

"No; I don't. Maybe it'll do your body good, but I hate to think of you under his influence, and that's why I spoke as I done about Agnes. I mean—well, if things was sort of *settled* between you I'd be easier in my mind about you going to Goodhaven."

Freeman stirred uneasily.

"There isn't anything to settle just yet," he said. "I wouldn't want to say anything to Agnes until I've finished at the seminary."

"Well, maybe you're right. Now, about you going East—I went over and had a talk with Elder Morrison and told him just how things are, but *he* says you're firm grounded in the faith and there's no call for me to worry. Still, I want you to promise you'll remember at all times that you're a pledged preacher and act according."

"Of course I will." He turned his face from the light and sighed. "Guess I'll sleep for a while now."

STRETCHED full length on the sand, Freeman Eldridge stared out across the narrow cove, beyond the blue waters of the bay to the distant line of sea-rim. For days the boy had been content to lie like this, watching the heave and lift of the water, the flight of gulls; listening to the sounds the tide made as it turned the wet shingle over and over. At night he slept dreamlessly, wakening at dawn to a world full of sounds that were infinitely strange and yet infinitely peaceful and soothing. He ate ravenously. The hollows in his cheeks had begun to fill out and a faint coat of tan overlay the pallor of illness.

In the evenings he sat with his grandfather on the porch, watching sunset turn the bay to a cup brimming with gold and scarlet; listening to the old man's tales of historic fishing-craft, of storms that swept the shallow waters of the Banks, of daring skippers, of peril, defeat, victory. A new world, with new values, a new point of view, and yet all of them, in some strange way, familiar.

From the white house at the head of the cove came the lusty voice of Captain Asa Goudy, lifted in song:

> Up jumped the codfish
> With his chuckle head;
> Went to the main chains
> To heave at the lead.
> For it's windy weather——

The chantey stopped abruptly, and Captain Goudy roared, "Hey, Freeman! Where you be? Lobster's all cooked and pinin' to be et!"

Freeman scrambled up with alacrity and made for the house. In the doorway of the kitchen the captain stood, pointing proudly toward the oven. "Look a' there!" he said. The door stood open, showing a giant baking-pan in which four blushing lobsters were tucked, amid new potatoes and comfortably oozing butter.

"I cac'late there ain't another skipper on the Maine coast can beat my smothered lobster," Captain Goudy went on. "These here ones had ought to have new corn with 'em, but I guess we can make out. Hungry, young feller?"

"I could eat an ox," Freeman said.

"Now, that's talkin'! Give you a coupla more weeks here and you'll be able to eat your heft without half tryin'. Set up, whilst things is hot. Ye got to lay in a good foundation, for I'm aimin' to take you down to the hall to-night and see you shake a leg."

They fell to, Freeman with the starved appetite of convalescence and Captain Goudy with the more sober pace of a mighty eater and good judge of food. When the lobsters had disappeared the captain pushed back his chair, filled and lighted his pipe, and motioned Freeman toward the old sofa by the window.

"Lay down now, Mate," he counseled, "and let them lobsters rest for a spell. Did ye go out in the boat this mornin'?"

"Yes—but I don't handle the oars right."

"It'll come to you arter a while. Got to git the hang of puttin' your back into it, that's all."

"I suppose so. What did you say about going to the hall to-night?"

Captain Goudy chuckled. "Why, I cac'lated you was gittin' well enough to go to a dance."

"I don't," Freeman stammered, groping for words; "that is—I mean to say——"

"Marty Parker's girl, Rose Ellen, was down to the store when I was gittin' my fixin's for dinner," his grandfather explained, "and *she* said I was to be sure and fetch you. Dang fine girl, Rose Ellen. Pretty as they make 'em."

"Yes," Freeman agreed vaguely.

He had a sudden, swift vision of coppery hair blowing in the wind, a laughing, sun-browned face, eyes that held the sea in their blue depths.

"I can't," he said aloud. "I—you know I'm going to be a preacher. I can't go to dances."

"Ain't that a shame!" the captain returned sympathetically. "Now, it's allus seemed to me that if church folks was to forbid people bein' mean and sp'ilin' good times for others there'd be some sense to it, but dancin'—oh, well!" He paused, then asked abruptly, "You got a girl?"

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"Why—there's a girl I've been taking to parties and to church."

"Does your maw like her?"

"Yes," Freeman said, "she's the daughter of the presiding elder."

"Yeah, she would be." Captain Goudy yawned, rose, and crossed to the cupboard. "Guess I'll have a drop of stomach-bitters and then go up-stairs for a coupla winks of sleep. You best do likewise."

Freeman declined the bitters and curled up more comfortably on the old sofa.

Rose Ellen! It was a pretty name. Yesterday she passed while he was mooring the dory, laughed and called out, "You're beginnin' to do that like a born fisherman!" He had never heard a girl laugh in just that way.

He got up abruptly, took down a pad of writing-paper from the clock shelf, seated himself at the kitchen table, and began a letter:

> MY DEAR AGNES: I am much stronger than when I got here and I am learning to row a dory. There is quite a trick in doing it right, but I am going to practise every day. I like to be out on the water. The people here are different from the folks at home, but nice. There is a girl——

No, that wouldn't do. Anyhow he didn't feel like writing. Better wait until to-morrow. Tearing up the uncompleted letter, he threw it on the fire and went out, paused for a moment on the steps, looking toward Marty Parker's house, then turned into the path which led down to the dock.

Some one said: "Hello!" He looked up to meet the eyes of Rose Ellen.

"Hello!" he stammered. "I was just thinking about you and—and the dance."

"You coming?"

"No, I can't."

"Why can't you?"

"Why, it's like this: I'm going to be a preacher and so I can't go to dances and—things like that. I'm sorry."

"A preacher!" she replied. "You!"

"Yes, didn't my grandfather tell you?"

She shook her head. "My! That's queer," she said.

"No, it isn't. Lots of people are preachers."

"Yes, I know. Stands to reason. But you—" She studied him curiously. "All your folks on your maw's side are fishermen, ain't they?"

"Yes."

"I thought, account of you comin' here, you was aimin' to be one. You got salt water in your blood."

"Well, suppose I have? What of it?"

"Why—nothing, if that's the way you feel." She turned and went on down the path.

In two strides Freeman was beside her again.

"Don't be mad," he pleaded. "I didn't mean that the way it sounded. It was just—well, all my life I've been brought up to be a preacher. And now—I mean, when you——"

Rose Ellen laughed suddenly.

"That's all right. I didn't have no call to talk to you the way I done. It was just—well, wearin' them clothes of Captain Goudy's and all, you *look* like a fisherman." She broke off, listening. "Maw's callin' me. I got to hurry. Good-by! I'm sorry I won't get to dance with you to-night."

"Wait a minute," the boy begged. "I want to tell you—" but Rose Ellen was already out of hearing.

Freeman stood watching until she disappeared, then turned abruptly and went down to the dock.

AN OFFSHORE wind had begun to blow in fitful gusts as he rounded a long, rocky headland which cut him off from sight of Goodhaven. Freeman stopped rowing, wondering if he had better turn westward, but the wind was carrying the dory east. The motion was pleasant, and rowing with the wind easy. A good time for practising his stroke.

The dory rose lightly, slid down a dark hollow, rose again. It was nice to feel the water surge and lift beneath him. Must be something to what she said: "You got salt water in your blood."

Glancing shoreward, he was surprized to see how far away the land seemed. The wind, of course, was carrying him out. Better turn back now. He swung the dory about, and began, laboriously, making his return. But now he was rowing into the teeth of the wind.

Bracing himself, he pulled doggedly for a few minutes, then glanced around, and was astonished to realize that the shore-line had grown blurred and dim. Have to put his back into it, all right, to beat that wind! He rowed furiously.

Sweat began to trickle down into his eyes. He shook it impatiently away. His shoulders were hurting now with an ache that grew with every stroke of the oars. Again he glanced shoreward. An oar caught deep in a mounting wave and was twisted from his hand. He snatched at it, but clutched empty air. Well, there was another pair in the bottom of the dory.

He rose to get them just as a wave, higher than its fellows, crashed against the dory and swung it broadside to the sea. Freeman slipped, tried to regain his footing, and fell. His head struck sharply against the rising, then he rolled inertly to the bottom of the dory and lay still.

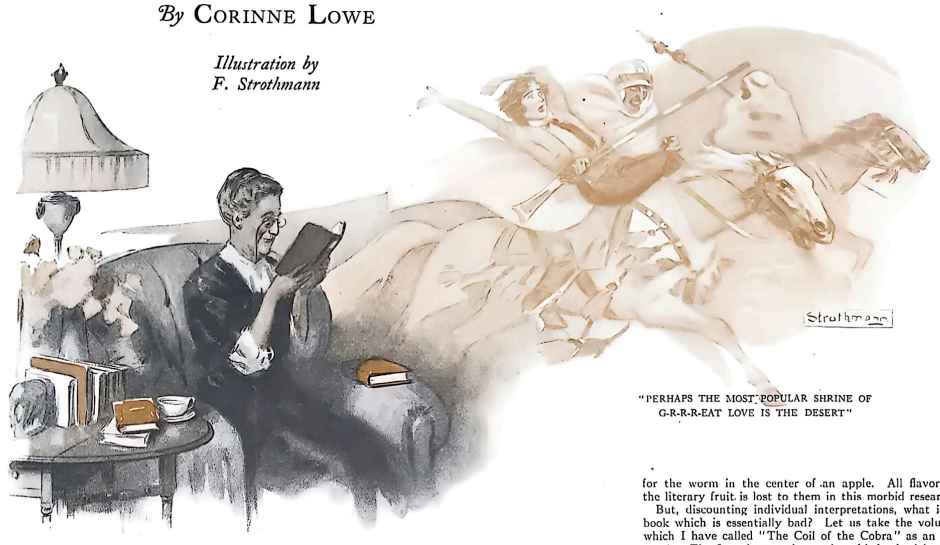
He woke to shadowy twilight. All around were creaking, heaving noises and his bed pitched with a strange, shaking motion. For a few moments Freeman stared

(Continued on Page 78)

Why Do *Good Women* Read *Bad Books?*

By CORINNE LOWE

Illustration by F. Strothmann



"PERHAPS THE MOST POPULAR SHRINE OF G-R-R-R-EAT LOVE IS THE DESERT"

ONE day I was attending a bridge-party in a small town. As is often the case, it turned eventually into the bridge of sighs. In this instance those sighs were inspired by a certain transgressor of the community, and the nature of her transgression may be surmised from the following remarks:

"Think of it! And her husband such a fine fellow! What if he isn't the most entertaining person in the world? She knew when she married him that he was no Charlie Chaplin."

"That's just what I say. And when you think of her children——"

"Yes, yes, that's the sad part. I always say that a married woman who will desert her children for a little romantic nonsense deserves all the misery she's bound to get."

It will be seen from such comments that this group was made up of women who are usually described as good. That is, between the vagrancy of a woman's heart and the stedfastness of her conscience they admitted no compromise. They were for everything which sustained marriage and the home against arrogant tides of emotionality. They were against everything that savored of personal laxity. Yes, yes, good women, every one of them!

What was my surprize therefore to hear the manner in which these same puritans approached one of the late books!

"Have you read 'The Poignant Poinsettia'?" ventured one woman just as refreshments were being served.

"No," responded a second, "but I'm dying to get hold of it. They say it's simply thrilling. Have you got it, Mrs. Dutton?"

"Yes, I have, but there are ten others that have asked for it before you. My minister's wife has it now."

"Your minister's wife! Why, won't she be shocked?"

"Mrs. Dutton" bridled. "Well," she retorted, "she read 'The Coil of the Cobra' last year, and I guess if she can stand that she's ready for anything."

"Oh, wasn't that 'Coil of the Cobra' thrilling?" crooned a third member of the group. "Do you remember that place where the *Bedouin* takes *Eunice* into his tent and defies her to wave the white scarf——"

"Yes, and the other part where she decides she can never go back to her husband and children," interposed another excitedly.

"Oh, how do you suppose she ever could leave him?" sighed the same woman who had spoken most harshly of her fellow townswoman. "You could just feel that hypnotic spell of his all through the book."

The books thus artfully disguised under the foregoing titles did not represent that day's array of literary topics. Quite evidently these women had read everything of a similar character which has come out during the past twenty years. And in their craving for the special stimulus offered them by such literature they had been broad-minded. They had even read some great masterpieces of prose.

Is the group of that day without significance? Far from it. In any community of America you are sure to find the same phenomenon—a small group of good women who make a practise of reading bad books.

Of course this assertion immediately raises the issue, "What are bad books?" Here we stumble on that old block of relativity. Many of the world's classic examples of literature would be decidedly bad for the impressionable mind of youth, upon which these classics leave images of sensuality and degradation unrelieved by any compensating sense of the author's style or of the rich pattern of life into which he fits such images. And they are equally bad for many another person who is adult without being mature.

An example of this latter conditioning was furnished me that very afternoon by "Mrs. Dutton." For after her discussion of "The Coil of the Cobra" this worthy woman launched into a diatribe against "The Kreutzer Sonata."

"That book should be prohibited," she declared, and in doing so her teeth snapped as if she were catching her words in a trap instead of merely releasing them. "What a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the young! Absolutely immoral!"

It was almost incredible. Yet it was true. This novel by the great ascetic prophet of modern times, Leo Tolstoy, had for her no message save certain frank descriptive passages. That the author had achieved in this work the most powerful of sermons against unchastity—this passed completely over her head. With equal serenity she was bound to ignore the fact that "Anna Karenina," in its unflinching representation of the Dead Sea fruit of an illicit love, constitutes another majestic tract.

There is no doubt about it, therefore. For "Mrs. Dutton" and all other adults of equally biased approach "The Kreutzer Sonata" and "Anna Karenina" are "bad" books. So are Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" and Hardy's "Jude the Obscure" and scores more of the world's great masterpieces. For when "Mrs. Dutton" and her like pick up these books it is exactly as if they went straight for the worm in the center of an apple. All flavor of the literary fruit is lost to them in this morbid research.

But, discounting individual interpretations, what is a book which is essentially bad? Let us take the volume which I have called "The Coil of the Cobra" as an example. The first element that makes this book vicious is its lack of proportion. It attaches supreme importance to the part played by Love in human destiny. Such love is never by any chance that for God or humanity or work or friends. It never wastes its precious essence upon the spiritual adjustment of two people in the married state. And it is equally scrupulous in avoiding the prophylactic pitfalls of a boy-and-girl romance.

No, the only love that counts in the bad book is one for a human being of the opposite sex who is endowed with the unique glamour—that of being forbidden. Always one of the chief characters must be married or under religious orders or something equally inconvenient to the affections. If through some oversight of the author's both hero and heroine are free to love, the situation is rendered tolerable in the only possible way. One of the two must *think* that the other is chained either by literal tie or by some ignoble mode of life.

This latter technique has obtained, in fact, a tremendous vogue. Time and again we find the hero of the bad book trying to extricate himself from the spell cast upon him by some girl whom he has every reason to consider evil. The reader is justified in cherishing the same suspicion, for has not the author presented her in all the panoply of Vice? How could we guess any more than does the chivalrous hero that beautiful *Doris* has been thrust into that dissolute environment by some noble motive—that all the time she was a good, pure girl trying to help out a grandmother with erysipelas?

IN SIMILAR spirit we are often induced to think that the man for whom the heroine of the bad book has conceived such an irresistible passion is separated from her by race, religion, and all the perverse ways of an alien continent. She herself is as credulous as are we ourselves, and not until the last pages are these common throes relieved. Then we discover that this dashing gentleman with the hassock on his swart brow and the saffron-tinted negligée billowing about his lean figure is, in reality, some manicured M. P. whose valet and *bibelots* are waiting for him right around the corner.

The effect of this method is highly satisfactory. A good woman who reads one of such opera gets her coveted glimpses of a naughty world of artists' studios where all women smoke cigarets and drink cocktails, and ultimately she gets, too, the moral glow of realizing that her guide through this naughty world is a dear, dewy-eyed young thing with no more crime in her than a dish of spinach.

Similarly, her passport through a realm of tents and Arab steeds and exotic love-making is a cultured Englishman

with the Duchess of Funster for his very own godmother. The whole thing is exactly as if somebody offered you a germ-culture and a disinfectant at the same time. It's a case of infect yourself and spray as you go.

Yes, the Great Love of the bad book must either be forbidden or it must seem to be forbidden. Granted such impetus, how they do love—these privileged characters with their chains clanking about them! Nobody crippled by the sanction of society—no mere boy and girl, no trite husband and wife—can ever hope to follow them in their eagle-like flights. Of course, too, such love as this can not be accommodated by the usual banal surroundings. Imagine subjecting that glorious, fiery spirit to the mildew of lawn-mower or gas-range!

In getting them suitably settled for that one valid experience the author has numerous resources. Sometimes his characters have a Louis Seize-ure and are transported to a princely drawing-room where the skin of some jungle beast supplies the emotional key-note. Sometimes the chosen *milieu* is an artist's studio. The forest primeval has been tried many times. So have islands and African villages. But perhaps the most popular shrine of G-r-r-r-eat Love is the desert.

One often wonders, indeed, just exactly what the creator of these sultry romances would do without the collaboration of the desert. Certain it is that he seldom exposes that one treasured emotion to any perils of chapping. Perhaps the hero is a Finn. No matter. He is unceremoniously hustled off to the desert. Perhaps the heroine's papa brought her up in the Black Forest. Yet quietly, in her predestined way, she moves down there among the tents and the camels to find out what real love is.

The fact of it is that through many of our modern bad books there broods the presence of some invisible tourist agent whom we hear cry, "Book here for the desert. Don't risk your romance in the suburbs. See the Southern Cross beat overhead, hear the cry of the jackal mixed with the tinkle of a silver fountain in the moonlight and admit that we're right."

THERE is a second characteristic of the bad book. This is that these people who dedicate all their talents to love are never real people. They are straw dummies responding to only one stimulus—the sirocco of this Great Passion. That solidity of character, that complexity of motive, which make significant any similar experience undergone by the hero of a great book is denied to these poor puppets.

The result is that the bad book is destined to fill a reader's mind with ideas as unrelated to real life as is the story of Jack the Giant-Killer. Indeed, it is an insult to the fairy-story to compare it with such literature, for through the rich and colorful argot of genii and giants, of sleeping beauties and fairy princes, we are often initiated into the verities of life.

Still a third objection to the bad book is its frequent lack of candor. Whereas great literature which has this same treasured motivation of a forbidden love deals boldly with the situation, these tawdry echoes of life "get by" because of their furtive quality. Instead of depicting, they merely suggest. By means of a shrewdly conceived technique they tease the imagination of the reader without ever affronting the eye of the censor.

Apropos of this characteristic, I recall the widened eyes with which the little wife of a church deacon met my remarks concerning that book which I have called "The Poignant Poinsettia."

"What?" protested she. "Why, how can you think that book is immoral? Why, look at all those asterisks!"

If that be the basis of morality then the bad book rates high in virtue. Personally, however, I frequently regard seeing stars as the symptom of a moral fall. Unscrupulously mixing my figures, I might say that these children of the author's brain are suffering from an infantile disease and the name of that disease is aste-rickets. This applies, not only to the literal symbol, but to that entire system of crafty and unwholesome elision which passes for purity in the eyes of many a woman reader.

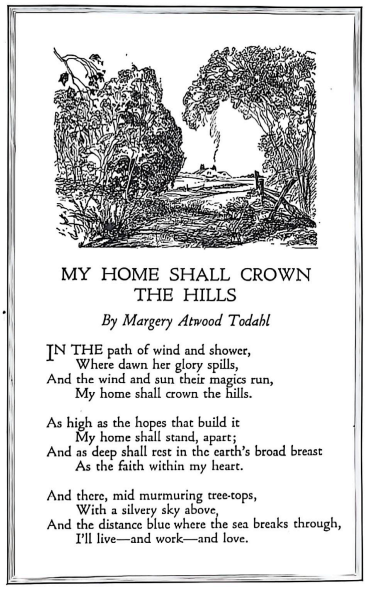
For a final and most indignant definition of the bad book I must revert to the words of a woman of my acquaintance, words devoted to the defense of a certain widely read novel. "It's a beautiful book," she affirmed. "And so moral! Think of the way that poor *Xenia* goes back to her husband."

Yes, yes, they nearly always do "go back"—these heroes and heroines of the bad book which is unprovided with that safety-device, the exotic gentleman who turns out to be an eligible title or the sinister charmer who is ultimately revealed as an innocent slip of a girl. Beautiful princesses and handsome hussars, grave-faced priests and unhappy wives—all buy a return-ticket when they book for the desert or the forest primeval.

But how do they return? They go back to Duty in such a way as to make the woman reader sigh, "Think of giving up anything so beautiful!" All that their renunciation of Love ever accomplishes is to convince some girl that a woman's life is valueless unless she is hit by one of these cyclones of emotion.

Works like "The Poignant Poinsettia" sell by the thousand. And to whom? Well, some men read them and so also do a number of women who could not be accurately described as good. Yet it needs only a few inquiries among librarians and book-sellers to confirm one's own personal impression. The bulk of such literature is consumed by women whose most abandoned moment has been to place the paper cap of a bonbon upon their heads.

Why is this? Why do the sisters among us who are anti everything that savors of personal license reverse all their principles when it comes to books? A partial answer to this question is traced in the words of a certain strait-laced New-Englander whose economic vicissitudes had forced her into the position of a maid in the dormitory of a certain famous New England university.



MY HOME SHALL CROWN THE HILLS

By Margery Atwood Todahl

IN THE path of wind and shower,
Where dawn her glory spills,
And the wind and sun their magics run,
My home shall crown the hills.

As high as the hopes that build it
My home shall stand, apart;
And as deep shall rest in the earth's broad breast
As the faith within my heart.

And there, mid murmuring tree-tops,
With a silvery sky above,
And the distance blue where the sea breaks through,
I'll live—and work—and love.

In this rôle she was known to two young undergraduates of my acquaintance as "The Vacuous Cleaner" and "The Shock Absorber." Both of these names had been derived from the attitude which she invariably assumed to their belongings. This attitude became especially rancorous when she stood before a framed reproduction of one of Rodin's masterpieces.

"You young men ought to be ashamed of yourselves," she was wont to say with great severity. "Think of having pictures like that on your walls! If only your parents could know about this."

Almost as violently was she aroused by certain magazines which she found on their table.

"Look at this picture of a girl smoking a cigaret," she cried one morning as she leafed over a venerable and highly respected periodical. "The very idea of things like that being allowed to go out into the land to pollute the ideas of our young boys and girls!"

And then one day after the undergraduates had been exposed for several months to this type of uplift they noticed a gap in their book-shelves. From a row of volumes that included many masterpieces of prose one book had been abstracted. It was "The Poignant Poinsettia." They assumed that the work had been taken by one of their fellow students and thought no more about it until a certain day when they entered their rooms at an unexpected hour. At that hour the real culprit was identified. For, standing by their book-shelves, was "The Vacuous Cleaner," and in her hand was the missing volume.

Both young men looked at the granite figure under its stiff white apron; they stared incredulously into those frosty blue eyes inherited from generations of puritans. This sixty-year-old model of rectitude with "The Poignant Poinsettia"! It was like finding Nehemiah at a musical comedy or Cotton Mather with a pair of castanets.

What need does this—the type of bad opus I have defined—satisfy in the life of good women? Well, undoubtedly it represents a stimulant, a heady draft which takes them out of themselves, far away from the pressing walls of domesticity. But it represents something else also. It is to them a veritable compensation.

Compensation? And for what? But wait until you hear about a certain woman I know. She is forty years old and she lives in a small town where she has brought up six children. This woman is very, very good. Once in her teens I think she played "post-office," and she has been trying to live down the escapade ever since. She is the sort of woman who would think the Highlanders very immoral for wearing such short skirts. And once to my certain knowledge she stopped her subscription to a magazine simply on the ground that it had printed a story about a divorced woman.

Yet this same model of rectitude would rather read about those naughty artists' studios than about anything else in the world—unless indeed it be the parching sands of the desert. Every evening, after the stockings are darned and the fresh curtains are up and the younger children's lessons are heard, she sits down in her rocker and goes after the Great Love reserved for those fortunates who are—or seem to be—fettered.

"Why do you enjoy books like that so much?" I asked her one day.

"Oh, I don't know," retorted she. "I guess they kind of get me out of myself." And then she added thoughtfully, "You see, the women are so different from me."

"But Eskimos are much more unlike you than those women," was my answer. "So are people in the middle ages. But I notice you never read about either of them."

She stared at me a trifle uneasily, and I pressed the point. "Come, come," I urged, "you don't feel that the unhappy married countess who falls in love with the Moroccan bandit there in that book you're reading is so very strange, do you? Don't you just seem one with her?"

Now she looked not only uneasy but startled. "Why, yes," she faltered guiltily at last, "I guess maybe I do."

I AM no psychoanalyst, but before that evening was over I had traced the source of this woman's literary craving. It seems that in her childhood she had gone to a circus and had expressed the wish to her parents to become a bareback-rider.

There was nothing unusual about this aspiration, but there was about the manner in which her parents received it. They told her that it was sinful to want to be like that woman who wore such short skirts and was seen in public places and traveled about from place to place with all sorts of people. So the small girl had pushed her unworthy ambition far back into the recesses of consciousness and had developed along those lines of conventional goodness which we have pictured.

During these years she had no conscious wish to swerve from her path of ideal wife and mother. Yet always the image of that bareback-rider had haunted the shadowy hinterland of her mind and a childish desire for the glamourous irregularity which she represented was all the stronger because of its long repression. This bareback-rider was one with the heroines of the bad books—bold, daring, familiar with strange lands, ready for all intoxicating adventure.

And so when the good woman read about these free and fascinating ladies she did more than get out of herself. She got *into* herself. She identified her own being with that of her heroines and through them fulfilled her desire for a more exciting career than her own.

Is it heresy to say that there are many women like her? That we love to find ourselves doing in books what we dare not do in real life? That in the bad book our subconscious minds take revenge upon the conscious ideals of conventional virtue controlling our actions? Hardly. For each one of us has a dual nature, and if the good and wise and majestic Emerson could say, "I have in me the germ of every human infirmity," the remainder of humanity can not be less reserved.

Yes, if we read bad books—or great books in a bad way—let us at least be honest about it. For we can't justify ourselves by any of the usual formulas—that it's only a book, or that dear *Xenia* went back to her husband in the end, or that the hypnotic gentleman in the turban turned out to be an eligible title. Least of all can we say that this sort of thing "does no harm." It certainly does.

"That Gesture Was More Eloquent Than Reproaches"

Illustrations by Herbert Paus

THE UNFINISHED HOUSE

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

IN a little Minnesota village near Sunka, in the elbow of land made by the Superior and Rainy lakes, where the silvery water of Baptism River trills, lived a cluster of Finnish families.

They had settled there many years ago, at the beginning of the development of the Mesaba Iron Range. They had dug down into the bowels of the earth for the precious ore from which was made the queerly patterned steel lace that rails the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Big, blond, hard-muscled, blue-eyed men and women, these Finns. Their ruggedness enabled them to withstand the hard work in the mines and the long Winters of the Northwest. And they also brought in their minds and souls their traditions, their schisms and religions, which they continued in Minnesota as they had in Finland. A clan apart. A world apart—merging very slowly with the people about them.

And of these traditions one that was seldom broken called on a young man first to build a home of his own, cultivate a field of his own, call a team of horses his own before he went awooing.

Early every Fall young men who have reached the age for the wooing that is to begin the following Spring go out with their fathers, select the land upon which they desire to settle, and mark off the size of the house and of the bath-house, without which no good Finn home is complete.

The father watches the son digging the trenches for the foundation of the future home; for, altho he will help with the construction of the house, the foundation must be dug by the young man himself.

As the frames of the houses go up the women of the village amuse themselves guessing whom Pavel or Vasili or Tudor is going to woo in the Spring. Bony, broad-hipped young girls, frequently taller than the men, with pieces of evergreen stuck in their hair and field-flowers pinned to their belts, pass two by two in promenade to look over the houses that are being built and to jest with the young men.

ANTON PAOLO had reached his twentieth birthday. For a full year he had been working in the coal-mines in Virginia, Minn., to accumulate the cash needed to buy the lumber to build his house on a large tract of peat-land on Echo Lake. While the son was away the father drained the lower part of the land in anticipation of his return.

Anton remained away longer than the other young men. He wanted his house to be larger and more beautiful than any that had been built before. He had been dreaming of that house for many years. For Zaska, the daughter of Ludlof's widow, who lived about a quarter of a mile from his father's house, had been the one chosen by his heart.

He had never spoken about it to Zaska. He had been near her and felt her warmth and bathed in its glow many a time when they had been at church. They had sat on school-benches together years before that. He had carried her books home frequently, and had lent her his heavy coat when the snow was falling and the wind was blowing from the lake during the long Winter months.

He had dreamed of her on Wednesdays and on Saturdays when he had gone with his own family into the steam bath-house adjoining the stable. He had imagined her standing there in the mist, as he was throwing pails of water on the heated stones to produce the vapors which pleasingly tingled the skin to redness.

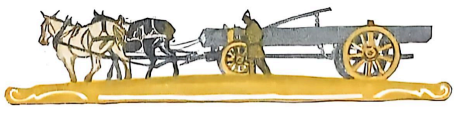
He thought of her, of her round, full arms, of her wide, white throat, and of the dawnlike, golden hair that came down her neck in a soft woolliness that lost itself on her shoulders. And he had longed to touch the soft down on her golden-red cheeks, which gave her such a misty appearance under the soft glow of the kerosene-lamp during the long Winter evenings when they gathered in the house of a neighbor, joking and singing while the women prepared the feathers for the pillows of the next couple about to be married.

He was desirous that she should have the largest and most beautiful home, of woods that he was going to select himself, of grains and fibers he liked best. While he had been digging underground, with the smell of sulfur and coal and powder in his nostrils, in the brown-yellowish darkness diffused by the little miner's lamp above his head, he was dreaming of her.

He sniffed at imaginary odors, of dried hemlock and red cedar and pine and oak, of the woods in the neighborhood in which she was living, of the timber he intended to work into the building of the house! Red, sweet-smelling cedar for the closets in which she should keep her belongings, stout oak for the floors, hemlock for the windows and the doors, and the best-grained pine and fir for the walls.

He returned from the coal-mines early in the Fall, after a full year's absence, a little paler than when he had gone, but with his pockets full of the money he had saved. Even the frequent steam-baths in his own bath-house, which he had so sorely missed while away from home, could not remove all the coal-dust and dirt that clung to his eyelids and his eyebrows, making them much darker than they really were, and shading his blue eyes so strongly that his high cheek-bones appeared to project more prominently.

And there was no guessing for whom he was building the house, with the main door facing north, deep down away from the road, upon his peat-land. There was no guessing. Every one in the village knew that Zaska was his choice.



Big Anton's father went out with his son to the selected site the very day he had arrived. With plumb-lines and levels they began to measure and stake out the ground, first for the bath-house, then the home, and then the stable.

"But aren't you making the house a little too large?" Anton's father protested mildly as he saw his son make the measurements.

"No," Anton answered without hesitation.

His father smiled broadly. He knew that close-lipped son of his. That boy was not going to be like the more Americanized ones living in the neighborhood. Right from the beginning he settled down for a large brood. There were to be many more Paolos in that corner of Minnesota.

"Then the bath-house, too, should be larger," his father advised.

"It should," Anton answered, and forthwith proceeded to pull out the stakes and measure the ground again.

"If the bath-house is larger, then the stable too should be," Anton's father counseled again.

"It should," Anton answered after a few seconds, and proceeded in the other direction, dragging the long string, and removed the stakes he had already driven into the ground.

As the two men measured and planned, several neighbors passed by and stood to watch them. It was a cold, late Fall day. The leaves of the trees had fallen, the naked branches forming patterns against the blue sky. The wind was biting sharp. But the two men kept on measuring and remeasuring, for one builds a house only once in one's lifetime.

Before nightfall the whole village knew that Anton was building a house larger than any other in the village. They wondered whether the money he had brought from the mines would suffice. The girls ran to tell Zaska how big the house was going to be and smiled prettily as they playfully turned the big girl about this way and that.

"The Paolos have fourteen children," one of the girls remarked, "and they don't have such a big house. I wonder what is in Anton's mind."

Then they all laughed.

AFTER dusk father and son returned slowly to their home, carrying the plumb-lines and levels under their arms. They passed by Zaska's window. When they were out of sight she wrapped herself in a big, heavy woolen shawl, and, with her colored head-kerchief drawn over her forehead, she ran out to see the stakes that had been driven into the ground. She could not hold back a cry of great wonder. Indeed, the ground staked out for the house was fully forty feet in depth, and that for the bath-house was larger than she had ever seen.

The young men of the village sat and figured that night whether Anton should ever be able to carry out his plans from the economies of one year's work. One of them, who had worked with Anton in the coal-mines and lived with him in the same rooming-house, said to the others:

"It is a wonder he is alive at all. He ate little, never touched a glass even on Sundays, and worked every workday, never missing any time."

Many a young man regretted the money he had spent carelessly in town, wishing he had it now to compete with Anton, who was shaming them all.

The morning after the stakes had been driven Anton went to the grounds with pick and shovel and began to dig, guided by the strings tied to the stakes. His father was watching him from a distance. He was digging deeper than was absolutely necessary, deeper than the frost-line. The school-teacher passed by and stopped to have a few words with Anton. She had not seen him in a long time, and wondered that his English had become much poorer since he had left school.

"Oh, Anton!" she said reproachfully, "you talk as if you had just come from Finland!"

"I never be away from Finland, Teacher," Anton replied smilingly. "Only while in school I be away from Finland."

And then, as if to retrieve the time lost in the conversation, he began to work with greater industry.

EVENING after evening, after the two men left their work, Zaska would go out with her friends to watch the progress of the work on the houses that were being built. She would stop longer near Anton's house, and no matter how fast it rose from the ground it seemed to her too slow. Other houses in the neighborhood were going up much faster than Anton's. Ilica's and Ivan's houses seemed half finished, whereas Anton's foundation had just emerged above the ground.

Zaska stopped to look at the house a little longer on Sunday, when the procession of girls left her to visit the other upgoing houses. Anton was in his best clothes, with a wide red handkerchief bound round his throat. He was sitting astride one of the beams above a window-opening, measuring and looking at it intently. He turned his head her way with anxiety and pride, to read in her eyes whether she was satisfied with what he was doing. It was for her. And he knew that she knew. They looked at each other without saying anything. He could not understand the look in her eyes. There was something besides admiration in them.

When she was gone he watched her shawl flutter in the wind as she sauntered on to meet the other girls watching the other houses in course of erection. He wondered whether she thought his house was not large enough.

Besides the measuring of beams and lumber, he had other figuring to do at night; they concerned the rapidity with which his money dwindled. He had brought back a large sum after the year's work in the mines. It dwindled daily. Yet that money had to carry him through.

When the studding of the house had gone up to the roof, a heavy snow-storm blew in from the north. Its fury and the intensity of the cold made it impossible for most young men to work outside at their homes. Yet while others were sitting in their rooms and warming themselves around the huge red-hot stoves Anton would snatch a few hours' work during the midday hours while the sun was high.

When the storm had somewhat calmed down, several weeks later, and the cold had subsided, the young men saw with amazement that Anton's house had grown apace while theirs had shown no progress. There was more joking among the girls and nudging of one another on account of Zaska. They spoke of the great cold.

"Why," a young widow said, "Anton's hands must be made of glowing coal to work in such an intense cold. And, Zaska, I wonder whether you know what it means to be loved by a man so much. Young girls never know," she sighed, looking the blushing girl in the eyes.

Anton and Zaska met at a christening a few days after the storm had calmed down. He could read in Zaska's eyes that she was entirely satisfied with him. He was too absorbed by that happiness to pay any attention to the coldness of the young men toward him.

When silver coin was being thrown into the water of the first bath of the baby, as is the old custom, they turned around and watched how much Anton was going to give. He had intended to throw in only a few small silver pieces. He needed all the money that he had saved for the home he was building. Yet now, being watched by all, and feeling the eyes of Zaska upon him, he threw, without counting or looking at it, a handful of silver and copper.

He turned around to look into Zaska's eyes to see whether she was satisfied with what he had done. And again he read a mingled look which he did not understand.

The girls left the room to go and seat themselves apart from the men; to leave them to their conversation, such as it is between these close-mouthed, diffident Northerners. Taras, one of the oldest peasants, was giving advice about the building of bath-houses.

"Do not build the oven at the end. Build it in the center of the bath-house. Have the fire-opening at least a foot higher than it is generally built, so that when you throw water upon the heated stones the steam is not lost by coming from too low down. You get all the heat of it when it comes from higher up. That is how they build bath-houses in my part of Finland."

Some agreed with him, while others disagreed, saying that it would be much too hot for the younger children. Taras shook his head. That is how they built bath-houses in his part of the country.

Anton listened carefully to what Taras said. It appealed to him as very sensible. He managed to speak a few words with Zaska apart from all the others.

"Taras says I should build the opening for the fire-door a foot higher than that of all the other bath-houses around here. Don't you think that the steam would be too hot for young children if we followed his advice?"

"Taras may be right for the part of Finland he comes from," was her evasive answer. Then she sauntered away to tell the girls what Anton had just asked her.

It sounded so droll that he should ask her such questions. The girls laughed and giggled. No man had ever asked a woman anything about the building of a house or a bath-house. Zaska, however, thought it was the right thing to do. Anton was Americanizing himself. Of course, if the men knew he had asked such a question of his future wife he would be the laughing-stock of his village to his dying day.

EARLY in February, when the cold had somewhat subsided and the wind and snow-storms had abated, there was again a good deal of hammering everywhere. The youngsters were in a feverish haste to finish what they had begun in the Fall, before the plowing should start in the Spring.

Zaska's heart shrank as she observed with great sadness that Anton's house had suddenly remained at a standstill. It was not advancing. He was measuring and plumbing and planning, but of actual work he did very little. Of a Sunday she heard that he had gone away with his father to a town thirty miles distant, to Biwabik, for more lumber.

"Why," the men said, "a good deal of what he needs could have been cut down from the very forest back of his land."

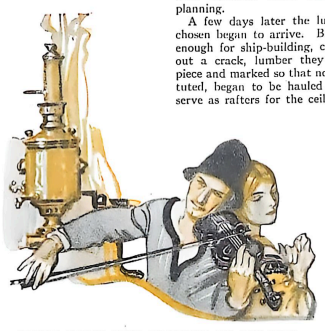
There were big pines and hemlocks standing up as if beckoning to the ax to cut them down. There was a lumber-mill in the neighborhood. Why had he gone to Biwabik to get lumber? It seemed to her he delayed unnecessarily the building of their home. He did not love her.

When he had not returned in a few days, and she had not heard the hammer driving the nails, she grew still more impatient, still more doubtful about him. Had he chosen another one and intended to wait till next year?

There was a mocking glint, she thought, in the eyes of the young men as they passed her by. There was not much gaiety in the demeanor of her girl friends when they were together. They had nothing to say to her that would make her laugh.

A week later Anton and his father returned from Biwabik. There was more measuring and planning.

A few days later the lumber which they had chosen began to arrive. Big, heavy beams, stout enough for ship-building, clean-grained and without a crack, lumber they had chosen piece by piece and marked so that nothing should be substituted, began to be hauled in and hoisted up, to serve as rafters for the ceiling floor of the second story of the house. While other youngsters were already putting in doors and windows Anton was still busy with the erection of the skeleton of his house.



"WHILE OTHERS WERE PREPARING FOR THE LONG WINTER MONTHS CANTA AND ZASKA WERE PLAYING AND LAUGHING"

True, it looked stouter and bigger and more solid than any other in the neighborhood. It looked as if it could withstand the strongest and fiercest hurricane, but Zaska thought it was never going to be finished.

And when she had again passed it by one Sunday, and he had looked into her eyes with great pride as if to say, "See what I am accomplishing," he saw a distinct reproachful look of which he was not doubtful this time. She sauntered away after shrugging her shoulders at him. That gesture was more eloquent than all the reproaches she could have hurled at him.

His father, too, had remarked the girl's behavior. As they walked home that evening he put his big hand upon the shoulder of his disconsolate son and said, "She is impatient. She loves you. Yet you shouldn't hurry."

Anton looked at his father, then he nodded his head in agreement. It was a wise thing his father had just said. A springy step came into Anton's feet. He felt bigger and stronger than ever. He was conquering a woman. He was conquering Zaska, beautiful Zaska. She loved him.

It was a long time since his mother had seen her oldest son eat such tremendous quantities of food. It was a long time since she had seen him as gay as that evening.

"You better build that house quicker. Spring is on the way," his mother counseled as she offered her oldest son an enormous cup of hot tea, fresh from the shining brass samovar that stood on the cleanly scrubbed white-pine table.

Father and son looked at each other, shrugged their shoulders, and blushed, as if to say, "What do women know about such things?"

"It will be finished in time," Anton answered cheerfully. "Is mother in such a hurry to get rid of me?"

"No, not that. Zaska will lose patience," the mother countered seriously.

She returned to sit near the stove to ponder about the stupidity of men. They never understood anything, yet thought they knew everything.

During the next few weeks Zaska watched with a still heavier heart how the other houses were going up rapidly, while Anton's house was crawling on slowly. Its pace was that of a snail compared to a running deer.

Zaska saw in his slowness proof that he did not love her as much as the others loved the girls they intended to woo. He had offended her deeply. She began to avoid passing his building when she went out with the other girls to look at how far the others had advanced with the construction of their homes.

Anton was too much engrossed in his work to sense what was going on in the heart and soul of the woman he loved. As he placed each piece of lumber he thought of her. He passed his hand over every piece of wood, felt its grain, turned it this way and that, planed and measured and fitted it, always thinking of his Zaska and how proud she would be of him when he would finish that home.

When Zaska passed by, his own eyes were so blinded with the light of joy he could not read anything in hers. It was as if a great light were obscuring instead of illuminating what was in front of him.

Spring was near. The last of the storms coming from the lake was fiercer than any before. Most young men were now working inside their houses. All of them had already put in doors and windows. Only Anton's work was interrupted by the intense cold and the blowing snow. He was unable to work in the open.

A WEEK before Easter most of the houses that had been started in the Fall were ready, and the wooing of those who had finished their homes began. Some of them pursued their wooing so rapidly that the brides began to fill the new homes with their own belongings in anticipation of the wedding. For each one of the girls had been working during the long Winter evenings at knitting and dress-making, while the mothers had half secretly bought the necessary kitchen-utensils and furniture.

Zaska now felt an intense resentment against the man who had insulted her by not having his house ready, by not having built it rapidly enough, as the others had done. The older women began to speak about the heartlessness of men. It was disgraceful to shame an orphan, a widow's daughter.

When the rains had ceased Anton again started to work, unmindful of the fact that it was going to take him the whole Spring to finish what he had started.

One day there returned to the village a young man who had left his father's home many years before and had gone to live in cities, playing the fiddle at parties and other festivities. He returned to his father's home as impecunious as he had left it. Tall, angular, with a pale, brunette face and thin black mustache, indeed the only brunette face of the village, he had returned just in time to play at the first wedding of the season.

The young men treated Canta patronizingly. Here they, younger than he, had already built their homes, while he was still far inclined from doing so. And what was he? A fiddler, a beggar! The young women found him very handsome, but they were shunning him when they met him on the street. He looked so insolently at them, so provokingly. And he had no home. How dared he look at them that way!

(Continued on Page 54)

THE BEGINNERS

By *Henry Kitchell Webster*

Illustrations by Hanson Booth

In Five Parts—Part III.

THE STORY OF THE STORY

Edward Patterson, the middle-aged official of an insurance company, has not been getting along very well with his wife. She suspects the attentions he has been showing to an attractive neighbor, Ruth Ingraham. Mr. Patterson resolves to break off the relationship and to devote himself more to his wife, son, and daughter.

At this point James Mariner comes to him to borrow money on his insurance to finance a motor invention. The prospect seems so glowing that Edward Patterson resigns his position and goes into partnership with Mariner. This decision necessitates the most rigid economy on the part of the Patterson family, which tends to bring them all closer together.

Albert Willard, a banking friend of Patterson's, is rather doubtful over the whole business scheme, which makes Mr. Patterson all the more desirous of making a success out of it. Edith Patterson pays a visit to the factory and her father introduces her to Charlie Franklin, one of the staff. Her long interview with him makes her dubious of their prospective success. Feeling very blue over the whole situation, Edith resolves not to let her father know of her secret feelings.

CHRISTMAS was coming, and Edith's heart sank whenever she thought of it. It seemed unnatural to feel that way about it. In former years the weeks before the holidays had been a time of rapturous anticipation. The other girls at school felt like that now. They talked endlessly about the letting out of school, the round of parties, things they wanted for Christmas and had hinted for and hoped they were going to get. They made Edith so blue when they talked that way that she could hardly stand it. It made her feel horribly old, or, perhaps more accurately, the other way about, as if until very lately she'd been unbelievably young.

Certainly there wasn't going to be any money to spare this year. She could tell by the way dad looked when he came home night after night for dinner and sat, forgetting even to pretend to listen, while she and mother talked about things that had happened during the day. Sometimes mother would ask him, "What sort of day have you had, Ned?" And he'd say, "Oh, pretty good. We got a nice little order from So-and-so." Or, "We sold four chokes to people who drove their cars out to the factory to have them put on. They are beginning to find out about us."

But he didn't seem to *want* to talk about it. The only reference he ever made to Christmas was to figure out once in a while how many days it would be before Ed got home from college.

Ed had been told, Edith knew, a little about the new business and that dad had resigned his position in the insurance company. But how well he understood what the change meant to them she had no idea. He'd hardly mentioned it in his letters.

Agatha Willard would be coming home too in just a few days now. Agatha and Ed were the only two people in the world, besides father and mother, whom she really loved. Yet she found she dreaded their coming—at least she dreaded the occasion of their coming. It was all a part of her passionate wish that Christmas this year, with all its hollow gaieties, might simply be wiped out, forgotten by everybody, so that they could go on from day to day just as they were, without having to pretend.

She kept these dark thoughts to herself as long as she could, but finally she burst out and confided them to mother. She didn't know it was going to end that way when she began. It was one afternoon when they were working up in her bedroom upon *Charles Surface's* costume.

"Mother,"—she managed to make her voice sound casual enough—"I don't want any Christmas present this year. I can't think of a thing." After a little silence she added, still pretty shakily, "I really mean that, Mother."

But the look she saw come into mother's face was more than she could stand. She hastily dropped *Charles's* sleeve so that it shouldn't be spotted by the tears that came swimming into her eyes, and turned away from the sewing-table. Mother got up too and came and put a pair of comforting arms about her.

"It isn't as bad as that, ducky," she said. "We can't do much this year, of course, but we'll manage to make it feel like Christmas anyhow. We must do that, you know, for Ed's sake. That's the thing your father is worried about. He's afraid if Ed finds out how things look just now, he'll want to stay right here and go to work instead of going back to college. And that would be terrible. Ed must have a college education, you know. It would make a difference to his whole life if he didn't have that."

"I wish he wasn't coming home," Edith said passionately, "or Agatha either."

Mother understood all right, which was a comfort, and but for something she said about sacrifices they might have to make, Edith would have felt a lot better for their talk. It wasn't until hours afterward, lying in bed trying to get off to sleep, that she began wondering whether mother could really have been talking just about sacrifices in general, or whether there was some special sacrifice that she foresaw. She didn't dare let herself think what it might be.

As a haven of refuge for her thoughts she turned to the play. It was perfectly thrilling that she was doing her part so well. Miss Bennett didn't pay her any more compliments. She didn't have to. She just sat around and enjoyed it when Edith came on. The other girls did too. They'd get out in front and laugh at *Charles's* speeches and applaud in a way that made you feel light and sparkly.

"HIS LOOK FIXED ITSELF UPON THE DOOR INTO THE DINING-ROOM. 'ISN'T SOMETHING BURNING?' HE ASKED"

No matter how blue you felt when the rehearsal began, you were simply a different person when you began to act. You felt as if you didn't care, and wouldn't care, whatever happened. It must be perfectly great to be a real actress. Perhaps she would be one; there was no reason why she shouldn't.

Agatha got home two days before the performance, but Edith hardly had time to see her at all. She almost felt hurt, tho—perceptibly let down anyhow—to find that Agatha's time was pretty well filled, too. She tried not to feel that way about it. It was silly to wish that her best friend was dangling around forlornly with nothing to do but wait for her. Yet she couldn't quite help making a grievance of it that this was not the case.

Ed, they learned at last, was getting home on the very day of the performance, and not until around dinner-time—just before or just after, they couldn't tell, for his telegram was obscure. They couldn't have met him in town anyhow, for everybody was going to be too busy.

They had an early dinner, which Edith was too excited to eat, and then she dressed at home in her *Charles Surface* costume. Father was to drive her to the school and then come back for mother and for Ed if he came. She kept hoping, of course, up to the very last minute, that he'd arrive before she left. But it came time to start before anything had been heard from him. They'd half expected him to telephone out from town as soon as his train got in.

She felt awfully hollow as she put on an old quilted black-silk cloak of mother's which she'd borrowed because it came 'way down to her ankles, and went out to get into the car.

Another car—a great big one which she didn't immediately recognize—pulled up at the curb right behind theirs just as she opened the front door. A man with a suitcase was getting out. Why, it was Ed! She cried out the fact to her mother and flew down the walk to meet him. Naturally she forgot all about *Charles Surface* for a moment, and she had something better to do with her hands than to keep that silly cloak huddled about her legs. She didn't at first see why Ed should stop to stare at her in that bewildered way. Then she remembered and explained.

"I'm dressed for the play. It's to-night."

At that he came to and hugged her enthusiastically. My, but it was good to have him back! What an idiot she'd been to wish he wasn't coming!

Dad got out of their car, of course, and mother came hurrying down the walk. The other car started to back away, but a voice inside stopped it, and another man got out.

"Hello, Edith," he said. "I haven't seen you in years!"

It wasn't until he spoke that she knew who he was. It was Roger Morgan. She hardly knew him at all, tho the Morgans lived in the next street. He was a grown-up man, three years older than Ed, and a senior.

With the recognition she remembered how she was dressed and felt horribly young and foolish. She felt like making one jump into her own car and disappearing, but it seemed he meant to shake hands with her, and she had to stay and go through with it.

"What's the play?" he asked. "Is it to-night?"

She nodded. "It's—it's just a sort of foolish play we're having at school—'The School for Scandal.' I'm—I'm supposed to be a man."

It was impossible to disguise that fact as, with the handshake, the cloak had got away from her again. What with the cold and her embarrassment her teeth were chattering so she was sure he could hear them. What a perfect fool she must look to him!

Dad rescued her by turning to thank Roger for having brought Ed home from town. But she realized, as she bolted into her car, that Mr. Morgan had been in the act of saying something else when dad interrupted him—something about coming himself to see the play. He hadn't meant it, of course; but what an idiot he must think her to have dashed away like that without a word! It was too late to do anything about it now. He was saying good night in a very self-possessed sort of way to mother and dad and getting back into his own car.

She was warm enough now, burning. She threw back her cloak and let down the window. He couldn't possibly have meant that he really wanted to come and see the play, could he? Oh, well, he certainly wouldn't now.

"Ed's looking well, isn't he?" dad said as they drove off together. "And isn't it fine to have him back?"

She was guiltily aware that she'd forgotten all about Ed. She hadn't even looked back to see him going into the house with mother. She'd even forgotten for a few seconds about the play. And here she was, actually on the way to the performance! In an hour the audience would begin coming. Suppose she were to forget her part? How did that speech begin—that long speech after *Moses* introduced *Uncle Oliver*, when he was pretending to be *Mr. Premium*? She'd had trouble learning it. She couldn't even remember the first line. All the way to school she tried desperately to recall it.

When dad pulled up at the entrance with a "Well, good luck, my dear! We'll see you after the show," she was so paralyzed with misery that she could hardly get out of the car. And, tho she wouldn't have believed it possible, she went on feeling worse and worse. She had thought in her innocence that she was lucky not to come on in the early scenes of the play. Once the thing fairly got going, she supposed, it wouldn't be so bad, but the hour of waiting after the play began for her time to come was the worst of all.

After she had been some minutes on the stage, she heard herself saying the first few lines, but she was sure that nobody in the audience could hear. But when they brought *Uncle Oliver* onto the stage, and *Moses* introduced him, something queer happened to her. She heard herself speaking in a new voice that wasn't hers at all. It was *Charles Surface's:* light, clear, vibrant.

She felt, rather than heard, a sort of electrical crackle of amusement. It came from the audience. She had made them do it. She could make them do it whenever she spoke. It was the most wonderful thing that ever happened in the world.

After the thing was over, triumphantly over, people came and hugged her, or kissed her through the make-up, and told her how perfectly splendid she'd been. It was delicious, but it was vague and not quite real, more like a dream.

They were going to have a short dance after the performance, but Edith didn't want to stay for it. Dad and mother thought she was tired, but it wasn't that. She just wanted to be quiet for a while and all alone so that she could go on living the experience.

Ed didn't come home with them. He and Agatha were going to stay and dance.

THE house was still—rather queer that was. It couldn't be so awfully early since there was daylight in the room, but it couldn't possibly be late either. She'd lain awake most of the night, and what sleep she'd had had been a mere succession of naps disturbed by dreams.

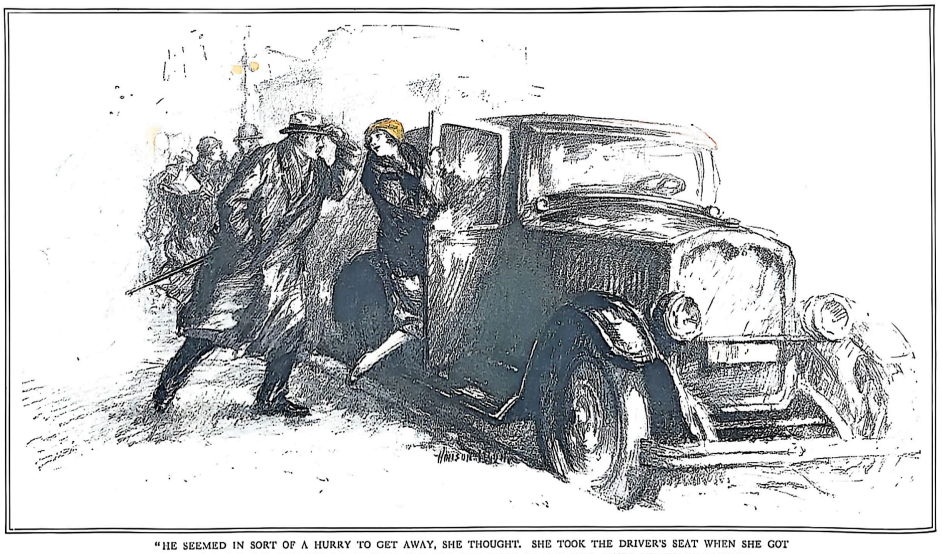
Was Ed awake yet? She called to him, not loudly enough to waken him if he were asleep, but so that he could hear in the adjoining room if he were awake.

Ed didn't answer. He must have come home awfully late, for she hadn't heard him come in. She hoped he'd tell her whether Roger Morgan had really come to the play last night. She hoped he had, not for any silly reason, but simply that he might understand that there was a real reason for her costume—not just a foolish schoolgirl excuse for dressing up.

This horrible new business of dad's that was making him blue again, was another thing she wanted to talk to Ed about. There was no sense in his wasting the whole first morning of his vacation sleeping. She'd go and wake him up.

She got up and shut her window, and then tapped on his door. No answer. She opened it and looked in. His bed was empty. She padded out to the head of the stairs for a look at the hall clock. Half past ten. It couldn't be! The clock must have stopped last night. But it was ticking away with an air of self-conscious rectitude as if it knew

(Continued on Page 80)



"HE SEEMED IN SORT OF A HURRY TO GET AWAY, SHE THOUGHT. SHE TOOK THE DRIVER'S SEAT WHEN SHE GOT INTO THE CAR, FEELING DIMLY THAT SHE HAD THE REINS IN HER OWN HANDS BETTER THAT WAY"

Goody Bishop's Revenge

By ROBERT W. SNEDDON

Illustration by Clara Elsene Peck

"WILDER AND WILDER GREW THE ROUT, AS THO ALL LAWS OF PREACHER AND CHURCH HAD BEEN FLUNG ASIDE"

CAPTAIN SPARKES, as the June heat in the meeting-house grew greater, loosened the collar of his coat and tugged it away from his bull-neck. All about him others were doing the same; even the women, who by rights should have been cool in their low necks and bare arms, were using handkerchiefs and whispering wearily among themselves.

Upon the bench sat the two worshipful magistrates with solemn and suspicious faces which searched the gathering, as tho to fix upon others who should be seated in the enclosure by which stood the constable with grim and settled face.

And in the enclosure sat an elderly woman with a weather-beaten face, in an ancient puce-colored gown and wearing an apron which she smoothed now and again. She was looking up and away from all, staring with a set expression at an open window, as tho expecting to see appear there in his obscene majesty the Master of Evil, with whom she was accused of trafficking.

And it was noted with horror by all that about her buzzed and droned, settling now and again on her shoulder as if to whisper vile counsel into her ear, a monstrous bluebottle fly. Thrice the constable had tried to catch it, but in vain, and now with wary eye he kept at arm's length from the witch, pretending for his dignity that he took no more thought of the unclean winged intruder.

Captain Sparkes knew the prisoner well. More than once in his excursions into the country he had come upon her engaged in mysterious operations, plucking herbs or digging for roots. Once he had seen her seated upon a tree-trunk laughing and talking, and as the thought came to him that she spoke with one unseen, he had put spurs to his horse and galloped off.

Twice he had encountered her in a woodland path where there was no avoiding her, and, looking up to him with her bead-black eyes, opening her mouth in a well-nigh toothless grin, she had emitted a knowing croak of "Ha, my captain!" and the phrase conveyed to the soldier such secret knowledge of deeds he esteemed well hidden in the past that, tho his conscience was tough enough to turn an Indian arrow, he could not help but tremble.

For even so had one now dead, and by his hand, addressed him, and there returned to him a picture most horrid of a candle-lit room, a tumbled bed, and a dead lass with a purpled face. He had leaned from his horse and struck at the witch with his whip, with a shout of "Away! Avoid, foul witch!"

Nor did his visits to the tavern take the taste of his past out of his mouth. When he lay in his bed, his brain bemused with canary, punch, and black-cherry brandy, he had night-sweats, horrid dreams in which this old hag of his encounters bestrode him like a horse, and flogged his sides with thistles, so that in the morning he wakened full of pains, and hailed the daylight with delight.

Good-by to that now. Goody Bishop was now come to trial. He had set about stirring up trouble for her, speaking in the tavern, letting fall a word here and there where it would do most harm, contriving most cunningly to accuse her, yet himself remaining in the background.

Already the clerk had taken up his papers and cleared his throat above the shuffling of feet and heavy breathing of the gathering.

Now he was reading in a voice which dropped at times as tho the invisible hand of Satan were maliciously applied to his throat to choke his utterance:

"Hannah Bishop . . . Our sovereign Lord and Lady, William and Mary, by the grace of God . . . Of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, King and Queen . . . certain detestable arts called witchcrafts and sorceries, wickedly and feloniously hath used, practised, and exercised.

"At and within the township . . . in, upon, and against sundry persons, as follows . . . who . . . tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed, wasted, and tormented . . . other acts of witchcraft . . . against the peace of our sovereign Lord and Lady, the King and Queen, their crown and dignity, and against the form of the statute in that case made and provided. . . ."

Which when the clerk had finished with much pain and effort, the worshipful magistrates, bidding Goody Bishop stand and face them, asked:

"How now, Goody Bishop, what say you? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

To which the woman replied strongly:

"Not guilty!"

And there having been much talk of that which had passed at the first examination of the witch, those in court could not forbear from expressing their wonder at the obstinacy and inrooted evil of the woman, whereupon the court called loudly and firmly for silence.

There was such a pricking now in the soldier's hands, as tho some one were stabbing his palms with pins, that he looked down at them, and then with a scowl at the witch. Did she know that he had secretly pressed the matter of her arrest? Suddenly she looked at him with a grin of such menace that he shrank back on the wooden settle, his hand to his sword-hilt.

Why now again did he recall that matter which for years he had regarded as so trifling, the choking of a tavern lass in London (did he not wear her ring upon his finger, plain to see?), and the other cruelties he had committed and been saved from punishment by being one of my Lord Judge Jeffreys's men, that merciless tyrant of the law, whom all men abhorred; he who, fleeing on the coming of King William, was taken in a woman's gown?

They were calling the witnesses now, and the court was falling into disorder and confusion. Two women had thrown themselves upon the floor and were biting and scratching at the wood with vile contortions as tho the ancient dragon were within their skins. One cried aloud that something had bitten her on the hand, and held up the bleeding member to show the teeth-marks, and yet another sat with a corpse-like rigidity, a trickle of froth at her bloodless lips.

"God spare us," whispered one who sat at Captain Sparkes's elbow. "The Ty-dogs of the pit are among us this day. Mark Mistress Bly. She dribbles pins from her mouth into her hand."

And indeed Mistress Bly, waking from her deathlike pose, was staring with distended eyeballs at the tiny points of metal in her hand, come there by witchcraft.

An account was now given by the court of the prisoner's examination. How being asked with what evil spirit she had familiarity, she answered, "None." And that she had made no contract with the devil, nor employed any creature to hurt any one, and knew not how any came to be tormented. Likewise she denied most stoutly the testimony of Titiba, the Indian woman, that she with certain others did pay homage to the black man; nor was she attended by another thing, that went upright like a man but was hairy; nor did she sign the book which the said black man called "Ours," being the record of those sealed unto him.

The clerk now called upon Jacob Ring, who rose with a face of fear, and gave testimony that, having some controversy with Bishop, he did wake in the night by moonlight and beheld the likeness of the woman, who, having changed to a cat, had seized him by the throat so that he was near to strangling; that, having cried aloud, "In God's name, what do you do?" the thing vanished; and that another night, going to the barn, he was suddenly lifted from his feet and flung against a stone wall, whereby he was so injured that he could scarce set one foot after another for seven days, and more to the same effect.

Mistress Bly, being prayed by the court to compose herself, testified that, her babe of five months drooping and wasting without reason, search had been made in a place where Bishop had been seen prying, and by the door of the cellar there were found several poppets made up of rags and hog's bristles with headless pins in them, the points being outward; whereof she could give no reason to the court that was tolerable or reasonable.

By now there was a great whispering in the court, much to the confusion of their worships, who lost countenance, for in their midst sat Goody Bishop, smiling mockingly to

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TWILIGHT SLEEP

By

EDITH WHARTON

Illustration by C. J. McCarthy

Concluding Instalment

DECIDEDLY, there was a different time-measure for life in town and in the country.

The dinner for Amalasuntha organized (and the Toys secured for it) there were still two days left in that endless inside of a week which was to have passed so rapidly. Yet everything had gone according to Pauline's wishes. Dexter had really made the promised round of house and grounds, and had extended his inspection to dairy, poultry-yard, and engine-house. And he had approved of everything—approved almost too promptly and uncritically.

Then he had slipped out to join Nona on the putting-green below the terrace. Yes; everything was all right; he was evidently determined that everything should be. It had been the same about Michelangelo's debts. At first he had resisted his wife's suggestion that they should help to pay them off, in order to escape the young man's presence in New York; then he had suddenly promised the Marchesa to settle the whole amount, without so much as a word to Pauline. It was as if he were engrossed in some deep and secret purpose, and resolved to clear away whatever threatened to block his obstinate advance.

Once Pauline might have ascribed it to an interest—an exaggerated interest—in his stepson's wife. That idea had already crossed Pauline's mind: she remembered its cold brush on the evening when her husband had come home unexpectedly to see her, and had talked so earnestly and sensibly about bringing Lita and her boy to Cedarledge. The mere flit of a doubt—no more; and even then Pauline had felt its preposterousness, and banished it in disgust and fear.

Now she smiled at the fear. Her husband's manner to Lita was perfect—easy, good-humored, but slightly ironic. At the time of Jim's marriage Dexter had had that same smile. He had thought the bride silly and pretentious; he had even questioned her good looks. And the first week at Cedarledge showed that, if his attitude had grown kindlier, it was for Jim's sake, not Lita's. Nona and Lita were together all day long; when Manford joined them he treated both in the same way, as a man treats two indulged and amusing daughters.

What was he thinking of, then? Gladys Toy again, perhaps? Pauline had imagined that was over. Even if it were not, it no longer worried her. Dexter had had similar flare-ups before, and they hadn't lasted. Besides, Pauline had gradually acquired a certain wifely philosophy, and was prepared to be more lenient to her second husband than to the first. As wives grew older they had to realize that husbands didn't always keep pace with them.

Not that she felt herself too old for Manford's love; all her early illusions had rushed back to her the night he had made her give up the Rivington dinner. But her dream had not survived that evening. She had understood then that he meant they should be "only friends"; that was all the future was to hold for her. Well, for a grandmother it ought to be enough. She had no patience with the silly old women who expected "that sort of nonsense" to last.

From these perplexities she was luckily distracted by the urgent business of the Cardinal's reception. Even without Maisie she could do a good deal of preparatory writing and telephoning; but she was mortified to find how much her handwriting had suffered from the long habit of dictation. Her unpractised script was so stiff and slovenly that she decided she must have her hands "treated" as she did her other unemployed muscles. But how find time for this new and indispensable cure? Her spirits rose with the wholesome sense of being once more in a hurry.

NONA sat on the south terrace in the sun. The Cedarledge experiment had lasted eight days now, and she had to own that it had turned out better than she would have thought possible.

Lita was giving them extraordinarily little trouble. After the first flight to Greenwich she had shown no desire for cabarets and night-clubs, but had plunged into the alternative excitement of violent outdoor sports; relapsing, after hours of hard exercise, into a dreamy lassitude unruffled by outward events. She never spoke of her husband, and Nona did not know if Jim's frequent letters were even read. Lita smiled vaguely when he was mentioned, and merely remarked, when her mother-in-law once risked an allusion to the future: "I thought we were here to be cured of plans." And Pauline effaced her blunder with a smile.

Nona herself felt more and more like one of the trench-watchers pictured in the wartime papers. There she sat in the darkness on her narrow perch, her eye glued to the observation-slit which looked out over seeming emptiness. She had often wondered what those men thought about during the endless hours of watching, the days and weeks when no faintest shadow of a skulking enemy crossed their span of no man's land.

Since her talk with Aggie Heuston a sort of *curare* had entered into her veins. She was sharply aware of everything that was going on about her, but she felt unable to rouse herself. Even if anything that mattered ever did happen again, she questioned if she would be able to shake off the weight of her indifference. Was it really ten days now since that talk with Aggie? And had everything of which she had then been warned fulfilled itself without her lifting a finger? She thought: "I feel like the oldest person in the world, and yet with the longest life ahead of me," and a shiver of loneliness ran over her.

Should she go and hunt up the others? What difference would that make? She might offer to write notes for her mother, who was up-stairs plunged in her visiting-list, or look in on Lita, who was probably asleep after her hard gallop of the morning; or find her father, and suggest going for a walk. She had not seen her father since lunch; but she seemed to remember that he had ordered his new car brought round. Off again—he was as restless as the others. All of them were restless nowadays. Had he taken Lita with him, perhaps? Well—why not? Wasn't he here to look after Lita? A sudden twitch of curiosity drew Nona to her feet, and sent her slowly up-stairs to her sister-in-law's room. Why did she have to drag one foot after the other, as if some hidden influence held her back, signaled a mute warning not to go?

"I beg pardon, Miss." It was the ubiquitous Powder at her heels. "If you're going up to Mrs. Manford's sitting-room would you kindly tell her that Mr. Manford has telephoned he won't be back from Greystock till late, and she's please not to wait dinner?"

"Greystock? Oh, all right. I'll tell her."

Golf again—golf and Gladys Toy. Nona gave her clinging preoccupations a last shake. This was really a lesson to her! To be imagining horrible, morbid things about her father while he was engaged in a perfectly normal elderly man's flirtation with a stupid woman he would forget as soon as he got back to town! A real Easter holiday diversion. A dreary gleam of amusement crossed her mind.

Softly she pushed open the door of one of the perfectly

"LITA CAME IN QUIETLY, WITH THE FEATHERED GAIT THAT WAS HALF-WAY BETWEEN DRIFTING AND FLOATING"

appointed spare rooms: a room so studiously equipped with every practical convenience, from the smoothly hung window-ventilators to the jointed dressing-table lights, from the little portable telephone and the bed-table with folding legs to the tall threefold mirror which lost no curve of the beauty it reflected, that even Lita's careless ways seemed subdued to the prevailing order.

Lita lay on the lounge, one long arm drooping, the other folded behind her in the immemorial attitude of Sleeping Beauty. Sleep rested on her lightly, as it does on those who summon it at will.

Nona tiptoed forward and looked down on her. Who said that sleep revealed people's true natures? It only made them the more enigmatic by the added veil of its own mystery. Lita's head was nested in the angle of a thin arm, her lids rounded heavily above the sharp cheek-bones just swept by their golden fringe, the pale bow of the mouth relaxed, the slight steel-strong body half shown in the parting of a flowered Chinese garment. The hand of the downward arm hung open, palm up. In that little hollow lay the fate of three lives. What would she do with them? How could one conceive of her knowing, or planning, or imagining—conceive of her in any sort of durable human relation to any one or anything?

Her eyes opened and a languid curiosity floated up through them.

"That you? I must have fallen asleep. I was trying to count up the number of months we've been here, and numbers always make me go to sleep."

Nona laughed and sat down at the foot of the lounge. "Dear me—just as I thought you were beginning to be happy!"

"Well, isn't this what you call being happy—in the country?"

"Lying on your back, and wondering how many months are in a week?"

"A week? Only a week? How on earth can you tell, when one day's so exactly like another?"

"To-morrow won't be. There's the blowout for Amalasuntha, and dancing afterward. Mother's idea of the simple life."

"Well, all your mother's ideas *are* simple," Lita yawned. "Besides, it's ages till to-morrow. Where's your father? He was going to take me for a spin in the new car."

"He's broken his promise, then. Deserted us all and sneaked off to Greystock on his lone."

A faint redness rose to Lita's cheek-bones. "Greystock and Gladys Toy? Is that *his* idea of the simple life? About on a par with your mother's. Did you ever notice the Toy ankles?"

Nona smiled. "They're not unnoticeable. But you forget that father's getting to be an old gentleman."

Lita made a slight grimace. "Oh, he could do better than that. Nona, let's take the small car and run over to Greenwich for dinner. Would your mother so very much mind? Does she want us here the whole blessed time?"

"I'll go and ask her. But on a Friday night the Country Club will be as dead as the moon."

"Well, then we'll have the floor to ourselves. I want a good practise, and it's a ripping floor. We can dance with the waiters. I noticed one of them the other day built rather like Tommy Ardwin. I'm sure he dances."

That was all life meant to Lita—would ever mean. Good floors to practise new dance-steps on, men—any men—to dance with and be flattered by, women—any women—to stare and envy one, dull people to startle, stupid people to shock. And here were Nona and her father and mother fighting to preserve this brittle plaything for Jim, when somewhere out in the world there might be a real woman for him. What was the sense of it?

THE Marchesa di San Fedele's ideas about the country were perfectly simple; in fact, she had only one. She regarded it as a place in which there was more time to play bridge than in town. Thank God for that!—and the rest one simply bore with. Of course there was the obligatory going the rounds with host or hostess: gardens, glass, dairy, chicken-hatchery, and Heaven knew what besides.

The Marchesa's life had always been made up of doing things as dull as going over model dairies in order to get the chance to do other things as thrilling to her as dancing was to Lita. It was part of the game: one had to pay for what one got.

"Not that I don't marvel at your results, Pauline; we all do. But they make me feel so useless and incapable. All this wonderful creation—baths and swimming-pools and hatcheries and fire-engines, and everything so perfect, indoors and out! Sometimes I'm glad you've never been to our poor old San Fedele. But of course bathrooms will have to be put in there if Michelangelo finds an American bride when he comes over."

Pauline laid down the pen she had taken up.

"When Michelangelo comes over?"

The Marchesa's face was sharper than a knife. "It's my little surprize. I didn't mean you or Dexter to know till the contract was signed."

"The contract?"

"My boy's to do *Cesare Borgia* in the new film. Klawhammer cabled a definite offer the day you left for the country. And of course I insisted on Michelangelo's sailing instantly, tho he'd planned to spend the Spring in Paris and was rather cross at having to give it up. As I told him, now is the moment to secure a lovely American bride. You know what your rich papas-in-law over here always ask: 'What debts? What prospects? What other women?' The woman matter can always be arranged. The debts *are*, in this case—thanks to your generosity. But the prospects—what were they, I ask you? The San Fedele pearls, yes—but where is the San Fedele plumbing? But now, my dear, Michelangelo presents himself as an equal!—*Cesare Borgia* in a Klawhammer film—no one knows how many millions it may mean! And of course Michelangelo is the very type——"

"But this really is a surprize, Amalasuntha." Inwardly Pauline was saying: "After all, why not? If his own mother doesn't mind seeing him all over the place on film-posters. And perhaps now he may pay us back—in common decency he'll have to!"

"Arthur was amazed—and awfully pleased, after the first recoil. Dear Arthur, you know, always recoils at first," the Marchesa continued, with her shrewd, deprecating smile, which insinuated that Pauline of course wouldn't.

"Arthur? You've already written to him about it?"

"No, dear. I ran across him yesterday in town. You didn't know Arthur'd come back? I thought he said he'd telephone to Nona, or somebody. A touch of gout—got fidgety because he couldn't see his doctor. But he looked remarkably well, I thought—so handsome still, in his *élancé* Wyant way; only a little too flushed, perhaps. He said Jim was still on the island. Perfectly contented fishing. Jim's the only person I know who's always perfectly contented—such a lesson—"

Pauline could hear—oh, how distinctly!—all that her former husband would have to say about Michelangelo's projects. They would be food for an afternoon's irony. But that did not greatly trouble her—nor did Wyant's unexpected return. He was always miserable out of reach of his doctor. And the fact that Jim hadn't come back proved that there was nothing seriously wrong.

Complacency returned to her. How should it not, with the list for the Cardinal's reception nearly complete, and the telephonic assurance of the Bishop of New York and the Chief Rabbi that both these dignitaries would be present? Socially also, tho the season was over, the occasion promised to be brilliant. Lots of people were coming back just to see how a Cardinal was received. Even the Rivingtons were coming—she had it from the Bishop. What wouldn't the Rivingtons have given to capture the Cardinal? But he was sailing for Italy the day after Pauline's reception—that was the beauty of it! No one else could possibly have him. Amalasuntha had stage-managed the whole business very cleverly. She had even overcome the Cardinal's scruples when he heard that Mrs. Manford was chairman of the Birth-control Committee.

LITA appeared in the drawing-room after almost everybody had arrived. She was always among the last; and in the country, as she said, there was no way of knowing what time it was. Even at Cedarledge, where all the clocks agreed to a second, one could never believe them, and always thought they must have stopped together twelve hours before.

"Besides, what's the use of knowing what time it is in the country? Time for *what?*"

She came in quietly, almost unnoticeably, with the feathered gait that was half-way between drifting and floating; and at once, in spite of the twenty people assembled, had the shining parquet and all the tall mirrors to herself. That was her way: that knack of clearing the floor no matter how quietly she entered. And to-night——

Well; perhaps, Manford thought, all the other women *were* a little overdressed. Women always had a tendency to overdress when they dined with the Manfords. Even at Cedarledge, Pauline's parties had a New York atmosphere. And Lita, in her straight white slip, slim and unadorned as a Primitive angel, with that close coif of goldfish-colored hair, and not a spangle, a jewel, a pearl even, turned the other women to upholstery compared to her lilyhood.

Manford, by the hearth, slightly bored in anticipation, yet bound to admit that, like all his wife's shows, it was effectively done—Manford received the shock of that quiet entrance, that shimmer widening into light, and then turned to Mrs. Herman Toy. Full noon there. Well; he liked ripeness in a fruit to be eaten as soon as plucked. And Gladys's corn-yellow hair was almost as springy and full of colored shadows as the other's red. But the voice, the dress, the jewels, the blatant jewels! And the quick, possessive look, so clumsily done—brazen, yet half abashed! Why couldn't some women always be in golf-clothes—if any? Gala get-up wasn't in everybody's line. There was Lita speaking to her now—with auburn eyebrows lifted just a thread. The contrast—!

The Marchesa—how many times more was he to hear Pauline say: "Amalasuntha on your right, dear." Oh, to get away to a world where nobody gave dinners, and there were no Marchesas on one's right! He knew by heart the very look of the little cheese soufflés, light as cherubs' feathers, that were being handed around before the soup

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BROTHER SAUL

BY DONN BYRNE

Illustrations by E. F. Ward

This is the last instalment of Donn Byrne's inspired life of Saul of Tarsus, who stands out a valiant and undaunted figure through all his scourgings and his struggles to impart the simple teachings of Jesus to the children of Israel and to the pagan world.

ALL the hundred miles to Thessalonica, as Saul and Silas rode along the marble-paved Egyptian way, with its milestones telling the stadia to distant Rome, Saul's mind was on Philippi. Luke and Timothy he had left behind to carry on, to consolidate the work he had begun. He knew that forever in Philippi his preaching would flourish like the green bay-tree. But the thought of Lydia bothered him a little. She had been cold and furious. That they had dared to scourge and imprison Saul, her guest, in the city she had made her own—She could not speak.

He looked in her eyes quietly, and little by little the anger went out of them, and she was quiet again, quiet as a child. "I heard a merchant out of China say," she thought, "that the small can do no hurt to the great. Their persecution only makes the great greater, and their own smallness more small."

They were alone in the great formal room of Lydia's dwelling-place. Silas and Timothy had gone out to procure horses for the morrow, and Luke had gone to the duumviri to tell them that Saul could not leave until dawn. Again the waning moon had risen like a lamp, and in the garden the nightingales were flooding the night with song.

She would not, she could not be still. She went hither and thither moving a lamp, a scarf of Damascene brocade, an amphora of flowers. She sat casually at a great Egyptian harp, and for a minute played on it a troubling melody of her native Lydian land. And then bruskly rising she went to the doors opening on the garden and looked into the golden night.

"You go to-morrow to Thessalonica?"

"With to-morrow's dawn."

"Shall I go with you to Thessalonica?" Her back was to him. "I said, Saul, shall I go with you to Thessalonica?"

"Why, Lydia? I am strong enough. Even Luke says that. Persecutions do to me what rest does to other people. They give me health, so queerly am I made——"

"There are other things, Saul. I could help you. My word in Macedonia has great weight. A woman's mind, a little tact, can make things so easy, where you would charge like a mad bull against a wall."

"You could not come, Lydia. See, there are so many charges on you, as many as on a great man—your fisheries, your dyeing-vats."

She said quietly: "Let them go!"

"But you couldn't, Lydia. See, you are not like the poor Greek girl. You are known, and for all your former marriage and your two fine boys, you are womanhood in flower. And the tongues of cheap people, Lydia, can be as poisonous as a viper's fangs."

She had come toward him. Her handsome marble face had the flush of a young girl's.

"There is such a thing as marriage, Saul."

He was so surprized he could not speak.

"It is strange," she said, "so many men have asked me to marry them, and now I ask a man."

"You would sacrifice all this," he waved his hand. "You would sacrifice all this for the Way."

"No," she answered. "I will be honest. It is not for the Way. Must I say it?" Her voice was troubled. "Before you came here, my heart was like a tidy, formal room. And now it is untidy. It is full of life."

"It is the Lord Christ Jesus who has entered your heart."

"You do not understand me. Perhaps you do not wish to understand me." She went across the room to her great Egyptian harp. "I wonder if you are afraid, Saul. There may be a place in your heart that is sacred. Very well. I should not ask that place." She ran her hand down the sounding-pillar of the harp. "I am, after all, a gentlewoman."

"Lydia," he said quietly, "my beard is all but white. Half bald, half blind am I. A few more years' intense work and I go to my death in Jerusalem, as my Master did. What is ugly in myself is I, what is gracious in me is Christ Jesus. You do not love Saul, Lydia; you love the Christos. Do you see?"

"I see," she said quietly. "I see."

She pushed her silver foot, in its sandal of rose leather, toward the great harp.

"So," she said, "I shall go on loving the Christos. But I must not lose my friend Saul. We shall always be friends; is it not so, Saul? You will be fond of me, after your fashion?"

THEY had left Apollonia at dawn, and were now riding through the plain of Axius. Silas was bowed in the saddle, his flayed back hurting him beyond belief. His face was white as the white plains of Troy, and occasionally a little groan escaped from his lips. But Saul heard nothing, saw nothing. He brooded on.

"LET us make a bargain," she had said, "to be ever old friends. Wherever you go, Saul, there will be women who will be fond of you. Brazen, forward women, like myself," she smiled wanly, "or silent, timid women. Where the great conquerors or the great conquered pass there will always be women's hearts and bodies to pave the road. The conquerors taste, and laugh, and throw away, and the great conquered pass by with bloody heads and twisted, fighting faces, and never see, and are loved the more for it. Let me be more than one woman on the way. Give me what you would give to a man who was dear to you once."

"We are friends forever and ever, Lydia," he said.

"You make me happy, Saul, so happy you could not understand. And now, my old friend, good night. I shall not see you in the morning when you go. Good night!" And she was gone.

"SEE, Saul! Thessalonica!" Silas croaked in his tortured, cracked voice.

Saul raised his head. Before him was a triumphal arch of white marble, with five carved bulls' heads bearing garlands—the monument of the battle of Philippi which Octavius and Antony had won.

"Before we go to Jason's house, Silas, let us find the synagog of the Jews, for there is something I would say to them."

Silas did not answer, and Saul turned to look at him. He had fallen like some dead warrior across his horse's forehand and neck. Pain and exhaustion had been too much for Silas; he had fainted.

SAUL was becoming so wise now. In Thessalonica the turbulence of the Jews never worried him. Quietly he preached in the synagog, while they howled as dogs howl.

After the hard, close Hebraic argument, where he had to use all his Sanhedrist learning and logic, it was a relief to go down to the market-place and preach to the multitude, dyers and potters, saddlers, masons, boat-builders, sailors, carpenters, poor, straight folk who worked with their hands. Here was no subtlety of Judaistic history and theology to preach, but something out of the heart.

Around the borders of the crowd, wherever he spoke, were now evil-eyed, silent men, a type he recognized—pimps, assassins, tosspots of the water-front, the scourings of the town, usurers' bullies such as had troubled him in Iconium and Lystra. Every one in the Jewish community had heard of the scourging at Philippi, and of how, when he had held the magistrates of the city in the hollow of his hand, he had forgiven them. That they could not pardon. Had he wished he could have been a Jewish martyr, a national asset.

He knew to an instant when, crazed with passion, and appealing to the law they hated, they would apprehend him in Jason's house, and hale him before the magistrates, shouting against treason. They to be shouting against treason! But when the magistrates, hearing evidently of Philippi, treated him with courtesy, allowed him bail, and the next morning discharged him, there was a sullen quiet among the Jews that warned him of danger. His month's work in Thessalonica had been the best of his life. He knew it would not fail. Quietly he left.

Nor did he leave any too soon. At Berea, where he stopped to preach in the synagog, there appeared suddenly a group of haggard men, men tired with riding, men whose right hands caressed their left sleeves, where their keen Zealots' daggers were.

He saw them come out of the dark shadows of the synagog. He watched them warily. They were there, coiled, deadly, ready to spring like a snake, but he knew them so

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"Where Uncle Joachim's activities began and ended none knew. To Greek and Roman he was the merchant prince"

"'He is a certain one of the Greeks,' Saul was told, 'one Stephen, and he preaches Jesus the Nazarene'"

"Wet drops, as of poison, swirled through the darkness. The sky fell swiftly. Then, with one crash, the world ended"

"'For he hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder,' he chanted. 'The Lord hath set us free!'"

The poet at this time was handsome, with dark, brilliant eyes and a very good figure. Naturally he fell in love. For some time he guards his secret jealously. Unexpectedly he descends from the garret to the *bel étage* and takes part in the family life. Countess Pushkin beams at him. She is genuinely fond and proud of her son. He is an original; but what of that? The years will teach him his level. Young Pushkin is full of good stories. In a great big circle the family—including all the guests—listen to him delightedly. The sun shines, and love looks round the corner. Surely *she* was of the party!

His mother would occasionally rustle a paper in her white hand—in case she was not word-perfect—and recite one of her son's poems. Perhaps she was the first to read aloud "The Bronze Horseman." We wonder how it was received, and if young Pushkin stood listening in a corner, just a tiny bit nervous; also pleased. To him the horseman and his steed would be warm and pliable, as if indeed they were flesh and blood.

AT NIGHT in the big old *salon* there would be dancing and music. At midnight a big supper would succeed the big dinner. Everywhere we see "young Pushkin," as he was called to distinguish him from his father.

Music always fills great spaces. We can hear the old fiddler and the young man at the piano, who for years have played for the family; old and young faces; candle-light and music; laughter and maybe tears—they all fill the picture.

"Let me congratulate you," said a pompous uncle, a general with enormous whiskers, who had been with Platoff in Paris, 1813, "upon a really charming poem. You have a talent, sir."

Pushkin, the poet, blushes furiously. He is new to compliments. "I thank you, General, very much," he says, bowing deeply. They had distinguished manners a hundred years ago.

"Try these little lobsters," says the general genially, putting down his own plate on a handy side-table, wishing to set his young friend at ease. He puts his foot in it again. "Countess Natalia Yontscharoff is looking very pretty tonight. Pale pink suits her. Her mother was a d—— pretty woman, too. I remember her when she had plaits like her daughter. Dear me! how time flies! Youth is precious." (He paused to attack his second plate of little lobsters.) "Make the most of it. She will." He nodded in the direction of a group of young people, including a girl in pink with two enormous innocent-looking eyes and two enormous plaits, worn *à la* Gretchen.

The general did not notice how the poet again turned almost as red as the lobster. Did the general guess his secret? Even now in his breast-pocket young Pushkin had a love-poem addressed, under a feigned name, to Natalia. He had written it that morning when the world was young. The August sun was rising over the river—a cool, lovely morning, dew-drenched.

ON SEPTEMBER 3, 1826, something happened. It was not an ordinary visitor who galloped up the finely kept drive at Michajloskoe somewhere about noonday—a sleepy, hot noon. Most of the "family" had retired to their rooms for contemplation, as it was called. The officer, attended by a couple of grooms, dismounted at the front door. He was an imperial messenger from Moscow. He handed his dispatches to the host. The Emperor Nicholas I. ordered the immediate attendance of young Pushkin at the Kremlin. The news fled like wildfire through the sleeping mansion and effectually woke up the company. Astonishing. Alarming. Inexplicable.

He went with his head up. His mother, because she was his mother and very fond of him, sat in her room and wept, afraid of what might befall her son.

Young Pushkin completed the distance between Michajloskoe and Moscow in record time. His was an enviable frame of mind. He had nothing on his conscience. He was not afraid of meeting

One Lover

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his sovereign. He looked up to him. He loved him. Nicholas was at the window.

The Czar called him into his private room and shut the door. He looked long and earnestly at the poet. He interviewed him thoroughly. He told him he had read some of his poems and that he found them magnificent. He put his hand, his mighty, kindly hand, on Pushkin's shoulder.

"In future I, myself, will censure your work."

"Sire!"

All the pent-up adoration of a lifetime came out in that monosyllable.

"You shall write the history of Russia," said Nicholas pensively. "There is a wide field, practically unexplored. All the archives in my possession shall be placed at your disposition. History is all the better for being compiled by a poet. Pushkin, as I live!"—His Majesty's deep voice throbbed like an organ in full play—"you are a genius. Ask what you will, to half of my kingdom."

Pushkin wanted nothing, nothing but pen and ink. The first thing he did was to write his good news to the girl he loved. Then he wrote to his parents. His cup seemed brimming over with happiness.

Encouragement creates work. He plunged deep into his official tasks. The bells of old Moscow rang in his ears. On the snow walked members of the ancient gilds, in long furred mantles; and little booths were set up under Ivan the Terrible's chapel. He could not write fast enough.

UNDER the Emperor's protection he became a person of consequence. His old enemies showered him with invitations. His beloved, the beautiful Countess Natalia Yontscharoff, consented to marry him. Their wedding was celebrated in Petersburg, 1831, in a very fine way.

His cup was running over.

Natalia was an extravagant beauty. If she did not get all she wanted from him she always created a scene. Pushkin worked like a galley-slave so she might not go without new furs and new jewels. She liked entertaining. He worked like a slave, but all the same he made debts. The young couple lived far above their means.

Off she ran to her eternal parties, her costly parties. It was not only a question of rubles. Her husband was torn with misgivings. There was a certain Baron Dantes, belonging to the Dutch Legation, with whom people were coupling Natalia's name. Anonymous letters arrived at the poet's house, addressed to himself. Pushkin had his idolaters. He also had his enemies. Which was only natural. A young poet *à la mode*, who happens to be a genius and a favorite at court, would be open to speculation. He worked harder than ever; he was too proud to discuss the subject of his wife's supposed infidelities. He simply didn't believe in them.

A lady friend of his had made him a present. (By the way, Natalia did not encourage such friendships. She invariably made fun of them, leaving him quivering and sore.) Possibly it was a wedding-present—possibly Countess Vorontsoff realized he was in for, if not a shipwreck, a rough time. She was a connection of the fascinating Natalia. She gave him a talisman. We have a beautiful little poem on this magic ring, which, after his death, was removed from his stiffening finger by his second and best friend. Eventually it passed into the possession of Turgenef, the novelist.

To please his wife, Pushkin now found the time to follow her social successes at a distance. She'd enter a ballroom—the cynosure of all eyes in some new "creation" or other, bowing, smiling, deliciously conscious of every one's admiration—leaning on her husband's arm. That was his sole prerogative during the endless evening. When you are not dancing yourself a ball is never very gay. Except you drift into the card-room or, for the matter of that, enjoy conversation. Pushkin did not play.

He'd staked his happiness on his marriage—and, by the look of his lady, lost. He'd stand about in corners in the ballroom (it didn't matter which—all ballrooms are alike: the dancing couples, the music, the murmur of delight, mostly fictitious). In his days they had candles, masses of candles; masses of servants and luxury. Natalia figured in only the best society, fairly crowded at times. She enjoyed herself; no doubt about it. From his point of observation he noted her brilliancy, her flushed cheeks, her easy movements. No doubt about it, she was a graceful, cruel woman, and that he suffered.

THEY said, a year or so before he died, he had grown much older-looking. His hair was thinning. There were lines under his eyes. His friends advised him not to work so hard. "Very well," he said, smiling sadly, "I'll give up balls." It was the balls that were killing him. He grew to hate the very name of a ballroom. Still Natalia danced and danced. The year before he died it was a specially gay season at Petersburg.

He has put his sorrow into words. In a well-known piece, called "An Elegy," the poet very dramatically explains himself. That poem is said to be a proof of his love for his wife. Also an apology. He declares he knows not jealousy. He has never doubted the virtue of the lady. She is surrounded by admirers. To all she is kind. Only for himself she never has a soft look. His temper rises on the thought. He lashes out perilously close to vituperation. Why, why, he asks her passionately, should she treat him thus? She plays with him. She tortures him. She looks coldly on him and his friends.

Again he catches hold of superb confidence. What matters all else? Between the witching hours of night and dawn she is his. No one else has any right to her. He recalls her kisses, "glowing as her lovely soul." He works himself up to a pitch of ecstasy. All else is pretense, except the indomitable truth of their mutual love. She comes through—this conceited little flirt—with scarcely a flaw.

The tragedy ended in quite an orthodox manner. Pushkin challenges the baron, and fights a duel with him on January 27, 1837, a bitter cold morning. The baron escapes without a scratch. Pushkin falls mortally wounded. It is quite easy to count how old he was. It is not so easy to see why fate did not intervene on his behalf. He lingered for two days in great agony, humanly speaking, with his secrets half told. You never know what a poet is going to say next.

His death caused consternation in Russia. Not only in the literary set, but throughout the kingdom. Pushkin was her first national poet. He had succeeded in lighting a flame which will never completely die out.

PUSHKIN had a public funeral, and Countess Natalia was not for a long time received at court. We don't know if she married again, and care less. We hope the Dutch baron ended in a workhouse. Those are the kind of idiots who put a serious spoke in the wheel of circumstances.

Not that Pushkin did not leave a formidable amount of work behind him. Ten solid volumes at least, containing poems, essays, short stories, and dramas. Probably he is best known to the Western world by his two plays, "Boris Godunoff" and "Eugene Onegin," which are familiar to us as the libretti of popular operas. Russian is not a very translatable language; at best, poetry loses in translation. We can't here even give you the titles of his more notable and dramatic poems. Besides, they'd give you no impression at all of their eloquence and spirit. That he wrote for posterity is certain. He reached far back and he looked far ahead. Which we take as a very favorable position for any writer of distinction.

A 4 year old "ACE"

ROY FRENCH, JR. is champion airplane traveler—having flown 40,000 miles with his aviator-Daddy!

His other record is for perfect health. "He has never been sick in his life," writes his mother (Mrs. Roy French, Oklahoma City, Okla.). "We give the credit to Eagle Brand," the milk on which Roy was raised.

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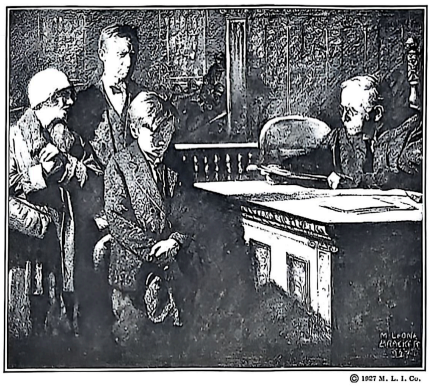
WHEN PARENTS FAIL



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THIS is a clumsy world for children. They are constantly running into the barbed wires of our grown-up principles and conventions. Every year thousands of them get into trouble which brings them before the Juvenile Courts for punishment or wisely tempered mercy. Rarely are these unfortunate youngsters really bad. Nearly always the hidden cause behind their waywardness is lack of training or proper guidance at home. Oftentimes, physical conditions cause their abnormality. When health is restored the vicious tendencies often disappear.

Warm-hearted men and women in all parts of the country are doing splendid work in helping to salvage these bits of human driftwood. Organizations have been formed which send volunteer representatives to the Juvenile Courts to take boys and girls on probation and so save them from slipping into lives of crime. The kindly folk who do this work are "friends at court" to these youngsters.

Delinquent children are by no means found to come only from homes of poverty. From well-to-do and even rich homes have come children with tendencies toward crime which have amazed their parents. Too late these fathers and mothers learned that in reality they never had known their sons and daughters.

May Day—Children's Day

May First has been set aside by the nation as a day on which mothers and fathers, philanthropists and public-spirited men and women, interested in America's future, join in one great purpose—the big, important work of checking up the health of the children of this country.

It is a great forward step to set aside a definite day to have eyes, ears, noses, throats, and teeth examined for possible physical defects. But why stop halfway? Examine minds just as thoroughly for possible mental troubles.

In May, then, after you good fathers and mothers have found out whether or not your children are sound and healthy, physically, you will want to have an old-fashioned, heart-to-heart talk with the youngsters and learn what they are thinking about, who their companions are, and where they spend their time.

More especially will you want to do this if you have ever spent a few hours in a Juvenile Court where you will have learned that the young offender, in nearly every instance, lands in court because of bad companions or want of proper home training.

Lacking a friend at home, a child may need a friend at court.

Each year more than 200,000 children are brought before the Juvenile Courts charged with more or less serious offenses. Seventy-five per cent of all adult offenders begin their criminal careers before reaching the age of 21. The steps are fast from petty thieving to murder.

In the three-year period, 1923, 1924 and 1925, the homicide mortality rate in the United States mounted to the highest point ever recorded.

In 1926 there were approximately 10,000 homicides. In recent years our homicide rate has been 600% greater than that of Canada and 1400% greater than that of England and Wales.

Even the best of children develop tendencies hard for parents to understand. These faults, if uncorrected, may produce serious consequences. As Judge Arnold of the Juvenile Court of Cook County, Illinois, says, "The first job of a parent of a boy is to understand him, not only physically and morally, but emotionally."

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "The Mind of the Child". It may help you to deal fairly and wisely with your children in solving the many vexing problems that come up in connection with them. Send for it. It will be mailed without cost.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

A Perfect Lady

(Continued from Page 9)

partners were the husbands of her girlhood friends, and they usually talked to her about the low state of business or about their children.

She seldom saw James Baird at any of the parties, and when she did he made no effort to approach her. James was asked to all the younger-set parties. He had come back from France handsomer and more unprosperous than ever, with a new recklessness and an interesting wound which made one arm a bit stiff but did not interfere with any of his activities. And the new flapper generation simply adored him.

Even Robert had been forced to make certain concessions to the increasing wickedness of an incorrigible world. He could no longer insist on ankle-length skirts for Sally. But she wore them eight inches from the ground. She did not bob her hair. She did not smoke. She did not vote. She danced only a very discreet one-step and—when the orchestra could be induced to play one—a waltz.

IT WAS at this period of her life that the astounding flappers who had sprung out of the nothingness into the very-much-here invented the nickname for her of "The Perfect Lady." And so in the strange reversal of a generation the title which had been an accolade was become a reproach.

Altho she was so pathetically unfashionable as she drove about town in her electric brougham, Sally was still pretty. It was a futile sort of prettiness, like the prettiness of a sweet rime that beats in a poet's brain but never gets itself written down on paper. Her life was so patently unlived. There was a certain cold-storage suggestion about her freshness.

In August, 1924, her thirtieth birthday sprang upon her. She was shocked, panicky. Thirty years old! And Robert—she wondered bleakly if Robert would ever really ask her to marry him. But Robert brought her a beautiful set of Stevenson for a birthday gift and some delicate pink roses. And she forgot her panic and things went on much as before, except that in the back of her mind doubt was putting down its roots.

She was almost thirty-two when the terrible thing actually happened—when Robert for the first time broke the routine of his long courtship. The thing came upon her like the proverbial bolt from the blue. She was just stepping out into the garden to trim her early roses, with her big flower-basket hanging over one arm, when the telephone recalled her with its crude jangle. She hurried back. Perhaps it might be Robert, and he did so hate to be kept waiting.

BUT it was only Miss Effie Meekins, who in spite of the increasing infirmities of age was still the town's champion gossip. The two women chatted for some five minutes about one thing and another; then with a little feline spring Miss Effie darted her question at Sally.

"Are you going to Jessie's dance next Friday night, my dear?" she asked.

"Why, yes. Of course," Sally answered absently.

"Well, I just wondered," Miss Effie was saying. "Because you usually go with Robert, and now Robert has invited that young widow who is visiting at the Mayfields'."

Miss Effie's announcement hung on the rose-scented air, and Sally herself felt a queer sensation of smothering in the warm perfume. Meanwhile Miss Effie's thin voice came over the wire:

"What did you say, dear?" she prompted.

Sally managed a laugh.

"I expect you were surprized," she said. "Robert and I have become such creatures of habit. But this time we are breaking it. And really, Miss Effie, I'm awfully busy this morning, and I'll have to ask you to excuse me."

She hung up the receiver. Then for five paralyzed minutes she sat by the telephone-table. At the end of it she said aloud:

"Every one will know. Miss Effie will tell every one. I must not let them see that I mind. I must go out, as tho nothing had happened."

The sound of her own voice acted as a stimulant. She rose, took off her garden hat, and put aside her basket and shears. She went up-stairs and put on her street dress and hat. Then she gave a few casual orders to the servants and got her electric out of the garage. She drove down to the business section of town, ostensibly on banking business.

As she handed a check into the paying-teller's cage, she saw the door of the president's sacred room swing open, and in the doorway stood the president himself, with James Baird. The president looked firmly, coldly negative, like a bank officer who has just refused a loan. James wore his ironic smile, but Sally saw that his eyes were desperate.

Something that Robert had told her last week clicked into her memory. It was something about mortgages coming due. Robert had been sure that James could not meet the next payment, and then at last Robert would be able to gather in the ancestral place at rock-bottom price. It had taken a long time, Robert had said, but if you knew how to play safe, you could always get what you wanted in the end.

Evidently this was the end. Evidently James had failed to get a loan from the bank; consequently he would fail to make his payments, and Robert would gather in the lovely old Baird property. That was the meaning of the desperate look in James's dark, reckless eyes. Robert would take his home from him just as—just as Robert had taken her youth from her. Playing safe! The cold rage which had possessed her during the last hour suddenly burst into flame.

SHE snatched the bills which the paying-teller was passing to her, turned and fairly ran out of the bank after James Baird.

"Won't you let me drive you wherever you are going?" she asked. Her voice was breathless, but her gray eyes were steady.

James looked at her.

"Thank you, no," he said. It was quite evident that he wished no courtesies, however small, from her.

"I wish you would. I have something to ask you—a favor."

"Well, in that case," he said. "But I am afraid it will take you considerably out of your way because I am going—home."

"That will suit me better," Sally told him. "What I have to ask is pretty difficult. I will be glad to have plenty of time."

Driving very carefully, she kept her eyes straight to the front, and so James could see only her profile, clear-cut but non-committal.

"First," she said, "I'll have to tell you about Robert and me. I suppose you've thought all these years that Robert and I were engaged. Well, we haven't been. Robert has never really—well, he's never asked me straight out to marry him."

She paused, apparently expecting some expression from James, but he only said dryly:

"I see."

"It has been a little awkward for me," she went on. "People naturally expect us to get married. I mean, Robert has been attentive to me for such a long time. Of course there's nothing binding in that. Robert's perfectly free——"

"Yes. Robert would always be within his legal rights," the man assented.

"Oh, but there's no question of legal rights!" Sally was horrified. "Surely, you don't think I'm talking about breach of promise or anything vulgar like that!"

James looked darkly amused.

(Continued on Page 32)

Margot Asquith writes on

Woman's Instinct to make herself Attractive

The famous MARGOT, *now* COUNTESS of OXFORD and ASQUITH *has written with her own hand and in her own sparkling, inimitable style this article on a subject of universal interest to women.*

"AS long as human nature exists, men and women will want to make themselves physically attractive. And even if there were no people in the world, but merely the beasts and birds, the same desire would be found among them for personal adornment.

"Self-improvement — whether moral, intellectual or physical — is the first, and I might say, the last lesson of life. It is part of the work-day of life. To love and be loved is its holiday.

"The intention to be at your best, to feel brilliant, responsive, and triumphant, is part of your equipment for that day, and is prompted by a desire to love and be loved."

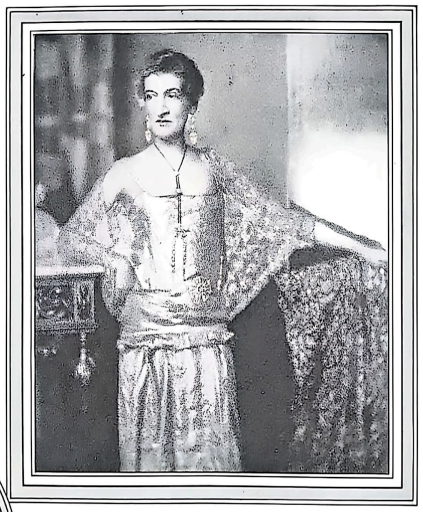
The French say, "la beauté inutile"

"The French talk of 'la beauté inutile,' for which we have no English equivalent. It means that even beauty—poor in setting, and devoid of charm—can lose its uses. But we have all known women who have more than made up for their lack of features and general homeliness by the play of their expression, the grace of their carriage or the beauty of their complexion. I can only speak for myself. A dingy complexion will spoil the prettiest face in the world for me, but, fortunately, most of us, if we take enough trouble, can improve our complexions out of all recognition.

"Those of you who have hunted, mountaineered, or been as much exposed to our inhospitable climate as I have, will know it is almost impossible to prevent your face from becoming like leather, or your chest like a gong, unless you take a great deal of trouble to preserve them.

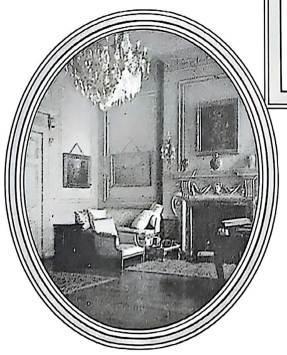
"You do not want to apply creams and lotions that will make your skin soft and susceptible, but something that will make it fresh and impervious.

This quaint Elizabethan barn on her country estate is used by Lady Oxford as a study



The COUNTESS *of* OXFORD *and* ASQUITH

"Margot," daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant, is the wife of the distinguished Statesman and former Prime Minister of Great Britain. She is one of the most vivid and interesting figures of English society, famous for her daring wit and her intimate acquaintance with the personable of every land



A CORNER OF THE DRAWING ROOM

The Countess of Oxford and Asquith has a very dignified town house at No. 44 Bedford Square, London. This photograph shows a view of the drawing room with its high ceiling, its wonderful chandelier of crystal and ormolu, its classic mantel and a wealth of books, paintings and comfortable overstuffed chairs. Here the brilliant and distinguished of London gather.

"I have used Pond's Creams for my skin more years than I can remember; and though I have never been beautiful and I am not young, I have not got a wrinkle in my forehead. When I came in from hunting, I always rubbed the Cold Cream over my face, neck and hands."

Can a Woman of Thirty Upset a Man's Heart?

"Nothing in my life has changed so much as the estimate people place upon a woman's age. You were considered a failure if you did not marry before you were twenty-five—when I came out.

"And to suggest that a woman of thirty could retain sufficient physical attraction to upset a man's heart would have been looked upon as a paradox.

"Now you see proficiency at golf, tennis, skating, riding, fishing and shooting in women past the age of forty; and they have preserved not only their youth but their complexions. The individual should rely upon herself to guard against the dangers of the unavoidable exposure that accompanies all modern pursuits. For even if you like it—which I do not — you cannot rouge or use make up upon a rough skin.

"I have used Pond's Creams for years and years and even if I had been beautiful I could not have found healthier or more cooling preparations.

"My advice is, save your skin—with Pond's—and cheat the devil that lurks in soot, dust, wind—and birthdays!"

Margot Oxford

HOW Pond's Creams should be used: *Apply Pond's Cold Cream generously at night* and often during the day. In a few moments its fine oils bring up from the pores all dust and powder. Wipe off and repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. A little cream left on overnight keeps a dry skin supple.

Pond's Vanishing Cream, used after every daytime cleansing, gives your skin a new freshness, holds your powder smoothly and is protection from sun and wind.

Buy your own jars of Pond's Creams and as Lady Oxford suggests, "cheat the devil that lurks in soot, dust, wind."

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France with her passion for perfection—America with her genius for achievement! For Lux Toilet Soap is but 10c. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX TOILET SOAP

(Continued from Page 30)

"Surely not," he assented. "You're far too much of a lady."

Sally gave a small, relieved sigh.

"Have you seen this widow who is visiting at the Mayfields'?" she asked.

"Yes. Quite an eyeful," James laconically remarked.

"Well, Robert has asked her to go with him to Jessie's dance next Friday," Sally said. "Miss Effie Meekins told me over the phone. You see the position it puts me in, don't you?"

"Oh, quite," he answered.

SALLY took a long breath and plunged. "I want you to take me to this dance. I know that generally you go stag, so it isn't likely to interfere with any engagement. And I shouldn't expect anything of you except just to take me and dance once or twice with me and bring me home again. Of course I'm going to pay for it. I think there's something that you need just as badly as I need this. Robert has told me about the mortgage coming due on your property."

"Oh, so Robert has told you that?" he asked.

"Yes. And they turned you down on a loan at the bank, too, didn't they?"

"Yes, they turned me down," he agreed.

"Well, I'll meet the payment for you. I'll lend you the money and you can make the terms about interest and all that," she said.

He whistled.

"Do you know what the mortgage is? Do you know what this next payment will be?" he inquired.

"No, I don't."

"Well, on the first of next month I have to raise five thousand dollars."

"I can manage. I can arrange that," Sally said.

"It's a stiff price to pay for two or three dances and an escort," James suggested. "I fancy you could get a better bargain."

"It's not too high a price to pay for one's pride," she answered.

"But it's not quite high enough, generous as it is, to meet *my* price," the man said slowly.

"Not high enough—" she faltered.

"No, not high enough. If I take you to this dance it will cost you more than the loan of five thousand dollars on easy terms. It will cost you some of the pride you are trying to save."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean just this: You've made yourself into the kind of woman Robert likes—or says he likes. For years and years you've done just what he told you to do. You've been Robert's picture of Sally Pendleton. Well, now you've got to be my picture of Sally Pendleton."

Sally's voice was frightened.

"Just what is your ideal?" she asked.

"My ideal is a real woman instead of a perfect lady," he told her.

Across the years there possibly came to her some faint echo of Uncle Peyton's mockery: "God made women, but ladies were made by man." And instinctively she retreated as she had retreated in her childhood.

"Oh, but I can't do the sort of things you probably like," she protested.

James shrugged his shoulders.

"As you prefer. That leaves us where we started," he said. "But before you definitely decide, ask yourself a question, Sally Pendleton. All your life you've been busy living up to somebody's ideal of a lady, and where has it got you? You have never been a real person, you have never done a brave thing, until to-day. To-day you swallowed your pride to bargain with me to escort you to a party, when every word you've said to me has stuck in your throat. To-day you threw aside mock modesty and insincerity and you did a brave thing, even tho a very foolish one. And for the first time in your life I respect you. But now you're afraid to go through with it. You are afraid of other people's opinions, and there is no lower cowardice than that."

For a minute after he finished Sally found it impossible to speak, then she said:

"I'll meet your price."

On the following day Sally went up to the State capital. This move was made under James's advice, and James himself saw her off on the train, an event which met the notice of certain depot-loungers and was swiftly known throughout the community. And every one wondered just what Sally might be up to.

It was the first time in her well-conducted life that she had inspired so interesting an emotion as wonder.

Her going away without saying good-by amazed Robert, but he was just a trifle relieved too, because he was saved from any embarrassing explanations about the widow.

On the night of Jessie's dance Robert's early arrival with the pretty visitor caused a little stir. She was so different, so very different from Sally. She wore a daringly cut dress of pale yellow and long amber ear-drops, and she had applied a great deal of lip-paint. There was something feline about her sinuous grace. Robert could not keep her to himself and she was besieged for dances.

But the interest in Robert and the pretty visiting lady was nothing to the stir of Sally's late arrival with James. At first people did not know her. Then a gasp went around the room:

"Why, it's Sally Pendleton! But it can't— But it is!"

From her glossy black hair, cut short and swirled about her small head, to the bottom spangle on her brief chiffon skirt, she was a brand-new Sally Pendleton. The newness of her was apparent in the very rhythm and ease of her dancing as she moved about the floor in James Baird's arms. And she had a new composure; with all the breeze of comment that fanned the room, her color never flickered. But only James knew the fight she was making to keep this new, brave composure. At the end of their first dance he pressed her icy hand and whispered to her:

"Keep your head up, Sally. And remember the password: 'I don't care a d——.'"

Then as prospective partners gathered impatiently about her:

"Good luck to you, my dear."

Jessie's dance was a married-set affair, and, as usual, Sally's partners were the husbands of her friends. But to-night they did not talk to her about the slowness of business nor yet the cleverness of little Tommy. And they clamored for her dances.

With the aid of her amazing popularity Sally was able to ward off a dance with Robert for almost half an hour. But of course the thing was inevitable and had to be faced.

Robert was a picture of wrath.

"What is the meaning of this exhibition?" he demanded furiously.

Sally hummed a snatch of the jazz-tune to which they were dancing.

"What exhibition?" she asked.

"You know well enough," Robert blazed. "Your dress—your hair—that stuff on your face. And coming here with that—that——"

Sally hummed another bar or two.

Then Robert took another tack.

"I'm grieved," he said. "I'm bitterly disappointed in you, Sally. I thought that out of all the world you at least were sweet and pure and noble."

Under her rouge Sally grew a little pale. She whispered something to herself.

"What did you say?" Robert demanded suspiciously.

And loud and clear Sally told him:

"I said I don't care a d——!"

At that moment James Baird touched the apoplectic Robert on the arm and deftly removed Sally from his Terpsichorean embrace.

ON THE following afternoon Robert followed close upon his telephone-message and paid a formal call upon Sally Pendleton.

He evidently considered it an occasion because he wore his cutaway coat and his court-room manner. And he wasted no time in preliminaries.

"I am afraid, my dear," he said, "that some little misunderstanding may have

(Continued on Page 34)

"Foolishly . . I thought it never could help me"

Everywhere tired, nervous, despondent people have found thrilling health again . . . *easily, naturally*

"My painting *makes it necessary for me to do a great deal of travelling. I may have a commission for a portrait in New York and then one in California.*

"*This constant travelling, in connection with the continued strain entailed by my work itself, resulted, a short time ago, in my feeling always tired, run down, nervous.*

"*While in this plight I was advised by some friends to try eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I had long known of yeast, of course, but somehow had not thought it would do* me *any good. Nevertheless, I decided to try it, and I started at once to eat it regularly every day.*

"*The result, I am happy to state, passed all my expectations. My tired feeling disappeared, my nerves grew strong, and today I begin each day's work with a zest that I had not known for many years.*"

Lattanzio di Firmian, New York City

HOW simple and easy it proved to be! —for him, as for the thousands more who have found perfect health through this amazing fresh food.

Fleischmann's Yeast does two things. It keeps the system internally *clean*. And it helps to keep it healthily *active*.

A corrective food—that is what yeast is. A living plant. Unlike medicines, which stimulate the system to temporary, abnormal activity, yeast is the easy, *natural* way to banish constipation. It purifies the digestive tract, preventing the absorption of dangerous poisons by the body. It strengthens sluggish intestinal muscles, aiding the processes of elimination.

Start today: make Fleischmann's Yeast a part of your regular diet. Your digestion will become normal, your sleeplessness will disappear, your skin will resume its rightful freshness—soon you will look and feel your old self again!

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. A-40, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

Count Lattanzio Firmian, *Italian painter, at work on a sketch of a beautiful Chinese girl in one of California's famous gardens.*

"I BECAME a regular hermit: I was so ashamed of the pimples on my face that I gave up dancing and sports. I used practically every known article to try to cure myself but instead of getting better my face got worse. One day I happened to glance at an advertisement of Fleischmann's Yeast. I sent for a booklet and read it through and through. Four months have passed now and my face is entirely free of boils and pimples. But I am still taking Yeast, and always will. I eat it plain, one cake before every meal. It has the same effect as candy on a child —I always want it."

David H. Safer, Jacksonville, Fla.

BELOW

MISS LEONA ERRICO of St. Louis sends us the snap-shot below, taken on her recent Round-the-World Cruise. Miss Errico writes that for several years she suffered from stomach trouble. "I was unable to eat any highly seasoned foods," she says, "without being troubled by indigestion. This condition lasted until a friend suggested the use of Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating two or three cakes every day. Within a very short time all traces of indigestion disappeared, and I can truthfully say that this simple remedy has toned up my entire system. I have now been eating Yeast for many months and I have recommended it highly to many of my friends."

Leona Errico, St. Louis, Mo.

Do this—to regain the joy of radiant health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal: just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

"I WAS actually afraid I should have to stay out of high school, I felt so wretched. After trying all kinds of remedies I almost despaired of ever finding anything that would rid me of my constipation. I was practically a nervous wreck . . . And then, on the advice of my cousin, I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I feel fine. My friends all notice the remarkable change in me. I am strong and full of energy—no longer always tired and nervous. I feel like a different person. Fleischmann's Yeast has helped me back to splendid health. I gladly recommend it to others who may be suffering as I did."

Doris White, San Jose, Calif.

"Can a DENTIFRICE *Only* CLEAN?"

. . people ask . . and then, when they learn that Colgate's quickly brings dazzling white teeth, a healthy mouth, because it is designed only to clean, they—

AT first people are inclined to express their surprise when we say that Colgate's is designed solely to clean teeth.

"What curative properties has it?" they sometimes ask.

And then they hear from their dentist that the only thing any dentifrice can do is to clean; that charm of smile, brilliant whiteness of teeth, sweet health of mouth and gums, come only when teeth and mouth have been made scrupulously clean.

Finally, they realize why Colgate's works towards a permanent and fascinating dental beauty at each brushing . . . because its single purpose is to bring an unequaled cleanness.

Colgate's even *smells* clean as it expands into a bubbling, sparkling foam in your mouth. In this remarkable foam is calcium carbonate—a finely ground powder that delicately scrubs, whitens, polishes each tooth, removing harmful foreign matter, bits of clinging food.

Then, through a detergent-washing agent, this foam bathes in washing waves the entire inner mouth. Simple, isn't it? The causes of decay are first swept free—then washed away.

That is why Colgate's is designed only to clean. And why the ordinary tooth paste that pays half-hearted attention to cleaning—and tries to cure an imaginary gum trouble or tooth disorder—can never achieve the Colgate goal of complete cleanness.

Remember that most Americans use this dentifrice because the normal mouth—like your own—is healthy; that cleanness is the simple, pleasant way to keep your mouth healthy; and that Colgate's brings to teeth and gums an unequaled cleanness.

Colgate & Co. EST. 1860

FREE to the readers of this publication—a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 207-E, 581 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Inc., 72 St. Ambroise Street, Montreal

(Continued from Page 32)

arisen from the fact that I invited a certain lady to go with me to last night's little party. I am afraid that this has upset you and that it is responsible for last evening's—er—spectacle. I could see that you were not yourself. And it seems to me that the best way to prevent any such happenings in the future is for us to enter upon a new and sacred relationship. I have the honor, my dear Sally, to ask you to marry me."

Something very, very queer was happening to Sally. She was listening to the words of which she had dreamed during twelve long years, and now that she heard them they seemed to have no meaning. She felt that she had escaped from a cage in which she had lived these weary years and that now Robert was asking her to step back into it. Suddenly she laughed.

"I don't seem to want to marry you, Robert. Thank you just the same."

"You don't want? You mean you aren't going— You— Then why have you allowed me to make myself ridiculous by paying you such unmistakable attentions over such a protracted period?" he asked.

Sally drew her eyebrows together.

"That's just what I'm wondering," she said.

And thus was the ceremonious Mr. Robert Baird refused by one who had been called "a perfect lady." In purple wrath and musing upon the amazingness of women, Robert betook himself to his comfortable bachelor's apartment.

LEFT behind, Sally may well have mused upon the amazingness of men, for close upon the departing heels of Robert arrived the graceless James, tho her bargain with him had been formally closed.

"Well, lady, you put it over!" he greeted her. "I'm very proud of you. The whole town's buzzing with your emergence from the chrysalis."

He held her hands and looked down at her with wonder.

"Just how did you manage it, Sally? You even took my breath away, tho I was in on the know."

Sally, withdrawing her hands, laughed happily.

"Do you know, I really believe the reason I was able to put it over, as you say I did, was——"

She paused, eying James mischievously.

"Well?" he prodded. "Don't mystify me further."

"Well, I suspect it was because I am a lady," she said.

James was silent for a moment.

"I suspect you're just about right," he conceded.

He took something out of an inner pocket, something that unfolded into a long blue slip of paper.

"Well, the game's over now and I'll return this," he said, handing her a check.

But Sally put her hands behind her back. "Oh, no," she protested. "A bargain's a bargain. I had the courage to live up to mine. Now you must live up to yours."

"It's not a matter of courage," he told her. "It's something else. You see, when I scolded you so outrageously for living up to a pose, I knew in my heart that I was guiltier than you. All my life I've lived up to the romantic Baird tradition of a ne'er-do-well in each generation. I've never succeeded because I never really wanted to succeed.

"But after I saw how brave you could be I made up my mind to break my bonds too. I've got the money to pay the mortgage. I've borrowed it from some men who have been wanting for a long time to cut the old Baird property into lots and develop it. It was just some of the old romantic stuff and nonsense that kept me from meeting their terms before this. They will save the house for me, and in return I'll deed the land to them. And maybe I'll get a little stake in the development too."

He straightened his shoulders.

"Exit Jim Baird, romantic failure. Enter James Baird, successful business man," he said.

Sally fingered the check he had forced upon her.

"But," she said slowly, "but if you had this, couldn't you make bigger profits and carry out your own ideas of improving the property?"

"Yes," he admitted, "but there's—there's another reason why I can't do that."

"What reason?" she asked.

Suddenly Jim's arms were holding her close, and for the second time in her life she felt his lips pressed hard upon hers. As suddenly, he released her.

"That's the reason," he told her unsteadily. "Now do you understand why I can't accept help from you?"

Sally raised her head and let him see her happiness.

"I know a better reason why you *can* accept it," she whispered, moving back into the circle of his arms.

Goody Bishop's Revenge

(Continued from Page 23)

herself, as tho she heard nothing, but was in some other place of unlawful pleasure. And her eyes now, as all could plainly see, were fixed upon Captain Sparkes, he who had come but lately from London, and, being by account a man of soldierly fame, was like to rise to eminence in the colony.

"Rupert Sparkes!"

The name fell abruptly upon the captain's ears, and, rising to his feet with a blustering swagger, he looked fiercely about the meeting-house. Ecod, if it had to be done, he would scorch the witch! All at once he started. Zounds! How had a lover of beauty such as he failed to notice that within arm's length of him sat a lady of great elegance and of charm so ravishing that never in his travels had the gallant captain seen her like? From London, no doubt, since she was arrayed in a gown of richest satin, above which rose a dazzling pair of shoulders.

Such a roguish, languishing look she cast at the soldier, whom now she too for the first time appeared to notice, that his hot blood was close to boiling in his already bursting veins. A pox upon all witches! What mattered the case of Goody Bishop now when love was at hand?

But the court was now pressing him to answer; yet, bold as the captain was in mien, he seemed unwilling to speak. And then suddenly he was speaking, but so intent in mind upon the lady of his desires that he did not hear within his brain anything of what he said. And when he sat down on a curt nod from their worships, he bowed in the direction of the stranger, for her admiration was most plain.

And when she rose with a swirl of her wide skirts that seemed to waft a perfume most tempting, he followed blindly, thrusting his way, and near falling over the benches in his haste. Nor did he hear the words of wonder which rose in the court at the manner of his going or the testimony he had given. Nor yet did he hear the words of Goody Bishop, which she called after him with a croak of triumph, "Ha, my captain!"

WHAT was the gallant captain's confusion to find on coming forth from the meeting-house that his lady was gone, and that none seemed to have marked her, save one old woman sitting on a stone, who said she had seen such a lady as he described being carried off in a sedan-chair by two Indian slaves, who went at a pace so rapid that the ground smoked beneath their feet.

At the tavern that night young Master

(Continued on Page 36)

"I thought I was so careful . . *and I ruined them!*"

She knows now that there is only one way to wash delicate fabrics

23 Flint Road, Watertown, Mass.
[Suburb of Boston]

"AMONG MY WEDDING PRESENTS were two handsome pairs of blankets which I took great pride in. When the time came to wash one pair I was afraid to trust them to anyone else. I washed them myself. I thought I was being so careful and I ruined them! To my horror they came out harsh and stiff and matted!

"An older married friend who was visiting me at the time told me that there are two things that quickly ruin delicate fabrics, especially woolens—rubbing with cake soap or the free alkali in so many soaps, regardless of whether they are flakes or chips or cakes. She suggested that I wash the second pair in Lux. I followed her advice and to my joy, they came out as beautiful and soft as the day they were given to me!"

—*Ann J. Liston.*

(*A recent investigation shows that 76% of the women interviewed in Boston wash their fine things, including blankets, in Lux.*)

These three interesting letters were selected from the 475,000 received this year by Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts

12 East Abington Ave., Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia

"I ALWAYS THOUGHT I paid enough for my silk stockings to have them last longer. But in no time they would 'wear out' unexpectedly, often causing me great embarrassment.

"This happened at a dance recently. The stockings I wore were practically new, having been washed only a couple of times, yet a 'run' suddenly appeared, to my great confusion. The next day I took the stockings back to the store and asked for an explanation. They told me that sheer stockings are too delicate to trust to most soaps and advised me to use Lux. I've used Lux ever since and my stockings stay lovely so much longer! Lux has actually saved me many, many dollars that used to go for more and still more stockings."

—*Alberta H. Williams.*

(*75% of the women interviewed in Philadelphia use Lux for washing their precious possessions.*)

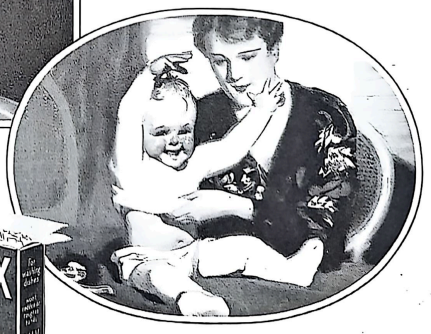
941 Tower Road, Winnetka, Ill.
[Suburb of Chicago]

BELOW

"LIKE SO MANY MOTHERS, I think my baby girl is the most precious one in all the world. Toward the end of her first year she became fretful and naturally I was very much distressed. In despair I consulted an old family doctor. The first thing he asked me was how I washed the baby's clothes. Then he went on to tell me how cruelly irritating harsh, shrunken woolens are to tender little bodies. He said, too, that shrunken woolens retard the proper growth of bones. He advised me to wash my baby's woolens in Lux because it won't shrink woolens. I use Lux now for washing all of baby's clothes and her disposition is sweet and cheerful all the time. I am certainly grateful to Lux!"

—*Mrs. Walter Stocklin.*

(*78% of the women interviewed in Chicago use Lux*)



IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER— IT'S SAFE IN LUX

BAKING POWDER
By Preference
to His Highness
The SON

HIS Highness, the Son. Mischievous and noisy—yet you just can't help loving him! Rosy cheeked . . . sturdy . . . *keep him that way!*

He dashes in . . . "Mom, kin I have a cookie?" . . . And you certainly cannot give him anything but the *best* baked foods.

And your baking *will* be best if you use Davis Baking Powder. And *sure*, too, for Davis' double rising action (once in the cold dough and once in the oven) insures against failure.

Absolutely pure, dependable, economical. Davis is, by preference, the Baking Powder of the American household. Insist that your grocer supply you with Davis!

Oic For 44 Years

Bake it BEST with

DAVIS

BAKING POWDER

Get this set of Cookie Cutters

Party-cookies, cut with this set, delight the youngsters and the grown-ups, too. Just mail the coupon, and 25 cents, to cover cost and mailing charges. Or stamps will do. The Davis Cook-book will be included in this package, without charge.

Cutters are shown here greatly reduced.

R. B. Davis Co.
Dept J-5, Hoboken, N. J.

I enclose 25 cents. Please send me party-cookie cutter set, and Davis Cook-book, too.

Name.....

Street or R. F. D. .....

City and State.....

Print name and address plainly

(Continued from Page 34)

Chevers, who had taken a cup too much, amazed the captain and roused him to anger, for he reproached him for having failed in his duty to the community, inasmuch as he had testified that he knew naught but good of Bishop.

"Zounds, boy!" said the captain, staring at his neighbor. "Do you put a lie upon me? Most manifestly I bore witness that the witch was of all Satan's covenanted servants the most foul."

"Nay," said young Master Chevers, flushing. "Said you not that she was a goodly woman much abused by envious neighbors? There are those here will bear me out." He appealed to the company. "Am I not right?"

"How now, Adam?" cried the captain to the tavern-keeper. "You were there and heard me? What babe-prattle is this? Did I not rake the witch on every quarter with the fire of my wrath?"

The tavern-keeper, who had no mind to lose custom, and fearing a brawl whereby he might come to the pillory or stocks, turned upon the other.

"Harkee, Master Chevers, if the captain says so, 'tis so; a soldier and one who hath fared farther and seen more than all of us. As for myself I recall not what was said in court, for my mind was upon a brewing of beer in my tubs. What say you, neighbors?"

But the others sat like stuffed geese, staring wisely into their pots and tankards, for the captain wore a sword the blade of which was two inches longer than most.

So that young Master Chevers flung out of the tavern with an oath which, had his godly father heard, he had clapped his heels into the stocks.

"'Tis only a boy!" said the captain lightly. "When he hath more hair upon his wagging chin, time enough to take note of what he says. 'Tis manifest Bishop hath bewitched the lad. Another pot of posset, Adam, and death and damnation to all witches."

At least so fancied the captain were the words which came from his lips, but by some trick of hearing to those about it seemed the captain's toast was, "Death and damnation to all," and black looks began to show forth on all faces. The captain was blind to this, being in good humor, thinking on the joys he promised himself in the quest of the dazzling stranger. At ten o' the clock, staggering to his feet, he bowed to the company, and took his leave.

It would have amazed him to see how heads drew together after his going, and what a whispering there was.

IN HALF an hour by the clock the captain was in bed and snoring, but he scarce seemed to have slept any time before he was wakened. There was some one in the room, and, sitting up sharply, the captain stared at the intruder, a tall black man wrapped in a cloak and wearing a most prodigious hat, feathered with nodding plumes of black. His face the captain could not see, but his words were most welcome.

"Your honor's servant. My lady, she whom you saw to-day, bids you to a supper. Dress and come in all haste, for she is a lady who ill bears to be kept waiting."

It took a moment or two for the import of this message to sink into the mind of the captain, but when it did he was hot for going.

"Harkee, fellow," he said. "While I dress, get me my horse from the stable."

"No need," said the black man glibly. "My mistress hath sent you a fitting steed. Meanwhile let me assist your lordship to dress."

The captain surrendered himself to the hands of the valet, tying his neck-cloth with the Flanders lace most carefully, and in a few minutes he was tiptoeing down the stairs most cautiously.

At the door, tied to the rail, were two black steeds, with saddles fit for a prince, and the captain mounted. At once his horse was off like the wind, and beside the rider rode the valet, his long cloak streaming behind him.

Now having passed through the deserted street, they were entering the forest path, and the captain bent his head to avoid the stray branches. It was a path he had followed many times, and he knew it well, so that it was a matter of great amaze to him when after a mile he saw lights ahead, for never had he noticed human habitation in these wilds. And he was even more surprized when, coming out into a clearing of enormous extent, he beheld in front of him a great mansion of many windows, each of which glowed with light.

As his steed came to a stand in front of the imposing façade, such a mansion as he had often seen in England but never dreamed to see in a clearing of New England stood before him. Lackeys in magnificent livery hastened down the white steps and took the horse; and the captain, giving his clothes a dust with his lace-edged handkerchief, leaped down and mounted gallantly toward the portal of pleasure.

HE HAD scarce set foot in the great hall and taken in the brilliancy of the assembly, rich in silks and satins under the light of a myriad candles, each reflected again in mirrored sconces on the walls, than he saw advancing to him the lady of the meeting-house. Such richness of attire, such jewels, such a display of powdered shoulders and pouting bosom, he had never seen in any drawing-room of the Court of St. James's, nor in any bagnio of Europe.

"Ha, my captain!" she said gaily. "So you have honored my poor house on the most hasty of invitations. Welcome, oh welcome indeed!"

At the first salutation a sharp and piercing pang seemed to dart through the heart of the captain, but it passed in a second as he felt her fingers touch his, and his ears drank in her welcome.

And as he was conducted into the midst of the assembly his breast swelled with such pride that it was like to burst through his long embroidered vest and coat. He looked about him, unable to conceal his amaze at such luxury. Zounds! Yet how came it here in this wilderness?

Faces he seemed to recognize were all about him, framed by periwig and curled head-dress. That ancient dowager, sparkling with diamonds, bore a strangely incredible resemblance to one Goody Foster who made the beds in his lodging, and by her side, making legs, ogling and whispering, was a gallant who nodded familiarly to the newcomer. There could not be two men so alike, and yet this dandy was the spit an image of Goodman Vibbert, who held the keys of the meeting-house and bore himself so stiffly toward evil-doers.

Never was such a merry and care-free rout, such mirth and gay laughter. Lackeys bore to all wine-cups, which no sooner emptied were refilled with wines of a vintage so exquisite that but to smell their bouquet was to intoxicate. The captain, his senses swimming, bore himself like the gallant man he was, son of Mars, beloved of Venus.

The tall candles sank lower in their sockets, and the mirrors clouded with strange and bewildering reflections. Any one who had stopped in all that careless company to look into them might have discerned they mirrored not a great hall and brilliant assembly, but a forest-clearing hemmed in by dark pines, a shabby company gathered about a fire of brushwood and making obeisance to a dark and shadowy thing which capered and flung at the height of a tall rock. But none in all that gay company stopped to pay heed to such hallucinations with which the great Belial of hell afflicts poor forlorns.

AT LAST the captain became aware the company was departing, one by one. His mistress, clinging to him, led him to the door. For a moment the captain fancied his wine- and love-bemused eyes beheld a ragged scarecrow of an Indian powwow holding a couple of brooms, and then in a trice his vision cleared to reality, and there stood the black valet with the pair of prancing steeds. One last kiss to his lady, the promise of speedy reunion, her murmur of bewildering assurances he should be a lord, the governor of the colony; aye, he should be great as the King, and she his lady.

He leaped to his saddle, his brain afire with the flame of a glorious future. Followed by the valet, they took the path again, but the captain rode in a daze. He scarce knew when he came again to his lodging, nor the manner of his parting from the servile valet with the cajoling voice, nor how he won to his bed. Nor, so filled was his mind with the wonder of his entertainment, did he remember removing his clothes.

Yet when he awakened to the daylight he was undressed. With a puzzled look he put out his hand to his coat and touched it, then carried his hand to his nostrils. His fingers carried a strange and pungent perfume, which sent the captain's fancies winging to the mansion in the forest. Ecod! What a woman! A queen! And he to be king. Here was a venture worth the daring.

It was noted that day that the captain was dressed with great care, wearing his scarlet-silk stockings and red-heeled shoes with the golden buckles, much too fine for the walk he took toward the beach, where he was seen by Master Hinds of the ship *William and Mary*, then lying offshore, to walk up and down the sand, giving orders as it were to an unseen company drilling there.

Also it was noted that in his passage through the town that day the captain bore himself with great dignity, nodding here and there, but with a ceremony somewhat aloof, as tho standing on a height, and that he held his tasseled cane strangely after the manner of a scepter. And many other matters of a like nature were observed and commented upon by the curious.

ALSO great stir was made by the discovery outside the window of the room in which the captain was lodged, to which any one might climb, of a small pot of porcelain containing an unguent of a most potent fragrance; and this being carried to the Reverend Nathaniel Hobbs he did on serious consideration pronounce it to be unguent of witches, with which anointing their bodies they were transformed and carried to their unholy meetings in the forest-clearing. But how it came to lie upon the ground beneath the captain's window none could say, and it was deemed wiser to say naught to him, but rather to watch narrowly his communications, so that it might be discovered if he had any unlawful consortations.

The captain dined at the ordinary, and it was noted there too as passing strange that he forbore to join in the conversation as was his custom, and that he smoked his pipe with great dignity, frowning and nodding his head as tho giving judgment in some high court.

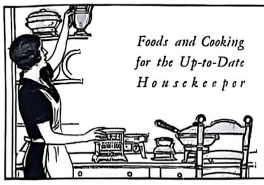
The captain went soberly enough to bed that night, anointing himself for a twinge of rheumatism with a pot of unguent, one of two given to him by Goodman Vibbert, who amid other talents had knowledge of all helpful and healing simples.

And once more the black valet, making his secret entrance, came with the summons. Once more the captain rode into the forest and to the lighted mansion.

The lady was fairer and more delicious in her fond endearments than ever. Straightway he was drawn into the dance. Louder and louder played the musicians in the gallery, as if to hail his coming. Violins screeched and sang, the harps twanged with strange and haunting melodies, born to inspire the wildest of gambolades. Wilder and wilder grew the rout, as the all laws of preacher and church had been flung aside. The captain felt a pair of lips cling to his, and his soul, such as was left to him after all these years of amours and dark deeds, swooned and fainted. Closer to him he was now clasping the lady of his adoration.

And now they were at table. Enraptured, ensnared most willingly, the captain drank cup for cup, gave kiss for kiss,

(Continued on Page 49)

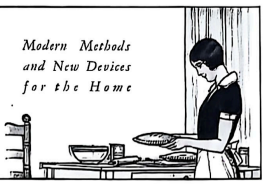


Foods and Cooking for the Up-to-Date Housekeeper

The HOME BUREAU

Conducted by WINIFRED WISHARD

Modern Methods and New Devices for the Home



Better Breakfast Babies

By LYDIA J. ROBERTS

Assistant Professor Home Economics, the University of Chicago

DOES it matter whether or not a child eats breakfast? It does indeed. Every child needs a definite amount of food daily to supply his energy needs. The question as to the number of meals into which this shall be divided is still a matter of debate; but it is generally agreed that there should be at least three—morning, noon, and night. It is obvious also that breakfast in particular, following a night of abstinence and preceding a morning of activity, should be generous in amount.

Observation of the "no-breakfast" children shows that the loss is rarely made up in the other two meals. Indeed, the more common result is that the child becomes overtired and overhungry before noon and eats even less, rather than more, at the next meal. Omitting the breakfast, therefore, usually means that the day's diet is cut from one-fourth to one-third below the total day's needs.

But, some one is urging at this juncture, suppose he isn't hungry and refuses to eat his breakfast? What can you do about it? This question involves the more fundamental one:

What are the reasons for the no-breakfast habit? In poorer homes poverty is the chief factor; but this will not account for the prevalence of the habit among the comfortable and well-to-do. In such homes the trouble lies not in the dearth of food, but in the child's failure to eat it. It is impossible to explain fully this lack of desire for food, but some of the responsible factors are evident.

A bad taste in the mouth due to tonsils, adenoids, bad teeth, or constipation may cause an absence of appetite in the morning. So may also a late or an indigestible evening meal or an unventilated bedroom. The too short interval between rising and breakfast-time is often an important cause, especially with city children.

But the biggest factor, especially with children of school age, is the feeling of hurry which possesses most children in the morning. The school has so impressed upon children the importance of being on time that the one concern of the child on awaking is the fear of being late.

Such being the situation, the next question logically is, *How can improvement be effected?* The answer obviously is to remove the cause. Whenever a child is regularly non-hungry in the morning there are certain steps which should be taken at once. Stated in the form of directions to parents, these are as follows:

1. Put the child to bed at a sufficiently early hour to allow him to get his required amount of sleep and yet waken naturally in plenty of time for breakfast.

2. Plan a fair interval with some occupation—preferably out-of-doors—between rising and breakfast. Often a quick run around the house or the block will suffice.

3. Set a time for the family breakfast which will allow ample time for eating it and yet give the children time to get ready for school without any danger of being late.

4. Let the family sit down to breakfast at the appointed hour. Have it definitely understood that a certain amount of time—at least twenty minutes, and better half an hour—belongs to this meal.

5. Make certain that the younger children at least know that they can trust their parents to get them to school on time.

We come now to the fourth and final question. *What are good breakfasts for the children of different ages?* A rule-of-thumb method for planning a child's diet which will cover all his bodily needs is to include daily: (1) one quart of milk; (2) one or more servings of vegetable in addition to potatoes; (3) at least two fruits, one of which should be orange, grapefruit, tomato, or other good antiscorbutic; (4) an egg (if not daily, at least several times a week); (5) some breakfast cereal and a whole-grain bread; and (6) a serving of meat or fish, particularly for children over three or four years of age. (Many specialists insist on meat much younger than this.)

In addition, sufficient amounts of butter and simple desserts should be given to satisfy the child's appetite, to cause normal gain in weight, and to provide moderate amounts of subcutaneous fat.

The following table contains an extremely simple diet, yet it easily provides one-third of the day's needs for the average child of three to four years old. Extra amounts of the same foods will allow for the greater needs of more active children. So far as the actual requirement is concerned, then, this same diet could be eaten day in and day out throughout the year. There are, however, numerous simple changes that can be made and still preserve essentially the same diet.

BREAKFAST FOR A THREE- TO FOUR-YEAR-OLD

Providing about one-third of the day's needs

Food	*Amount*
Orange	1 medium
Cereal and Sugar	¾ cupful 1 teaspoonful
Toast and Butter	1 small slice 1 teaspoonful
Milk (to drink and on cereal)	1 ½ cupful

The cereal can be changed as often as desired, there being a large enough variety on the market to have a different one every day for at least two weeks if this were deemed expedient. A cooked cereal in the morning has several advantages. It is a good source of energy; it is a warm food—a desirable feature especially in the Winter-time; it is a good carrier for milk; and, if a whole-grain cereal is used, it adds iron, phosphorus, and other needed constituents to the diet.

The toast could be omitted and an extra quantity of cereal added. The cereal could be replaced by two extra slices of whole-grain bread. A strip or two of bacon could be added, or the egg could be put in the morning meal, if it is not needed more for the dinner or supper.

In order to keep a fair proportion of the day's iron in the morning meal, we usually plan to have either the cereal or bread of the whole grain.

BREAKFAST FOR OLDER CHILDREN

Food	*For the Ten-year-old* *Amount*	*For the Fourteen-year-old* *Amount*
Orange	1 medium	1 medium
Cereal and Top Milk and Sugar	¾ cupful ½ cupful 1 teasp'ful	1 ½ cupful ½ cupful 2 teasp'fuls
Milk to Drink (as milk or cocoa)	1 cupful	1 cupful
Toast and Butter	2 slices 1 tablesp'ful	4 small slices 2 tablesp'fuls
Eggs	1	2 medium
Bacon	2 strips	3 strips
Jam or Marmalade	1 tablesp'ful	3 tablesp'fuls

(Below the line in the foregoing table concentrated foods are added which are especially advisable for the older child's breakfast, but *may* be used in the preschool breakfast.)

The breakfast of the preschool child eaten in double or treble the amounts would take care of the added needs in adolescence. But the digestive tract is small in proportion to the needs for energy at these ages, and it is important not only that the essential foods be included, but that fair quantities of extra energy foods be added in concentrated form.

The answer to the question as to the use of hot breads, doughnuts, and other foods regarded as difficult of digestion probably is that if there is any age when these foods may be eaten with impunity it is in these adolescent years.

SEASON YOUR RABBIT WELL IN ALL SEASONS

Cheese in the Spotlight

By Edith M. Barber

NOT so long ago cheese meant to most of us—with the exception of a few epicureans who were familiar with and appreciated the foreign cheeses with their fascinating names—a large yellow round which was cut up into pie-shaped pieces by the grocer to our order. The term also covered the home-made cottage-cheese from left-over sour milk and made with varying results by every housewife.

Once in a while as a real treat the most daring of us might indulge in a whole pineapple or Edam cheese. In the past few years, however, the general public has begun to realize that there are more kinds of cheese than the familiar "store" cheese, which has been served all over the country as an accompaniment of pie or has appeared on the supper-table in lonely slices.

One reason for this new knowledge is the fact that the cheese-factories scattered throughout the dairy country began a few years ago to improve the quality and to attempt variations to compete with their experienced European predecessors and contemporaries in the art of cheese-making. In the latter case this has not been altogether possible, Roquefort, for instance, refusing to be exactly reproduced outside of its own caves in Roquefort, France, and Stilton insisting upon English atmosphere at least.

Many of the other types of foreign cheeses are, however, being made successfully here—Swiss, Camembert, Limburger, Neufchâtel, and Brie—and others of excellent quality are now furnished by the domestic factories.

More and Better Cheeses

A GREAT improvement in the quality of the American "store" cheese has also been made. It used to be almost entirely a matter of luck as to what the customer received under the general request of a pound of cheese. Better methods of flavoring and a new method of pasteurizing cheese, which keep the flavor consistent, have made it possible to get the same quality and flavor each time cheese is purchased. New methods of packing have done away with the rind in some kinds of cheese, and this has helped to preserve the original flavor and also to prevent waste. With the round of cheese cut as it is in pie-shaped pieces there is often a waste in small pieces which crumble in cutting. For cheese-crackers or for sandwiches it is convenient to be able to cut cheese in oblongs or squares.

A number of new types of cheese have been developed in this country also. These are really only variations of the American or cream cheese, made by mixing such things as pimientoes, olives, sage or other more savory cheeses with the standard American type. Most of this cheese is put up in packages, and recently some of the softer kinds have been put up in air-tight jars. If the cover is replaced after each using, the cheese will remain soft and in good condition. Grated dry cheese now comes in packages.

For all of these reasons, added to the growing interest in cheese as a nourishing as well as a savory food, its consumption has increased very much in this country, as the late reports of the Department of Agriculture show. We find cheese appearing at any course of dinner, in canapés and soups, with oysters, as a filling for celery, as an entrée in combination with other foods, with a salad or in the dressing, and, as always, with or after dessert.

The Favorite Luncheon Order

AT LUNCHEON a cheese-dish, such as a soufflé or fondue, eggs Florentine, or a toasted cheese-and-bacon sandwich, is a popular choice. One restaurant "special" is cheese dumplings, a combination of spinach and cheese sauce over very rich dumplings. For supper, after the theater, we find a rabbit of some kind among the dishes most often selected. While cheese is not usually considered as a breakfast-dish, in some parts of the country cottage-cheese has its place at that meal, and in New Orleans we were taken to a particular restaurant for cheese of a special type which is featured at breakfast.

For the salad course cheese may be used between or spread on crackers or bread as an accompaniment, or it may serve to vary the French dressing. Roquefort cheese is perhaps the most popular for use in salad dressing, but any of the strongly flavored cheeses will give a tang to a dressing. Many persons still demand cheese with pie, altho other kinds as well as the American are now used. One restaurant famed for its food always has "crullers and cheese" on the dessert menu. A few of the more novel ways of using cheese as an ingredient of dishes for luncheon, dinner, or supper are presented here for your choice.

Send a self-addressed, stamped envelop for the list of novel cheese accessories suitable to serve with salads or as hors-d'œuvres. Address "Cheese Fancies," Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Tomato Rabbit

½ Pound American Cheese
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Paprika
½ Teaspoonful Mustard
Pepper
1 Can Tomato Soup

SHRED the cheese with a fork, add the mixed seasoning, and stir over a low fire until melted. Add the tomato soup, and stir until smooth. Pour over crackers, and serve at once.

Savory Cheese Sandwiches

1 Cupful Ground American or Pimiento Cheese
½ Cupful Dried Beef
½ Cupful Tomato Soup
2 Tablespoonfuls Minced Green Pepper
2 Teaspoonfuls Minced Onion
Toast

PUT together through a meat-grinder all the ingredients except the soup. Add the soup, mix well, and spread between slices of buttered toast. Cut in finger-lengths, and place on lettuce-leaves to serve as a luncheon sandwich. This mixture may be placed between thin slices of bread and used for tea sandwiches.

Cheese Wafers

2 Tablespoonfuls Fat
4 Tablespoonfuls Flour
½ Cupful Grated Dry Cheese
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Paprika
Whites of 3 Eggs

RUB the fat and the flour together, and mix with the cheese and seasonings. Beat the eggs and fold into the other mixtures. Drop by the teaspoonful on a greased sheet 2 inches apart. Bake in a moderate oven (325 degrees F.), for about 15 minutes, until crisp and brown.

Hot Fruit Pie with Cheese

MAKE a fruit pie with an open top. Mince-meat, cranberries, apples, or cherries may form the filling. Bake while dinner is being served, and when the fruit is tender and the crust is light brown sprinkle over the fruit 1 cupful of soft American cheese which has been rubbed through a strainer. Return to the oven until the cheese is melted, but not brown or dry. This should take about 3 minutes in a hot oven (450 degrees F.). Serve at once.

Roast Pork with Pears and Cheese

Pork Roast
6 Canned-pear Halves
1 Package Cream or Neufchâtel Cheese
1 Teaspoonful Paprika

WORK the paprika well into the cheese. Form into 6 balls in the centers of the pear halves. Fifteen minutes before the roast is done place the pears around it. After 5 minutes baste with the fat, and when the cheese melts remove from the oven with the roast.

Poached Eggs with Rabbit Sauce

6 Poached Eggs
1 Tablespoonful Butter
1½ Tablespoonful Corn-starch
¾ Cupful Milk
½ Pound Shredded American Cheese
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Mustard
Cayenne
6 Slices Toast

MELT the butter, add the corn-starch, and stir until well mixed. Add the milk gradually, and stir until thick. Add the cheese and seasonings, and stir well until the cheese is melted. Have ready the poached eggs, place on the toast, and pour the rabbit over them as a sauce. Serve at once.

Cheese Pinwheels

2 Cupfuls Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
½ Tablespoonful Salt
3 Tablespoonfuls Fat
5 to ⅔ Cupful Milk
1 Cupful Grated or Strained Cheese
Paprika

MIX and sift the dry ingredients, cut or rub in the fat, and add enough milk to make a dough which will roll. Roll in an oblong piece ¼ inch thick, and sprinkle with cheese and paprika. Roll lengthwise, cut into inch pieces, and bake in small greased muffin-pans for 12 to 15 minutes in a hot oven (450 degrees F.).

Potatoes with Cheese Meringue

3 Cupfuls Mashed Potatoes
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
2 Eggs
Hot Milk
Salt
Pepper, Paprika
½ Cupful Grated Dry Cheese

AS SOON as the potatoes are mashed add the butter, seasonings, and egg yolks, beaten slightly. Add the hot milk, enough to produce a soft, creamy texture. Pile in a baking-dish, and cover with the meringue, made by beating the egg whites stiff and folding in the grated dry cheese. Sprinkle lightly with paprika, and bake for 10 minutes in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) until light brown.

Hot Gingerbread with Cheese

4 Tablespoonfuls Fat
¼ Cupful Sugar
1 Egg
½ Cupful Milk
½ Cupful Molasses
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
1 Teaspoonful Ginger
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Soda
1⅔ Cupful Flour
½ Cupful Strained Soft Cheese

CREAM the fat and the sugar together, and add the well-beaten egg. Mix the molasses and the milk, and add alternately with the mixed and sifted ingredients. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 30 minutes. Remove from the oven, sprinkle with cheese, return to the oven for 1 minute, and serve at once.

The Babies' Health Department

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

Weaning the Breast-Fed Baby—Some Frequent Mistakes Made

READING thousands of reports every month for a period of over twenty years naturally gives one a very good idea of the mistakes young mothers are most apt to make. We shall endeavor to state some of the most frequent mistakes made, explain why the methods are wrong, and advise a correct plan of procedure in certain cases, which will be most likely to aid all mothers of young babies and growing children.

Weaning a breast-fed baby is a subject which seems to worry a great many mothers; they are very apt to go to one extreme or the other. They either give nothing at all but the breast until the baby can get no food from the mother, and then they have to substitute artificial food *all at once*, possibly just as hot weather begins, or else they feed so many other articles of food that the baby is not hungry enough to take the breast-milk, and draws so little that it dries up of its own accord long before the baby is really old enough to wean.

These two extremes appear in the Mother Club reports thousands of times every year. The solution of this problem is a happy-medium method.

From the time a baby is two to four weeks old it is wise to give him one bottle-feeding of a correctly modified milk formula. This teaches him to take a rubber nipple well, gradually accustoms his stomach to cow's milk, and allows the mother a little freedom for needed rest or recreation. A very good name for this one artificial feeding in twenty-four hours is a "relief-bottle."

If the mother has a nurse to help her, the bottle-meal may come in the middle of the night for the first few weeks of life, thus allowing the mother a full night of undisturbed rest between the 10 P. M. and 6 A. M. meals. If not, then it may be given at any meal-hour during the day-time that is most convenient for the mother. It will allow her to go out with her husband in the evening after the 6 o'clock nursing and not necessitate hurrying home for the 10 P. M. feeding, which may be a bottle-meal.

If the mother must go shopping it is often most convenient to give the bottle-meal at 12 M. or 3 P. M. This is far better for both mother and baby than to have to take the child with her into crowded shops or to the movies or to church. Babies should avoid crowds as much as possible. As weaning-time draws near, one more bottle-meal after another may be added, until by the time baby is nine to twelve months old he will be weaned from the breast and taking all meals from the bottle, and without any discomfort to either mother or baby.

If the mother waits to give a bottle-meal until the baby is three to seven months of age, it will be difficult in many cases to persuade the child to take the rubber nipple at all. Even when water has been given from a bottle the breast-fed baby often will refuse to take a milk-feeding in this way. In case of an emergency, as sudden illness of the mother, the breast-fed baby, who has never had artificial food, will many times not only refuse to take it, but if any is forced it may upset his digestion so that serious illness may result.

The mother who goes to the other extreme — giving the breast-fed baby tastes of many foods, or even several bottles in twenty-four hours, from the very early weeks of life—will usually regret this method very much. Little by little the breast-milk will dry up if it is not drawn enough, so that complete weaning may be made necessary by the time the baby is two or three months old. Baby's digestion may be gravely upset by solids or other foods not suited to his age and digestion, until a sick baby, with no breast-milk to fall back on, is the result in many cases.

May is a good time to stop nursing a breast-fed baby, *provided* he is eight or nine months old at least, if there is any possibility of the milk drying up during the next few hot months. Also provided he is taking some modified milk daily and that it is agreeing with him.

Our leaflet, "Breast-fed Babies," will be mailed to any mother who will remember to enclose a self-addressed, United States stamped envelop with her request.

Free Child Health Service

IF your baby is under six months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

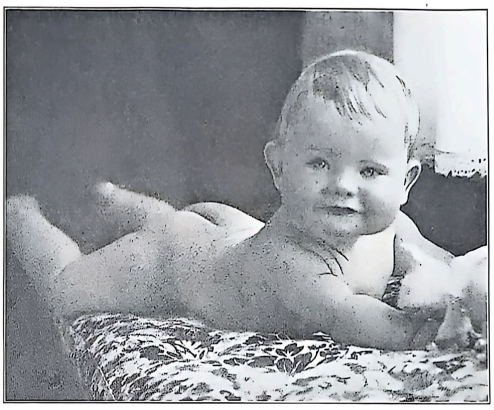
If you want advice about older children up to the age of twelve, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a self-addressed, United States stamped envelop.

Address Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, New York, N. Y.

His *comfort* depends on *trifles* but *comfort* is no *trifle!*



When doctor says to use an oil or ungwent on baby, get Mennen Baby Ointment. Produced by Mennen to meet the need for a safe, pure ointment to relieve dry skin, prickly heat, diaper rash, scaly scalp. Waterproof and healing.

"The right care of the infant's skin is a serious matter although it is often thought of minor importance." So said an eminent baby specialist recently. And every mother knows that these little details, vigilantly watched and followed, make the difference between a fretful baby and a comfy, happy baby.

Yet it is in the very selection and use of these seeming trifles that mothers sometimes become bewildered. And little wonder. Take this matter of the right dusting powder for baby. Highly scented powders which irritate tiny, sensitive nostrils are too often the unsuspected cause of headache and fretting. Then, cheap powders may be gritty and scratchy, or caustic and inflaming. You'd be surprised what actually harmful impurities a gaudy box and cheap perfume will conceal.

You owe it to your baby and yourself to get the purest and best—particularly when the best costs so little. Be safe. Be sure. Mennen, the original Borated Talcum, has been used and recommended for fifty years by physicians and nurses. Mildly and safely medicated with elements of proven healthful value. It spreads a delicate protective film between skin folds and cloths, prevents chafing, allays irritation, absorbs moisture and guards against infection.

Remember—the purest, the best is none too good for him. Insist on Mennen! Large size shaker can—25¢.

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DELICIOUS BREADS

Out of the smart lunch hamper come BUTTER HORNS, *sandwiches of* RAISIN BREAD *and slices of* HONEY COFFEE CAKE

"NO imagination," you would say of a housekeeper who served the same meats, salads and desserts day after day. Monotony in breads is all the more unforgivable now because it is so needless.

Today your own baker makes so many delicious new kinds, it is not a bit more trouble to have a fascinating variety of bread than to go on serving the same kind drearily for every meal.

Crisp, glistening, crusty rolls; buttery brown buns with delicate frosting; rich, nutritious coffee cakes with their fresh butter and eggs and fruits and nuts; tender loaves of whole-wheat, white and raisin bread—it is so convenient to order your baker's "specials" and receive these delicious breads direct from his oven, fragrant, and beautifully browned and tasting unbelievably good.

How resourceful it makes you feel to have this wide variety of breads from which to choose those frequent little surprises that lend a bit of glamor to the meals of every day!

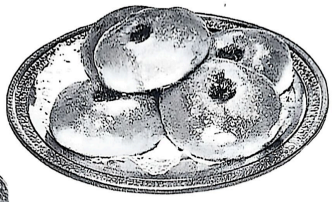
Ground almonds, butter, and honey make HONEY COFFEE CAKE *a delightful bread to serve with coffee, tea or milk.*

The juiciest, plumpest, tenderest raisins are used in your baker's RAISIN BREAD; *with and without icing.*

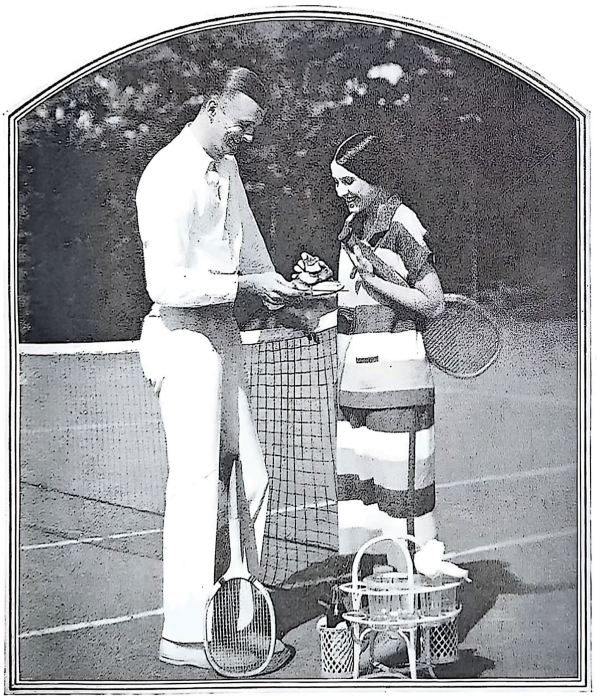
STREUSEL COFFEE CAKE *is sprinkled with rich crumbly lumps of butter mixed with sugar and spices.*

IN GREAT VARIETY

Daintily frosted! Buttery brown! You will like BUTTER HORNS *for breakfast.*

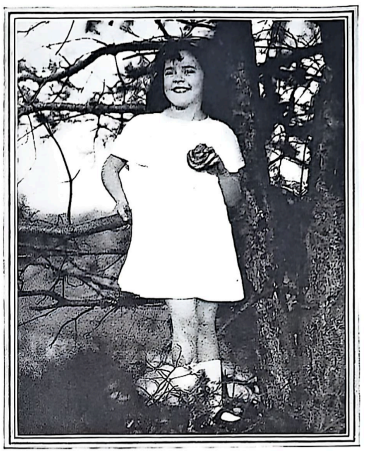


How good they taste! FILLED BUNS *have such a fine even texture, such a tender butter-crust and they are filled with delicious jam or jelly. Served at breakfast, luncheon, tea or dinner, your whole family will be delighted with them.*



THEY TASTE as delicious as they look, those wonderful Butter Horns, Raisin Buns and Butterfly Buns that are served so frequently these days after tennis and other sports.

For breakfast, too, these dainty breads are general favorites. Something about their crisp golden brown crust, their delicate flavoring, their wonderfully appetizing fragrance makes them seem just the right food with which to start the day.



BREAD, since it supplies energy more quickly than most other foods is now highly recommended by physicians for the children's in-between-meals lunch.

Unlike foods which take longer to digest, children can eat bread in the middle of the morning or afternoon without dulling their appetite for regular meals. How important then, to keep bread from seeming monotonous! Your baker's Filled Buns, Cinnamon Buns and Streusel Coffee Cake are but a few of scores of nourishing breads which are suitable to give to your children.

Your Baker or Grocer can now supply a delicious variety of bread for every occasion . . .

YOUR baker makes all the breads shown here and many, many others. He uses fine ingredients and combines them with unvarying skill. His breads are always successful, always beautifully baked, because his ovens are scientifically adjusted. Ask your own baker or grocer for his "specials."

Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast just as your own family used to do when everybody baked at home. The Fleischmann Company. *Offices in all principal cities.*

FREE! Send for this booklet that tells how to make every day meals more interesting.

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With the first signs of Spring your first thought is HOUSE-CLEANING — rejuvenating your FURNITURE—brightening up the AUTOMOBILE—blossoming out all brightened up and shining new.

You can do this easily, cheaply, quickly with WOODTONE, the special greaseless polish that removes the winter grease and dirt, the stains and cloudy bloom. Just try it now—thousands have already done so and recommend it highly. Furniture stores and automobile showrooms use it by the hundreds. Save a $180.00 paint job on your car by using WOODTONE — an 80 cent investment!

WOODTONE is not "*just another polish*" but a special greaseless polish that does not show fingermarks or attract dust!

Woodtone
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The new greaseless polish for FURNITURE *and* AUTOMOBILES

How would you like to make a test, comparing the polish you now use with Woodtone? Put both on the same table and see the vast difference. Try Woodtone on one of those white spots you haven't been able to remove. Watch it disappear! Try Woodtone on the automobile just once. It's just the polish for Duco or any other finish.

ON SALE AT ALL BEST DRUG, GROCERY, HARDWARE, FURNITURE AND DEPARTMENT STORES.

FREE TRIAL

We will supply enough Woodtone to do a dining room table or a piano. Jot down your name on the coupon, even if you never before answered an advertisement. Decide now to transform one piece of furniture into a lustrous mirror with Woodtone. You'll be glad you did. Enclose three 2c stamps to cover cost of mailing. *And don't forget to polish up your automobile with Woodtone. Once you've tried it you'll never use anything else.*

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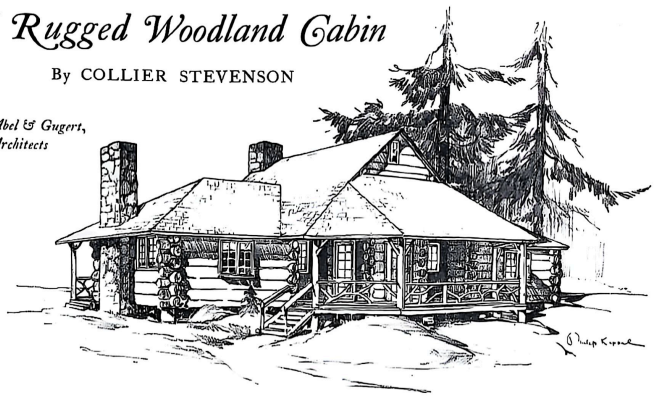
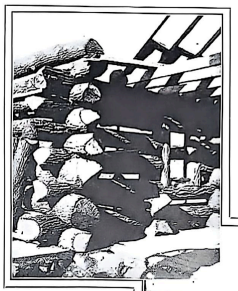
A Rugged Woodland Cabin

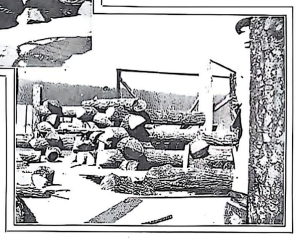
By COLLIER STEVENSON

Boyd, Abel & Gugert, Architects



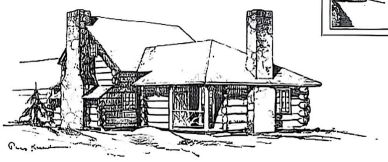
A WELL-DESIGNED and stanchly built log cabin is an artistic and enduring type of Summer home that is yearly attracting more and more attention. Tho it is not appropriate everywhere, the log cabin is ideal for well-wooded sections, where an ample supply of such suitably barked trees as spruce, chestnut-oak, pine, or hemlock is easily available near the chosen site.





THE log cabin shown on this page runs commendably true to type, for it is charged with the rugged simplicity which marked the primitive cabins of pioneer days. Superfluous embellishment is avoided in the entire exterior development, but outward-swinging casements, rustic balustrades, and tree-trunk posts are provided to achieve both practical and decorative ends. The picturesque roof, pierced by two massive stone chimneys, is covered with hand-split shingles, irregular in width, and laid with every fourth course doubled to define strong horizontal lines.

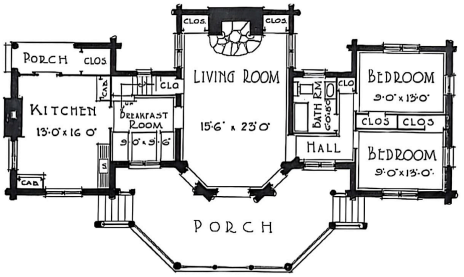
IN THE illustrations immediately above and to the right, various interesting details of modern log-cabin construction are set forth, while the value of all-around design is emphasized by the rear view below.

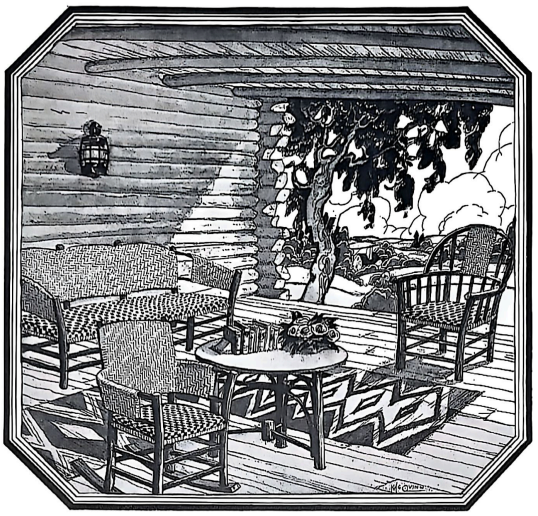


AS BEFITS a home primarily intended for Summer use, generous space is given over to a living-porch, which is intimately related to the large living-room, where a great stone fireplace attracts attention.

FREE PLANS

Complete working-plans, elevations, and details of this log cabin, with an outline specification, will be sent free on receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelop. Address House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and 39th Street, New York City.





Comfort in a Rustic Setting

By ELSIE DREW KENNEDY

THE log cabin is a thing apart, distinctly of the woods, vigorous, free, and primitive. Naturally, in the interior equipment of so unique a structure, customary standards play but a minor part, especially as log cabins are now used chiefly during the Summer, when informality is in order. Comfort should be the goal, but beauty can also be attained if the selection of the furnishings be given adequate attention.

Simple things should always predominate. As an instance, the inner walls can be of common fencing-boards or of any rough, wide, unstained boarding, laid either vertically or horizontally. Smooth, narrow boards may also be used. Weather-boarded walls are stained gray, green, or brown, finished in oil or left in the natural state. They are suitably rustic in appearance, and their neutral color is excellent as a background for bright-colored furnishings.

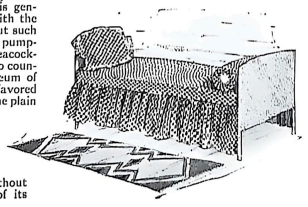
The interior wood-trim is usually finished to match the walls. This severity is occasionally modified by the use of silver birch-bark or cedar-bark for balcony and staircase balustrades, but the results are seldom entirely satisfactory, even when continuity is attempted by the addition of similarly bark-trimmed furniture.

Floors of box-pine boards of varied width are in keeping with log-cabin traditions. A brownish hue is generally applied to harmonize with the neutral color of wood walls, but such brighter colors as Indian-red, pumpkin-yellow, olive-green, and peacock-blue are occasionally selected to counteract that neutrality. Linoleum of sprightly design and color is favored for its stimulating effect, and the plain or jaspé-striped linoleums are liked for their restfulness. Oak, maple, beech, and birch are hardwood floorings which offer other interesting possibilities.

No log cabin is complete without a fireplace. Stone, because of its rough texture, irregular shape, and diversified color, is a favorite material. The stone work may be carried to the ceiling or terminated at conventional mantel-height by a shelf of stone or wood. For overmantel adornment, ship-lanterns, antlers, mounted heads, skins, and Navaho blankets suggest the range that is possible. Incidentally, a practical plan in connection with cabin fireplaces is to have flanking built-in wood-boxes, so arranged that they can be conveniently filled from outside.

Outward-swinging casement-windows are now virtually a standard feature of log cabins. Being picturesque in themselves, casements require only a simple mode of curtaining. Straight-hanging curtains that can be easily drawn are the best solution, as they control the entering light by day and safeguard privacy by night. For these curtains such strongly woven fabrics as sateen, poplin, rep, gingham, casement-cloth, cretonne, linen, chints, muslin, and pongee present an endless variety of appealing colors and designs.

Any reference to curtaining raises a question as to patterns in relation to log-cabin decoration? Nature uses patterns with care-free assurance. Because log cabins are of outdoor character, there is a tendency to use naturalistic patterns freely in their decoration. Actually, tho, it is often preferable to set up a definite contrast by using stripes, checks, plaids, or highly conventionalized flower-and-foliage designs of pronounced color. Thus, instead of merely imitating natural effects, the interior develops equal vigor, but with the added value of marked individuality. As a cabin is as much for rest as recreation the use of patterns should never be overgenerous, nor should a number of patterns be employed in one room.



Hickory furniture, sturdily built of sanded saplings, might have been created for log cabins, as it is comfortable, durable, and ruggedly attractive for either porch or indoor use. Hickory is combined with oak in a number of furnishings, which include dressing-tables, night-tables, bureaus, dining-tables, desks, and smoking-stands. Another interesting type of hickory furniture is particularly suitable for interior use, as its barky surface has been smoothed down and coated with enamel in combinations of ivory with green, blue, or brown.

Wickerware, inclusive of rattan, willow, bamboo, fiber, cane, and reed, as well as wicker, is another comfortable type of furniture. Wickerware can be satisfactorily used in its natural color if enlivened by bright-hued cushions. Finished in enamel, lacquer, paint, or stain, however, it allows a distribution of decided color desirable in log cabins where the interior walls and woodwork are entirely neutral.

Iron is in its simpler phases suited to log cabins. Tables, chairs, aquarium-stands, lamp-standards, lighting-fixtures, flower-holders, smoking-sets, and fireplace-irons may be had in many designs and finishes that accord with rustic surroundings.

Several folding iron cots should be included to supplement at least one convertible day-bed, so that there may be ample sleeping accommodation for guests.

Is Your Mind Dressed Like This?

Zona Gale, the famous novelist, says that a woman who would not dream of wearing a hat like this, will often read out-of-date books. The woman who long ago discarded starched petticoats still often reads books just as old-fashioned.

Unless you are reading the right new books, your mind and your conversation will seem to the well-read just as your clothes would appear if you were dressed like this.

How are you to know the right new books? You can't read them all. For people who wish to be as modern in their minds as they are in their clothes and their houses, there is a simple way out. Not only can you get the right *new* books, but *you can get them at half price* through the Literary Guild of America.

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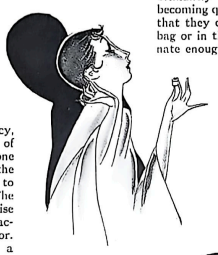
KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

The Way of a Maid with Perfume

By Doris Lee Ashley

ON VISITING the many makers of perfumes I chanced to talk with the son of the man who introduced in this country a very delightful French perfume named after the heroine of my very favorite novel. His father was engaged at the moment, and as we sat chatting about the continued preference for Oriental odors and the rumor of a tendency among French women to turn to the modest violet, he said:

"Miss Ashley, something should be done to teach the young girls of to-day how to use perfume. It is the subtle elusiveness of perfume that makes its use charming, feminine, and interesting. Not all women recognize this fact, which is so apparent to the sterner sex."



"I WILL ENCHANT THINE EAR"

And the young perfume connoisseur is right. There is such a thing as "olfactory fatigue." It is because of this that I wish to warn you, especially those of you who are addicted to the pungent, spicy, exotic odors, the subtle use of which is fascinating, that any one of these odors, unless used with the greatest care, will be obnoxious to most every one else but you. The sense of smell will not be a wise guide when it becomes too accustomed to any particular odor.

To be perfectly perfumed is a subtle art, and not to be gained, as experience teaches us, by adding a few drops of extract to the handkerchief. No, to have fragrance actually a component part of you, extract alone is not sufficient unless used with great discrimination. It should be used to touch the lobe of each ear, the eyebrows, and the nape of the neck.

But extract should be supplemented with toilet-water for more general use for two reasons: it is milder, and then, too, it is less expensive than extract. It can be used to advantage on the whole body after the bath, and in the shampoo to make the hair fragrant. The short girl obviously should be particularly vigilant about the fragrance of her hair. Through the close-fitting hats of silk, cloth, and felt little if any fresh air penetrates and the hair very quickly becomes close. To obviate this sprinkle a few drops of toilet-water on the hands and rub it into the hair before treating it to the nightly hundred strokes with the brush.

Another precaution! If you must resort to the heated curling-iron to accent your waning Marcel wave, be sure that a scorched odor does not linger in your tresses. One clever woman, who seems to be the personification of the fragrance she has adopted, always keeps her brush in a box in which there is a sachet of her favorite perfume. You may prefer to rub a few drops of extract on your brush instead; yet the box idea is a splendid practise, for it also keeps the brush free from dust.

That Last Exquisite Touch

SACHETS or cotton treated with perfume should be tucked into the lining of each hat and in the cuffs of your coats, and fur should be perfumed, especially on damp days, when it is so likely to revert to type—in smell at least.

Dainty little sachets for years have found their place in the bosom of frocks, and few receptacles for lingerie, handkerchiefs, and gloves are without these sweet-smelling bits of silk and lace.

Even tho the days are gone when gallant cavaliers kissed the hands of their ladies fair, we should not neglect anointing our hands. A cool, white, jeweled, well-manicured hand should be as fragrant as a flower. A few drops of toilet-water after each washing will add the delightful note of your favorite extract. An atomizer is a splendid means of distributing perfume over the costume instead of concentrating it in a single spot. An atomizer can be a plain utilitarian affair or as handsome as the purse allows. There is one made especially for the traveler with a patent lock which prevents the extract from leaking or evaporating while in transit. It comes accompanied by an attractive pigskin-leather case to protect the glass container from breakage.

COMPOSE YOUR OWN SYMPHONY OF SCENTS

The solid perfumes that come in brilliantly colored galalith boxes are becoming quite a fad. They are so tiny that they can be carried in the handbag or in the pocket, if you are fortunate enough to possess one. Unscrew the top, pass the tip of the finger over the waxy surface of the contents, then rub your finger back of your ear to refresh you when at a tea, a dance, or when on shopping bent. When overheated from dancing you may find that some perfumes become stale, and it is then that the pocket-flacon of perfume or the solid type will afford a refreshing touch.

Be fastidious in the selection of your perfumes. Note that the word is plural, for to be smart these days a single perfume is not sufficient. Gone are the days when a woman was considered inexcusably vulgar if she used a different flower odor on successive days. The modern tendency is to express your varying moods with different perfumes.

EVERY CROWN HAS A PERFUMED LINING

Certainly you would not select a sweet, delicate flower scent when wearing your most sophisticated, slightly daring, brocaded evening gown no matter how delightful such an odor may be to you. Neither would you use a languorous, tantalizing, Oriental perfume when wearing a crisp organdy frock or a sports costume.

While to many this may seem to be carrying the use of perfume to the extreme, really it is simply a matter of plain common sense as to the fitness of things—even if it is modern and a bit jazzy.

There is a wide choice of perfumes both as to odor and price. For one may pay less than a dollar a bottle or as high as four hundred and fifty dollars—of course quantity as well as quality has something to do with the price per bottle. I could tell you interesting tales of the making of perfumes, but few women care a jot whether the essential oils are procured from flowers, herbs, fruits, trees, animals, or whether clever chemists evolve the essential ingredients in their laboratories from coal-tar products, so long as the exquisite fragrances they produce please them.

There are single flower odors, fascinating bouquet fragrances, and mysterious scents that whisper of the Orient, spicy, pungent, yet not too strong or heavy; lingering, haunting, memory-stirring perfumes—literally hundreds from which to choose, so that each of us should have at least one soul-satisfying scent.

One clever specialist presents eight imported perfumes in a single casket. Certainly few women will admit having more than eight different moods; yet if there are many such women even they can be satisfied. Instructions are enclosed in this coffer for blending these separate odors, enabling the possessor to create an endless variety of individual scents. And what fun that would be!

Search Diligently for Your Perfume Affinity

WHILE you may be lured by the beautiful boxes and exquisite bottles do not be so fascinated by them as to disregard the enclosed essence, for it must be pleasing to you to complement, but not overshadow, your personality, so that those with whom you are associated and those who love you will be impressed with the enhanced charm of *you*. Do not select a perfume because your best friend or because some one you greatly admire uses that particular odor or because you have been told it was created for a certain type. Type in this case refers to mood and temperament rather than to blonde or brunette. Generally speaking, one thinks of a blonde as dainty and ethereal, and a brunette as subtle, mysterious, and sophisticated, and in most cases how untrue!

STOWAWAYS ARE THESE SWEET PUFFS

No, select your perfumes with great discrimination. Take the stopper from the bottle; wave it in the air until the alcohol has had a chance to evaporate. Then the true scent will remain. Try it close to your nose and analyze the bouquet. Then try at a distance so that you get just a faint odor.

If you are trying to decide among several perfumes apply a drop of each to separate pieces of blotting-paper, and after the alcohol has evaporated you can then distinguish the true fragrance of each perfume; but a further test should be made, for perfumes should be influenced by the warmth of your own skin before making the final choice.

Apply the moistened stopper to the back of your hand and rub until quite dry, allowing the warmth of your skin to influence the odor; then you can decide if the fragrance is truly pleasing and characteristic enough to be adopted.

Free Leaflet on Perfume

If you would find a perfume, the perfect complement of your most alluring qualities, write for the free leaflet "Soul-Satisfying Scents." Send a self-addressed, stamped envelop to Doris Lee Ashley, Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and 39th Street, New York City.

Enchantingly pretty debutantes, with a skin smooth as ivory, delicate as cherry blossoms

THE FASTIDIOUS WOMEN GUESTS of the WASHINGTON GOLF and COUNTRY CLUB

tell how this soap has helped them to gain a clear smooth skin

IT'S May in Washington . . .

Magnolias . . cherry blossoms drifting to the grass . . .

And on the golf course, along the bridle paths, laughing voices, the rainbow flutter of bright costume. .

All the familiar figures of the social season flocking to the Washington Golf and Country Club; enchantingly pretty debutantes in new sports frocks from the Riviera; the lovely wives from the foreign embassies—

Among the distinguished women who make up Washington society, one notices everywhere the dazzlingly soft, clear complexion that has given Southern beauty its renown.

How do these women, whose lovely skin is their greatest charm, take care of it day by day?

We asked nearly one hundred women guests of the Washington Golf and Country Club what soap they find best for regular care of their skin.

More than half answered, "*Woodbury's Facial Soap!*"

"*Delicate*"—"*healthful*"—"*refreshing*," they said. "*It purifies the skin.*" "*Helps to overcome roughness—large pores.*"

* * *

Women of fine traditions and associations everywhere—college girls, debutantes, society women belonging to famous clubs and groups—are expressing in overwhelming numbers, their preference for Woodbury's Facial Soap for the care of the skin.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's, one is conscious of this extreme fineness.

A twenty-five cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet containing special treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

WITHIN A WEEK or ten days after beginning to use it, you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury's today —begin tonight, the treatment your skin needs!

YOUR WOODBURY TREATMENT *for ten days*
Now—the large-size trial set!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
2109 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2109 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

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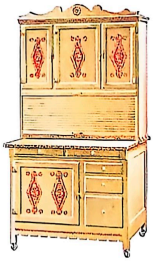

SPANISH

New style cabinets bring *beauty* and *color* into the kitchen

HAVE you sometimes sensed a monotonous, depressing *sameness* about your kitchen?

Have you felt a hunger for more *color* and *style* in the severely plain equipment?

Other modern women have, thousands of them. In fact that is why we have added to the Sellers line of modern kitchen cabinets and installed units this wonderful

new—stylish—Sellers KITCHENAIRE!

Here you have a kitchen cabinet. But look! It is clothed for the first time in the style, the color of period designs.

Here are gay, artistic effects of the Spanish type! Here are fascinating examples of Colonial and Modern-American (*Klear*Front) design! And each the conception of a distinguished European designer—offered exclusively by Sellers for those whose tastes run to color.

Yet beneath this modern, stylish exterior is the famous Sellers Kitchen Cabinet—the favorite kitchen helper—the time-saver—the labor-saver supreme—in millions of homes.

Not one of the many exclusive Sellers inventions has been omitted.

Nor are these beautiful art models high-priced. Every taste and every income can be suited.

In addition there are the beautiful *standard* models of the Sellers—used in millions of homes—preferred by many to whom the pure white, immaculate kitchen is still the ideal.

See your local dealer

At the local Sellers dealer's store you can see the new Sellers KITCHENAIRE. Go by all means. See the beautiful models. Learn the prices. Be prepared to discuss this latest idea in modern kitchen equipment with your friends.

OUR KITCHENAIRE BOOK FREE

But in the meantime write for our latest booklet—"Apostles of Style." In it are actual *color reproductions* of the new KITCHENAIRE models. There is no charge for the book. Just send us your name and address. We will include name of a Sellers dealer near you

G. I. SELLERS & SONS CO., *Elwood, Indiana*

The SELLERS Kitchenaire

(Continued from Page 36)

and toast for toast. When those about him chanted in a ribald chorus a most discordant song with words most mocking:

If any man or woman be a witch,
They shall be put to death;
With a folderol, derol
They shall be put to death,

he joined in most lustily.

At times from a tall clock which stood in the corner, most strangely like to one which the captain fancied he had observed in the meeting-house, came a deep and solemn striking, and at the sound the company, stilled for an instant, would, as soon as the sound died away, break into wild and eldritch laughter, mocking the flight of time that touched them not.

Once the captain, closing his eyes, was the victim of a devil-born nightmare, for it seemed he sat upon a hard stool and not upon a cushioned chair, and that the stool was the same upon which had sat Goody Bishop for trial, and yet when he opened his eyes, there upon his shoulder was not the hand of the constable, but the curled head of his mistress, her fragrance rising into his nostrils, his arm imprisoning a waist of yielding and voluptuous warmth. And she was looking up at him with swimming eyes and a proud whisper of:

"Ha, my captain! Ha, my king!"

Time was winged, with naught but the tall clock, to which none gave heed, to mark its passage. Hours passed into days, so it seemed, in one long orgy of delights, yet never did hostess, honored guest, or company abate in their pleasure.

But at last the end was nigh, for the mistress of the house called for silence, and, rising to her feet, bade the company to look upon a great man, who, great as he was, would ascend higher than all, and wear about his neck a decoration of honor. Word was on the way from their sovereign lord appointing his lordship Governor of the Colony with powers extraordinary, and that the hour of his high honor was close at hand.

And at her words a great shout broke forth from all, and, triumphantly guided, Captain Sparkes, his mottled face aflame with pride, ascended a raised platform. At the far end of the great room appeared a company of drummers, and as his fair lady, bidding him bend his head, slipped a collar of jewels about his neck, the drummers beat their sheepskins lustily.

The reverberating thunder rolled and throbbed through the brain of the future Governor as he raised his hand for silence, but none seemed to heed him now, and ever the drummers beat on and on.

THE captain passed his hand over his eyes, and when he removed it his brain cleared as tho freed of an enchantment. He stood in a cart, beset by stern and unbending countenances. Where had stood his lady now stood Goody Bishop agape with a malicious grin. About his neck was no collar of jewels, but one of hempen rope, the end secured to the beam of the gallows overhead.

The captain strained at his bonds with superhuman force, his hoarse protest drowned in the rolling of the drums. In that last agonized moment he knew the delusions darted into his guilty mind by Goody Bishop, who had bewitched him to his doom, and as he swung into perdition, he heard faintly in a voice no longer melting and delicious, but shrill and triumphant:

"I had a daughter slain in London town, poor lass, and 'tis the ring I gave her hangs thee. Ha, my captain! Ha, my king!"

Honor Between Vampires

(Continued from Page 11)

strangely throaty voice, the elder woman exclaimed:

"Oh, *ma chérie!* But you are not homely! Why, you have a sweet little face! Such clear, brave eyes. And that modeling of the forehead, that long line to the chin: they give promise of a beauty that is not merely of the skin, but is—how do you say?—bone-deep. *Ah, oui.*"

"But my nose!" stammered Mary Elizabeth.

"Your nose? But it is a delicious nose! Altogether diverting, altogether *coquette. Ah, oui!* It has *insouciance.*"

"Do you really think so?" gasped Mary Elizabeth incredulously. "Oh, I'm afraid you're only trying to be nice to me. Besides, there's my hair. It's—it's like a lot of old seaweed!"

Mrs. Thayer considered it judicially. "Perhaps sometimes you take a *bain de mer?*" she suggested. "Perhaps then the salt water gets beneath your cap—yes? If you would shampoo it afterward in——"

"But I can't shampoo my hair two or three times a day!" protested Mary Elizabeth. "Oh, dear, if you only knew how hard I've tried to do it like yours!"

"Like mine?" Mrs. Thayer smiled indulgently. "But I will tell you a little secret about that, shall I? It is that I went to the most famous *coiffeur* in Paris and had him do my hair in all the ways until we found the one best suited to me. Now for you perhaps we could discover another style more——"

"But don't you see," blurted Mary Elizabeth, "I want to be like *you?* Oh, I don't want to be just 'a nice kid'! I want to look dangerous and a little wicked and—and to be terribly fascinating to men. Well, one man."

MARY ELIZABETH stood gazing up adoringly.

"You want to be—like me?" Mrs. Thayer's words came slowly and a strange look flickered over her face. She placed her cool finger-tips gently on Mary Elizabeth's own firm, soft cheeks. "Oh, *ma petite!* Aren't you wishing for things ahead of time?"

"Cleopatra was only sixteen," announced Mary Elizabeth. "But I suppose you think I'm just a plain, everyday, garden variety of girl and there's nothing to do about it. But not all the fascinating women of history have been beautiful. Why, George Sand looked like a horse! It's what you *do* with your looks that seems to count. I've tried just terribly with mine, but somehow I never seem to get them right. So I was thinking, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, perhaps you'd show me how to make myself look—well, more like you."

All at once a delicious chuckle bubbled up in Mrs. Thayer's throat, and she gave Mary Elizabeth a little hug.

"You darling!" she exclaimed. "That is the nicest compliment I have receive since I am in America. So you wish me to tell you what it is—the secret to be beautiful?"

"Oh, if you would!" sighed Mary Elizabeth.

A maid entered pushing a tea-wagon.

"*Bien!*" said Mrs. Thayer. "We shall have tea and I shall try to tell you. You take sugar, yes—and lemon?" Mrs. Thayer passed her the cup and studied her attentively for a moment.

"You can nevair be like me, Mary Elizabeth," she declared gently. "No more than I could be like you. A little fringed gentian, could it change itself into a black narcissus?"

"But——!"

"But that is no reason to be discourage," continued the soft, kind voice. "You have a sweet, wholesome, little face of your own. So for you the secret to be beautiful is to express that sweetness, that wholesomeness. Shall I explain how lovely you could be if you just tried to express yourself?"

"All right," gulped Mary Elizabeth. "That comb and those great earrings," said Mrs. Thayer. "I think you admire them first on some dark, wicked lady in the cinema—yes? So, then, *hélas!* they are not for you! Your hair—I suppose you have nevair bob it for fear it make you look still younger? Yet the right sort of bob would make your face vairy

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A perfect mayonnaise

Russian dressing that tastes delicious . . So easy to prepare

This simple recipe will give your salads a new piquant flavor:

Two-thirds cup Premier Salad Dressing and one-third cup Premier Chili Sauce.

Let us send you our recipe book of delicious and tasty dishes.

Try THESE SIMPLE RECIPES:

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Pear Salad: 6 pear halves, lettuce, 2 tablespoons chopped crystallized ginger, 4 tablespoons chopped blanched almonds, Premier Salad Dressing. Arrange pears on crisp lettuce leaves. Mix ginger and almonds with some of the salad dressing. Heap in the center of pears and top with tablespoon of salad dressing.

~

Salad Cheese: 1 cream cheese, Premier Salad Dressing, paprika, half walnut meats. Mold cheese with salad dressing and add enough paprika to give it a good color. Form into balls and press 2 walnut halves into them on opposite sides. Serve one on each plate of salad.

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & COMPANY, DEPT. 18
27th Street and North River, New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me your recipe book of uses for Premier Salad Dressing.

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Just as you choose *foods* for their *vitamin* and *calorie* content—so you should choose *your toilet preparations* for their *scientific effectiveness* and *purity*

Write for a copy of "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," *Elizabeth Arden's book on the correct care of the skin according to her scientific method.*

ELIZABETH ARDEN makes her exquisite Venetian Toilet Preparations with all the nice care which safeguards the products of a modern food laboratory. Each formula is the result of experiment and research, to determine the effect of every least ingredient on the skin. And then the ingredients are purchased with scrupulous attention to their purity and quality. "Table grades" or "medicinal grades" of fine oils are chosen. Fresh eggs, lemon juice, the pick of the world's markets. You can *eat* the skin foods, if you wish. Only vegetable colorings, certified by the Government for use in foods, are used to tint the powders.

The immaculate purity of these Preparations protects and promotes the health of your skin. Each Preparation has been created for a definite purpose. The *Cleansing Cream*, to dissolve and dislodge impurities in the pores, but not to be absorbed. The nourishing creams—*Orange Skin Food* and the more delicate *Velva Cream*—to be absorbed by the tissues, to round out lines and wrinkles. If you use these specialized Preparations each morning and night, according to the method of an Elizabeth Arden Treatment, your skin cannot fail to be benefited.

Venetian Cleansing Cream. *Removes all impurities from the pores. Cleanses thoroughly and soothes the skin, leaving it soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6.*

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. *Tones, firms, and clarifies the skin. A gentle bleach and astringent. 85c, $2, $3.75.*

Venetian Orange Skin Food. *Rounds out wrinkles and lines. Excellent for a thin, lined or ageing face, and as a preventive of fading and lines. $1, $1.75, $2.75, $4.25.*

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Poudre d'Illusion. *Powder of superb quality, fine, pure, adherent.* Illusion (*a peach blend*), Rachel, Ocre, Minerva, Banana *and* White. *$3.*

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops all over the United States, Canada and Great Britain, and in the principal cities of Europe, Africa, Australasia and the Far East, South America, West Indies and the U. S. Possessions.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Ave.
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DETROIT: 318 Book Building
SAN FRANCISCO: 233 Grant Ave.
LOS ANGELES: 600 W. 7th Street
BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta
CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries

©Elizabeth Arden, 1927

piquant. Oh, not the latest *garçonne* bob nor the bob *bouffant*, nor yet that of poor Sir Galahad nor Jeanne d'Arc! But a straight bob with two little horns of hair to hug your cheeks and point up at your nose.

"As for cosmetics, the vairy best ones are manufacture by an old firm called 'Youth & Good Health.' But if you are determined to use others, it should be merely to accentuate the beauty you already possess. Even when the eyebrows are bleached by the sun I would not pluck them out. But it is perhaps no vairy serious crime to touch blond eyebrows lightly with the pencil. A brown pencil, tho. And for *your* eyelashes I would not bead them. And with the lips, the merest touch of rouge in the center. But you must not spread it on. *Pas nécessaire de s'afficher, n'est-ce pas?*"

"I—I'm not very good at idioms," stammered Mary Elizabeth, "but I see what you mean."

"So than," continued the kind voice, "you will look like no one but your own sweet, wholesome self. And in everything you will learn to express your own personality, not imitating even Cleopatra. Your whole toilet should harmonize to express the little flower that *you* are. *Le voilà*—the secret for you to be fascinating like those so beautiful ladies in the stories!"

"Oh-h!" exhaled Mary Elizabeth somewhat in the manner of a punctured balloon. "Oh-h-h! It's all terribly difficult, isn't it, finding out just what your real personality is and then how to express it?"

Mrs. Thayer smiled.

"It is not all to be learned in one lesson," she admitted. "But I hope you will come often to have tea with me. Perhaps I can help."

"Oh, I'd love to. I wonder——"

"Yes?"

"Well, I was going to make a new dress for the big ball at the casino on the Fourth of July? Daddy said if I would make it myself I could buy any kind of material I wanted. So I was wondering—do you think absinth-color would be all right?"

"Absinth?" repeated Mrs. Thayer. "Did you mean——"

Mary Elizabeth had not the slightest idea. "Perhaps Nile-green would be better," she suggested hastily, "or cloth of gold?"

"I'm afraid they're not the right colors, Mary Elizabeth. But if you could trust me to select something when I go down to New York next week, then perhaps we could design the dress and make it together."

"Oh, if you would!" cried Mary Elizabeth. "That would be simply perfect!"

THE next week was one of breathless anticipation, infinite experiment, and sudden, agonizing doubt. It is not easy to renounce an ambition to become a vampire when you have dreamed night after night of shimmering gowns, of dark conquests in Castilian gardens, and of going to bed at dawn between black-silk, perfumed sheets. But Mary Elizabeth had faith in Mrs. Thayer's judgment.

There came the terrific moment when she felt the barber's shears scrunch through her straggly locks. But afterward she was delighted with the result. Somehow the soft crescents of hair that now framed her cheeks drew all her features into a more compact group. Her little nose was no longer eclipsed by her big blue eyes and vivid mouth. It seemed, miraculously, to have assumed a nonchalant distinction.

She was rather upset because Dick Hargrave did not call up to ask her to go swimming or sailing with him. But there was nothing to do about that. After all, as Mrs. Thayer had pointed out, she could not learn the secret of being fascinating in one lesson; so she continued to have delightful, secret teas with Mrs. Thayer, and avidly to absorb the words of advice which her preceptress let drop.

On the afternoon when Mrs. Thayer was to return from New York with the material for her dress Mary Elizabeth went eagerly to her house. As she had arrived before her hostess, she went into the long, cool, shaded living-room to wait. At the sound of a motor in the drive outside she dashed to a window and looked out through the bowed shutters. Her heart gave one terrific leap. Then it seemed to stop.

It was Mrs. Thayer, all right—a very modish Mrs. Thayer indeed in her simple gray costume, with its smart hat and flowing scarf. But the long, low car was Dick Hargrave's, and the man driving it was—Dick!

He was bareheaded and in white flannels. His hair, wet as if he had just come from swimming, shone like black lacquer in the sunlight. With a horrible sinking sensation Mary Elizabeth realized that this was no chance encounter. Dick must have known when Mrs. Thayer was returning.

For one panic-stricken moment Mary Elizabeth wondered whether she had time to escape. Then she saw that they were strolling slowly toward two wicker chairs beneath a leafy pergola near one end of the house.

As Dick turned and Mary Elizabeth caught sight of his expression she choked back a sob of dismay. His whole boyish soul was in his face. Then all at once he took Mrs. Thayer in his arms and stammered something.

THERE was an instant of terrific silence. Then: "*Mais, mon dieu, c'est le coup de foudre!*"

Mary Elizabeth understood that. It meant the thunderbolt, which was Mrs. Thayer's way of saying it was very sudden. She had drawn a little away from him, altho he still held one of her hands, and was staring up at him intently. Surprize, tenderness, compassion, and grave mischief all seemed to be struggling for expression in her face.

Mary Elizabeth could not hear what she said next nor what Dick replied. But suddenly his voice rose in protest:

"I'm—twenty-five. You can't be much older than that!"

With a sickening feeling of misery Mary Elizabeth turned away and collapsed upon the sofa with a little moan. Then slowly her sobs gained headway, until her whole body was being racked.

She lay so for perhaps ten minutes. But as footsteps sounded on the porch and the screen door closed, her sobs stopped abruptly. Outside the motor started with an explosive roar and tore off down the drive. At the sound of little heels clicking across the hall Mary Elizabeth pressed her face back into the cushions and her sobs broke out afresh. Without looking up she knew when Mrs. Thayer came into the room.

"*Mais, ma petite!*" a soft voice exclaimed. "What evair is the matter?"

Mary Elizabeth jerked herself up, suddenly infuriated by that honeyed tone.

"Oh, you have no right!" she wailed passionately. "You have no right—making him fall in love with you! You—you sneak— Oh, I see it now: that's why you were afraid to let me be like you. Well, I don't want to be like you. You can have him if you want, you—you hashish-smoker!"

Mrs. Thayer started suddenly. She was very pale.

"Oh, you needn't think I don't know!" Mary Elizabeth informed her fiercely. "*I* didn't tell on you. But Mrs. Pye-Smith is spreading it all over town!" Quite suddenly she had become an indignant, miserable little girl. "And he isn't twenty-five, either! He won't be twenty-two till the eighth of next September."

Mrs. Thayer was standing absolutely motionless, looking down at her. All at once she was seized by a spasm of violent coughing and pressed a little handkerchief quickly to her mouth. When she took it away Mary Elizabeth wondered at the bright stain upon it.

"So—you heard us?" she asked in a strained voice. "And Dick Hargrave—he is that boy for whom you wanted to make yourself beautiful?"

"Don't pretend you didn't know!"

Mrs. Thayer did not reply at once. Drawing one of those long, thin cigarets from her red-morocco case, she calmly lighted it and consumed half an inch of

(Continued on Page 52)

Just See what these two MARVELOUS NEW PREPARATIONS *will do for your Cuticle!*

X

Perfected by the Greatest Authority on the Manicure

"Lovely oval-shaped nails depend on the beautiful curve around the nail base which comes only when two things are done for the cuticle—ONE you must remove the dead cuticle. TWO you must restore the missing oils."

So says Northam Warren, the great authority on the manicure.

And so with Cutex, already being used for removing all dead cuticle, Northam Warren has now especially created these two marvelous new preparations for the second step—supplying the cuticle with its missing oils. Sinking right into the thirsty pores, the cuticle becomes so soft and pliant it is a simple matter to train it to a lovely oval. The nails are almond shape, the fingers look long and slender!

Just see what Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil will do. One manicure and your cuticle is so much smoother. In a few nights it will look better than you ever thought it could. Really pretty, soft and pink instead of just something to push out of sight. It won't get dry or ragged any more.

BUT remember your nails can't look nice if old dead cuticle clings to them. Even the wonderful new Cream or Oil can't remove that. The only thing that has ever been perfected that will remove dead cuticle is just the familiar Cutex Cuticle Remover.

Then supply the lacking oils to the cuticle with either of these wonderful new preparations. Smooth the Cream or Oil over the cuticle and under the nail tips. Leave it there until you are ready for the polish. If you have a tendency to excessive dryness, spread on either the Cream or Oil every single night at first.

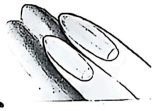
Cutex Cuticle Cream and Oil are not just the ordinary cuticle softeners you have had before. They have been especially blended by the greatest authority on the manicure to banish forever the problem of ugly dry cuticle. As soon as you start to use them the cuticle has a velvet smoothness. The bewitching half moons peep out more and more.

Choose the one you prefer. Mr. Warren will send you samples of the Cream and Oil with the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover and Powder Polish. Just fill out the coupon below. If you live in Canada, address Dept. PP-5, 85 St. Alexander St., Montreal. Northam Warren—New York, London, Paris.

The second step in caring for the cuticle

The new Cutex Cuticle Cream *created to supply the missing oils to the cuticle, correct dryness and prevent hangnails. Used regularly in the manicure after removing every trace of dead cuticle, it becomes a simple matter to have perfect ovals.*

The new Cutex Cuticle Oil *is like Cutex Cuticle Cream—in liquid form. Use the Cream or Oil as part of your regular manicure. And at night until the dry condition is overcome. Either of these preparations promotes the beauty of your nails and cuticle.*



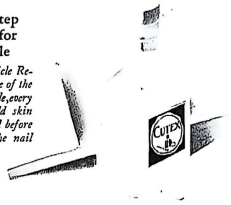
"Lovely ovals are attained by keeping the cuticle soft and pliant"

Northam Warren

This is the ideal nail. See how the perfect ovals at base and tips give an aristocratic length, and an oval shape to the whole nail. Only by restoring the needful oils to the cuticle after all the dead skin has been removed, can you have the lovely ovals that give this desired almond shape.

The first step in caring for the cuticle

With Cutex Cuticle Remover, every trace of the dead useless cuticle, every little patch of old skin must be removed before the beauty of the nail base can show.



Try BOTH AT ONCE—*together with the famous Cuticle Remover . . . 10c for 6 manicures.*

Why the Cuticle needs Oil . . .

The tiny rim of skin at the nail base is an outer extremity. The natural oils that keep the rest of the skin soft and pliant do not feed it. Extremes of heat and cold, sun and wind, steam heat and hard water dry it all the time. If the needed oils are not supplied it becomes so dry it cracks into a thousand tiny roughnesses and finally painful hangnails appear. Cutex Cuticle Cream and Oil feed the needed oils to the cuticle. When either is used regularly the cuticle will be delicately soft and firm so the nail base acquires the oval that gives slenderness to the whole hand.

I enclose 10c for samples of Cutex Cuticle Cream, Cutex Cuticle Oil, and Cutex Cuticle Remover, together with other essentials for the manicure.
NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. PP-5, 114 W. 17th St. N. Y.

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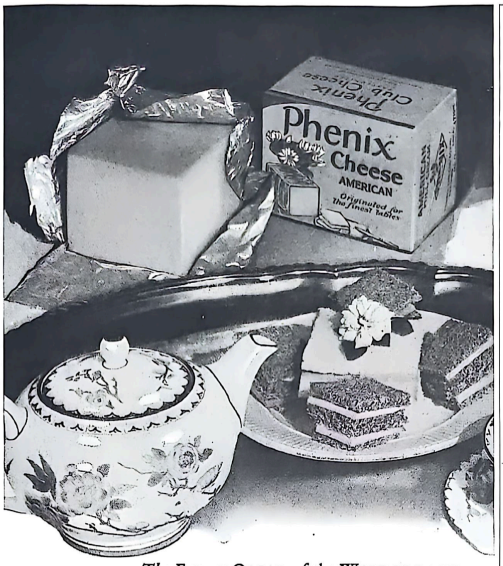

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I enclose 15c in coin for cheese checked and booklet
American ☐ Swiss ☐ Pimiento ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

(Continued from Page 50)

it in two amazing inhalations. Then she sat down upon the sofa and took both of Mary Elizabeth's hands in her own.

"Mary Elizabeth," she assured her gently, "I did not know. We have nevair mention your name. I nevair even dreamed he was the one."

Five seconds passed—ten seconds. Then Mary Elizabeth's eyes dropped before the elder woman's candid and unwavering gaze. She swallowed nervously. One of her hands gave Mrs. Thayer's a little squeeze.

"I'm—sorry," she sobbed apologetically. "I didn't mean what I said. I suppose you accepted him?"

Mrs. Thayer shook her head.

"But you didn't refuse him?"

"N-no. I was vairy surprize, you see. I told him he was perhaps mistaken about his feeling for me. He goes away to-day on a short cruise. When he comes back next week we are to see."

"And then of course you'll accept him. Who wouldn't? Well, I—I hope you'll be awf'ly happy together. You love him just terribly, I suppose?"

Mrs. Thayer smiled faintly.

"Who could help loving him?" she replied ingenuously. "But, *hélas!* I can not be so sure of this love which he has all at once declare for me. It is perhaps no more than a boy's infatuation for an older woman. Think how unhappy I should be if he discovered afterward that I was not the one to make him happy!"

"You mean——?"

"I mean he has not seen you since you have change back into the person that you really are. So this little test I propose to you:

"We will go ahead with your dress as we have planned. Then when Dick comes back he shall see us both together at that ball—you, the sweet-fringed gentian, and me, the wicked, black narcissus. There should be honor between vampires, *n'est-ce pas?* And he shall choose."

Mary Elizabeth's eyes filled suddenly.

"Oh, Mrs. Thayer," she cried, "you're the loveliest person I know. Sometimes I suspect you aren't a real vampire at all!"

"Ah, but you must not deceive yourself!" protested Mrs. Thayer with her most enigmatic smile. "You should see the costume I am planning for that ball!"

ON THE evening of the Fourth of July, as soon as she had finished dinner, Mary Elizabeth dashed up to her own room. On her bed the new frock, the magic frock, lay ready—a gauzy drift of blue chiffon with a shimmering silver slip. There were diaphanous, flesh-colored stockings, too, and a pair of adorable little silver slippers.

Sitting on the side of her bed, Mary Elizabeth drew on the stockings with little tugs and strokes of affection. Then she put on the slippers and, holding out both shapely, silk-sheathed legs, wriggled her toes with delight.

Seated before her dressing-table, she darkened her sandy eyebrows—oh, so discreetly! She stroked her long, blond lashes with the little brush until they made a brown, alluring fringe for her big, gentian-blue eyes. Her hair was no longer brittle and lack-luster. Mrs. Thayer had shown her how to make it light and soft as silken floss.

When she put on the dress she became aware for the first time of a subtle and unfamiliar perfume that emanated from it. Mrs. Thayer must have done that. The dress fitted perfectly and yet left her with a sense of airy freedom.

The slim, delicately poised little girl in the mist of gentian-blue, who smiled back at her from the mirror, gave her a sudden thrill. She knew that she had never looked so well before! And from that knowledge was born another sort of loveliness—a loveliness that began to glow in her fresh cheeks and to radiate from her bright eyes.

"Why, Mary Elizabeth," exclaimed her father as she came down-stairs, "I never saw you look so pretty in your life!"

This verdict was confirmed as soon as she reached the casino. Men who had never given her more than an amused glance began to crowd about her.

Like an impartial fairy, she floated from the arms of one man to those of another. She was in love with herself and all the world. Her lithe, supple body swayed in perfect response to the music; her little silver slippers reached out behind her and came down as deftly as if she were dancing on a scattering of dimes. Dick had not yet arrived.

But she was not the only sensation that evening. All at once she became aware of a ripple of excitement among the dancers and turned to catch sight of Mrs. Thayer.

She had just entered the hall, carrying a huge ostrich-fan of shaded greens. Her sensational black gown, cut to the waist in back and molded to the graceful curves of her figure, fell about her knees in a glittering mass of rhinestones and gold and flashing green. The heels of her slippers were encrusted with rhinestones, their vamps painted in red and gold. In her ears gleamed two huge emeralds, and about her throat was a necklace of squirming green fire.

MARY ELIZABETH'S heart gave a flutter of dismay. Could she ever compete with that? Then suddenly she turned to look again.

There was something about that costume that was not quite—not quite——

Mrs. Pye-Smith, standing in the doorway, had discerned the same thing. With a faint lift of her eyebrows she turned to Mrs. Plummer.

"Yes, isn't it?" murmured Mrs. Plummer.

"My dear!" exhaled Mrs. Pye-Smith. "I always thought she had an instinct for dress. But I must say—I really must—that it takes a young and beautiful woman to wear a gown like that."

"She couldn't have *contrived* a costume that would have shown her up more mercilessly. Why, she looks every year of her age!"

Dick Hargrave, waiting for them to step aside so that he could enter the hall, overheard the last part of their conversation. With a frown of grim determination he strode up to Mrs. Thayer. He was no cad, was Dick. But as he swept Mrs. Thayer out onto the floor he knew that something was wrong. He had known that the minute he saw her. He could not understand what it was. He tried desperately to respond to her persiflage, but he could not utter anything but monosyllables.

When she suggested a smoke he led her out onto the balcony with a growing feeling of apprehension. She produced a box of her own cigarets and, placing one of them between her lips, leaned forward for a light.

"Well, Dick," she said, looking up, "I was right then, *n'est-ce pas?*"

He hesitated just a second.

"Of course you weren't," he protested. "Oh, Valentina, I—I— But, say, won't you be too cold out here?"

At a gentle breeze blowing in from the bay Mrs. Thayer had been seized by a sudden spasm of coughing.

"You oughtn't to smoke so much," he remarked uneasily as he watched her recover her breath. "Those foreign cigarets, too. I know they can't be good for——"

"Dick!"

At her peremptory tone he stopped abruptly. She was gazing intently up at him, her face dead white except for her scarlet lips and the dark shadows underneath her eyes.

"My dear—let us not pretend any more." Her lips moved in a faint, tired smile. "It is not your fault. You did not know me. Oh, Dick, there are so many things about women like me you do not know. These very cigarets——"

"What do you mean?" he stammered.

"You thought they were tobacco—yes?"

Placing one slim, white hand upon his arm, she drew him nearer to her, and whispered a terrible word in his ear.

"But that's dope!" he cried in a shocked voice. "Good Heavens, you mustn't smoke them. Here, give me that——"

"No, I will nevair give them up!" She

(Continued on Page 54)

From *ONE* single package of Knox Gelatine

you can make a Maple Sponge, a Blanc Mange, a Ham Mousse, and a Prune Oriental Cream!

THESE *four* dishes—all delightful to the eye, delicious to the taste, and beneficial to the health of your family—can be made from one single package of Knox Gelatine. That, certainly, is *economy!* And it is the kind of economy that is easy to practice—because Knox Gelatine is an exquisite food. It is *different* from so-called "jellies". It is plain, pure gelatine, without flavoring, coloring or sweetening. You can combine it with all kinds of fruits or vegetables, fresh or canned—with fish, meats or eggs. You can make *many* unusual desserts and tempting salads. And, because the flavor and color come from real, natural foods, your dishes will have that savory, appetizing appearance and taste which distinguish fine home cooking. You will only begin to enjoy gelatine dishes when you begin to use Knox's. It is *really*—(and not only housewives, but domestic science experts and physicians will endorse this)—"the highest quality for health!" Write today for Mrs. Knox's Books. They contain original recipes that will help you entertain—and valuable suggestions that will help you economize. Please mention your grocer's name and enclose 4c for postage. Address Charles B. Knox Gelatine Company, 135 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, New York.

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[1]
PRUNE ORIENTAL CREAM
(6 Servings)

½ envelope *Knox* Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water. ¼ cup scalded milk
¼ pint heavy cream. ¼ cup milk
½ cup cooked prunes, cut in pieces
½ cup sugar. Whites of two eggs
½ cup chopped figs. Few grains salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in scalded milk, and add sugar. Strain into a bowl, set in pan containing ice water, and stir constantly until mixture begins to thicken; then add heavy cream, diluted with milk and beaten until stiff, prunes and figs, salt, and lastly the whites of eggs beaten very stiff. Turn into a wet mold, the bottom and sides of which are garnished with halves of cooked prunes, and chill. Remove from mold to serving dish and garnish with whipped cream (sweetened and flavored with vanilla), forced through a pastry bag and tube, and chopped pistachio nuts.

[2]
MAPLE SPONGE OR CARAMEL WHIP
(6 Servings)

½ envelope *Knox* Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1¼ cups brown or maple sugar
½ cup hot water
2 egg whites. Few grains salt
½ cup nuts, chopped

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put sugar and hot water in saucepan, bring to boiling point and let boil ten minutes. Pour syrup gradually on soaked gelatine. Cool, and when nearly set add whites of eggs beaten until stiff, and nut meats. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve with custard made of yolks of eggs, sugar, a few grains of salt, milk and flavoring.

[3]
HAM MOUSSE
(6 Servings)

½ envelope *Knox* Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
½ cup hot water
2 cups chopped cold boiled ham
1 teaspoonful mixed mustard
Few grains cayenne
½ cup heavy cream,
or evaporated milk

Soak gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot water, and add to chopped or ground ham; when cold add mustard, cayenne, and cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water. Chill, remove from mold to serving dish, and garnish with parsley.

[4]
BLANC MANGE
(6 Servings)

½ envelope *Knox* Sparkling Gelatine
2 cups milk. ½ cup sugar. Few grains salt
½ teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in one-half cup of the milk ten minutes. Scald remaining milk with sugar and add soaked gelatine and salt. Strain, cool slightly, add flavoring and turn into wet mold. Chill. Serve with currant or strawberry jelly, or with custard, cream or chocolate sauce. Condensed or evaporated milk may be used, allowing one cup milk and one cup water—with the condensed milk, less sugar will be required. COCOANUT BLANC MANGE: When blanc mange begins to stiffen, add one cup cocoanut. Or, stir in any of the following fruits: sliced oranges, peaches, dates or figs. CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE: Add two squares melted chocolate or six tablespoonfuls cocoa to the hot milk and two tablespoonfuls more sugar.

Some Sparkling Gelatine with Lemon Flavoring in separate envelope but not mixed with the Gelatine

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2 In the cheeks, a second pair needs daily care.

3 Under the tongue two more must be kept active. Daily use of Pebeco renews the vigor of the mouth glands, even where the toothbrush cannot reach.

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YOUR PRETTY TEETH and sweet wholesome mouth. These are treasures indeed!

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Pebeco puts the mouth glands back to work. Its important salt awakens them to youthful activity with its keen sharp taste. How fresh and young your mouth feels now!

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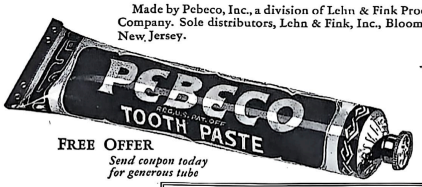

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(Continued from Page 52)

snatched the box he was reaching for, and, with a shrug of her white shoulders, tossed it away. There was a pause.

"So you see it is good-by," she added. "I have decided to return to Europe. In the morning I leave for New York. *Enfin*, try not to remember evil against me."

She had risen and was holding out her hand. Mechanically he took it. His dark face was a study in boyish confusion, but before he could make any reply a smile of grave mischief reappeared on Mrs. Thayer's lips. She leaned forward swiftly, gave him an affectionate little pat on the cheek, and glided away.

He followed her dazedly as far as the door to the dance-floor and then stopped, seeing that she had already found another partner. He drew a long breath.

Suddenly from the kaleidoscope of dancers a radiant face leaped out at him. It wasn't—it *was* Mary Elizabeth!

As she floated past she tossed him a bright, happy smile—the smile of a girl so beautiful that she could afford to be gracious even to a man who had neglected her. It tingled through him. He darted forward to cut in.

In a little while, having taken farewell of a few friends, Mrs. Thayer left the casino. The news that she was leaving Point Prudence spread rapidly.

"Well," announced Mrs. Pye-Smith tartly to the rocking-chair fleet that had assembled on the balcony, "I think it's just as well—just as well!"

"Yes," remarked Dr. Sherwood, but in a very different tone. "I'm afraid she's a very ill woman. The seaside is no place for any one with weak lungs."

He stooped to pick up a cigaret-box that scrunched beneath his rocker and looked curiously at the French inscription on it:

"These cigarets of eucalyptus- and cinnamon-bark constitute a soothing and beneficent emollient for all maladies of the throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs. They are guaranteed to be free of drugs."

He rose and tossed the box idly down into the garden.

"I don't suppose any of you has seen Mary Elizabeth recently?" he asked.

They had not, for the very good reason that Mary Elizabeth and Dick had wandered off where no one should see them.

They were strolling along a hillside. Below them the moonlight fell on long, nebulous scarfs of mist which were trailing in from the bay.

"But my nose!" she was protesting.

"You little goose, do you think beauty's just a matter of sliding planes and surfaces? That isn't beauty. That's geometry. Besides, there's nothing the matter with your geometry!"

He leaned over and kissed her on the very end of her tip-tilted nose.

"Oh, Dick!"

They had stopped. She was looking up at him, her lips parted. And suddenly he kissed her upon them too.

There followed a moment of palpitating silence during which Mary Elizabeth's eyes grew so round and large that he could see their color even in the moonlight. Wonderingly Dick raised his hand and traced her lips with his little finger as if to assure himself that they were real.

"Why, they—they're like warm rose-petals!" he whispered.

Then, all at once, the world seemed to stand still. She was conscious only of his strong arms, the tremendous pounding of his heart against her breast, and, over his shoulder, the long path of dreams that the moon cast down upon the bay.

A LONG box arrived for Mary Elizabeth the next day. When she removed the lid and threw back the wrappings of wax-paper she gave a little gasp of delight.

It was filled with blue-fringed gentians on which the dew still lay in pearly drops. Embedded in the flowers was a corsage-pin of delicately wrought silver set with strange Russian stones. On the card beneath it were written three words:

"Honor between vampires."

The Unfinished House

(Continued from Page 20)

The whole village came to the wedding of Tudor and Liska. Tudor had finished his home first. The youngsters were chiding Anton about his slowness. He answered, in stolid excuse, that he was not intending to build twice. Zaska was keeping away from him. She avoided his eye. Between the dances he saw her talk with Canta, the fiddler. How dare Canta look at her? He had no home. He had not built a home for himself! Anton watched her from the corner of his eye, and it seemed to him he understood. She was doing that purposely, just to annoy him. Yes, that was it.

Well, if she thought to get Anton Paolo riled by such methods she had shot and missed.

He left the festivities abruptly and returned to his home, thinking of the house he was building, of lumber and beams.

Canta talked to Zaska between dances. He marveled himself at her responsiveness to his advances, as if he had somehow made love to her during his absence. He talked to her about the town, about the weddings he had played at, about life, about love. She waited for the dances to end so as to hear him talk. He was warm. Pulsating. Anton spoke of beams and bricks, and worked at an immense house slowly.

THERE was no beginning in that love-making. It was a continuation of something which another one had begun. As if Anton had, building his home in preparation for wooing her, warmed her lips for the real wooer who was to come. She was like a ripe pear, ready to fall. And the arms of the musician were wide open.

The improvident beggar did not wait to first build a home and build it solid enough for all that it was to contain in later years. He wooed and won her the first evening he had seen her. Had he wanted she would have followed him anywhere that very night—anywhere! The older men were frozen to stone. Canta was a man.

He came to see her the following morning. She waited for him. Her mother's home rang with laughter and song, that day and the following. The following Sunday, Zaska went with him to the church. Theirs was the second wedding of the village, so anxious was she to be wedded; because of love, some said, and others said it was to wipe out the insult of Anton's slowness.

ANTON, broken-hearted, left the house unfinished and returned to the mines, anxious to bury himself alive now that his soul was dead.

He was no longer anxious to save the money he earned. He was much more anxious to spend it. The group of youngsters from his village working in the mines were amazed at his spendthrift ways. He was continually anxious to have them about him when he drank. He never spoke a single word of what had happened. He would drink with them silently. When he had drunk himself to oblivion he would fall asleep where he was, with his head on his arms.

Toward the end of the Summer a friend of Anton's came down to work at the mines for a spell. One day Anton asked that friend:

"Has Canta built a home?"

"No, that beggar? They are living in the little shanty across the road from your house." And the friend laughed.

Anton's heart shrank. Late that Fall he returned to his father's home, and almost without any rest he immediately began to work at his house.

The winds became colder and more frequent. The soft soil after a rain had become like brittle glass, that broke underfoot as one walked upon it. Across the road from Anton's house was the

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little shack in which Zaska was living with her improvident husband. During the quiet evenings, when the wind had abated, Anton could hear the clear laughter of both of them coming through the open windows. At other times Canta was playing his violin.

They were as improvident as swallows. Their happiness and their poverty were the talk of the village. While others were preparing for the long Winter months Canta and Zaska were playing and laughing. They were not even thinking of the child she was soon to give to the world.

"How cold she must feel!" Anton thought as he worked. He looked to see if smoke curled from the broken-down brick chimney that stuck out from the slant of the roof. He worked with greater feverishness, faster than he had ever worked before.

Zaska heard the hammering. For whom was he preparing that home? Who was the woman he was going to woo? For whom had he delayed the building of the home last Spring? She passed that year's marriageable girls in quick review and tried to guess his choice. What did it matter anyhow? He had never loved her, and Canta had not waited.

ANTON laid the roof quickly and painted it. The doors and the windows were set in. She saw him work until after sundown, and had even seen the dim light of a lantern at which he worked within the house during long evenings.

"He has learned his lesson," Canta roguishly remarked one evening. She laughed at his sally.

Then one day she saw Anton carry his tools back to his father's home. Whom was he going to woo now that his house was completely finished? There were many only too anxious to live in such a beautiful home.

THE following day the first snow came on the wings of a fierce gale. Anton donned his best clothes, washed, shaved, and, taking the keys of the doors to the new house, he walked over slowly to the little shack in which Zaska lived with her husband. He stopped at the door and listened. Canta was playing.

He knocked at the door. Canta stopped his playing, and Zaska gave a loud cry when she saw Anton enter. He bowed before them humbly as one bows before one's superiors; as one bows before the majesty of great happiness.

He uncovered his head, and, putting the keys into the hands of the astonished Zaska, he said:

"Here are the keys. I have finished the house for you. Go and live in it. And may God be with you both and your offspring."

He left before she could have said a word, and disappeared from the village, never to return to it again. And now Zaska knew what love was!

Society Then and Now

(Continued from Page 4)

This is in part due to the fact that this is a machine age. Instead of giving parties by hand as we used to, there is now a machine for the purpose. The machine is the social secretary. From being a private secretary to one hostess, she now gives her professional services to a whole set, or, alas for the old ideas of exclusiveness! to any one who can pay. Often, too, she has one price for the person of assured position, and quite another for some one she considers still an outsider.

The list of young men is supplied by the secretary, and the hostess frequently does not bother to oversee it. Some times the list has not been kept up to date, and invitations have even gone to people no longer living. Perhaps after all there is something to be said for the suggestion that it is better to let your girls go to a public dance club with a few selected friends than to some of the private parties where any Tom, Dick, or Harry can claim her as a partner.

The old-fashioned waltzes or polkas would seem tedious and slow to the young generation, but when they were danced there was no hurrying through to go on to several other parties. Cotillions were pretty and gay, tho taken very seriously, and the few young men in town deemed worthy of leading them became famous. Early in the evening one's partner reserved two chairs by tying them together with his handkerchief, and later they looked like Christmas trees hung about with the surplus favors one couldn't string on oneself.

What fun it was to leave a ball cramming the carriage with tissue-paper caps and parasols and ribbons of every conceivable hue! Occasionally, however, the offerings were much more valuable, gold pencils and jeweled pins giving us a delightful sense of loot.

The hospitable Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish was always an original hostess even in the days before she left her old house on Irving Place. In my débutante year, I remember carrying home from her cotillion six canaries, all of whom but one died before another day, making me pause for a moment in my debauch of selfish pleasure to wonder what it was all about anyhow. In the long run, tho, if a girl were a Lorelei at heart, cotillions were "nuts" to her.

There were usually few people abroad as we drove sleepily home in the wee small hours. One morning a group of young men wandered up Fifth Avenue singing "Mary Victoria Leiter" over and over again to the latest waltz-tune, and I don't know which echoed louder—their voices or the clap of our horses' hoofs on the pavement. In contrast to the steady hum and roar of the city all night long now, New York was then, after midnight, as quiet as a tomb.

From England came the country house-party. Mrs. Ogden Mills, mother of the lately defeated candidate for Governor of New York, was the first to introduce week-end visiting in her lovely old colonial house on the Hudson. Her guests would arrive on Friday afternoon by train, and from then until Monday morning everything centered around the host and hostess. Golf during the day was followed by cards in the evening, and on Saturday night there was usually a dance.

There and at other places adjacent, such as the Vincent Astors' and the James Roosevelts' and the Archibald Rogers', the motor has not completely destroyed the old order. The advent of indoor tennis-courts and swimming-pools has only added to the earlier attractions.

But on Long Island, and other places near New York, the chief aim is to be mobile, and to see how little time one need spend at one's base. People think nothing of visiting from six to ten houses in an afternoon, and if one meal out of five is taken at home, one can call oneself lucky. Sometimes it must be difficult to recall the name of one's hostess. Perpetual motion is the motto of the present-day week-ender.

WAS there much snobbery in those earlier days? Yes, frankly, I think there was. It was, tho, a transition period between the old aristocratic customs that governed the De Peysters, Van Cortlandts, and Stuyvesants, and the more flamboyant tastes of the bankers and empire-minded railroad-owners of the nineties. Money—not birth—was beginning to take precedence. At many of the most important houses the women whose husbands had the largest bank-accounts were always taken in to dinner by the host, tho the size of a tiara in no way indicated its wearer's wealth. Some with the smallest houses wore them so large that they looked like inverted cake-baskets studded with brilliants.

JUST as a basket of flowers brightens the room with a touch of color, so, too, will Lloyd Loom Woven Furniture in its colorful harmonizing or contrasting tints lend brightness and charm to your home. No woven furniture is finer than Lloyd's. It is woven on the famous Lloyd Loom, is fortified and permanently beautified with a steel wire center in every upright strand. Truly a symphony of comfort, beauty and service. The loom weaves thirty times faster than human hands. So the price is only moderate.

Made in finishes and upholsterings matching any color *motif*. See it at your dealer's. Name on request. But look for the Lloyd name plate—the *surety* for those *steel wire centers*, and the proof of the genuine Lloyd's. Manufactured exclusively by Lloyd Loom Products, Menominee, Michigan.

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772 New York State Doctors *declare:* "Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is most healthful"

FAMILY physicians and specialists,—a representative group of doctors from New York State, were lately asked:

"What kind of baking powder is best from a health point of view?"

And 772 doctors, 83% of all who expressed an opinion, replied, *"Cream of Tartar."*

Experts agree in preferring cream of tartar baking powder, just as housewives prefer it.

* * *

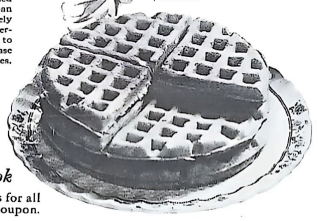
Experienced and inexperienced, alike, women all over the world who are particular about their cookery always use Royal—the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. For 50 years Royal has been made with the finest imported cream of tartar. It leavens perfectly every time—you've never known it to fail. And Royal leaves no bitter taste.

FIG CAKE: Cream 1½ cups sugar and ¾ cup butter; add 1 cup milk. Sift 3 cups pastry flour, ½ tsp. salt and 4 tsps. Royal Baking Powder; add one-half of the flour, then 4 well beaten egg whites, then rest of flour and 1 tsp. lemon extract.

Take ⅓ of the mixture and add 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. nutmeg, 1½ cups finely cut and floured figs and 1 tbsp. molasses. Put in a greased and slightly floured round tube pan a spoon of dark mixture alternately as for marble cake. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.). Increase heat to 360° F. and last half hour decrease to 350° F. Bake about 55 minutes. Makes one 8-inch loaf.

The Cream of Tartar Baking Powder—contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste.

WAFFLES: Recipe for "melt-in-your-mouth" waffles is given in the Royal Cook Book. Send for it—it is free.



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That was a day, too, when a man's ambition was to leave so large a sum in his will that people would marvel. There is certainly not so much snobbery to-day, but as to love of display—well, the quality may have altered, but I doubt that in the long run there is less.

Such newspaper notoriety as is all too common now was unthinkable a quarter of a century ago. Where our fathers felt it was a disgrace to have their private lives laid bare in print, to-day nothing being sacred, in self-defense every prominent person has to employ a press-agent to censor the news that is put out about him. Of course, there are some cases where people employ an agent for the express purpose of advertising their activities, and some have been made by such notoriety. By repetition their names finally come to mean something.

Charitable committees as incubators for unhatched social positions are not to be sneered at. Among the many sincere people who make up these lists may usually be found some who take no real interest in starving babies, but who do recognize the committee as a possible bridge from obscurity to fame. There have been so many ways of scaling what is left of New York's social wall—some original and some so obvious!

I remember one woman coming from a country town who possessed newly acquired wealth and who, under the slightest pretext, showered handsome presents on the merest acquaintances. Where she naturally suffered numerous rebuffs at first, there were many who finally succumbed to her "kind heart," and to-day she continues collecting people to fill her house with the same zest with which others collect *objets d'art* or first editions.

A season or two in London after a rather lukewarm reception in New York has been another clever dodge of some of the newly rich. If they succeed in cutting a dash there, they return with their laurels for another assault on the home town. All Americans appear to look alike to our English cousins, plenty of money to spend or the wits to be amusing being the only requisites for favor.

IT IS easy to understand the ambition of the man from the West who wants, for the sake of his family, to come to New York, where they can get the best the world affords in music and art; tho one hears of far greater opulence and absolute *luxe* in the way of entertainment in Chicago than one often encounters now in the East. And unromantic as it may be—and it may figure subconsciously only in the guests' calculations—any house where there is plenty to eat and drink, and it is certain to be good, will be popular whoever the host.

If the East has something to give the West, it is a fair exchange, as the West brings us much from a broader, simpler, breezier, and a more really democratic civilization. With the greater influx of the rest of the country to New York, the less socially subservient we are to Europe and the more really American we become.

Brother Saul

(Continued from Page 26)

well! To the quick theological argument they were as obedient as the snake to the charmer's pipe. They were as easily lulled.

Now they were nodding quietly. The old Hebrew names were like an incantation over them. They were smiling peacefully as a melomaniac smiles at some beloved air.

"And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gedeon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthae; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets:

"Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions."

He came closer to the ascetic-faced messengers, watched them with his hooded eyes. He was so close to them now that his eyes looked into their eyes. The rest of the synagog were silent and chilled.

"And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment:

"They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword." His eyes threatened them like the blades of spears; "they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented."

He walked out through the thirsty daggers into the night air. Not a blade left its greased sheath. But with the morning he was gone. He could not afford to risk the daggers of the Zealots. There was so much to do.

ABOVE him the Acropolis towered like a threat. Around him was a circle of smiling faces, cynical, ready to jeer. Before him stood Agathias, the bully of the scholastic philosophers, who with cynical humor had him come up the rock-hewn steps to the Areopagus, standing on the "stone of impudence," where once great Socrates had stood. There was a terrible parody intended. They had called him babbler, or pickpocket of philosophy. They were ready to enjoy his discomfiture.

"Ye men of Athens," he began, "I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.

"For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, 'To the Unknown God.' Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.

"God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands;

"Neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed any thing, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things;

"And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation;

"That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not very far from every one of us."

He looked around the assembly. Their faces were bored. Their faces were smiling. Only in two could he read any interest or sympathy. One was of a woman with red-gold hair and a sad face, some hetæra of the expensive class, and the other of an old man, whose face was wrinkled like an ivy-leaf. That was Dionysius, he knew, a member of the court of the Areopagus. Yes, he knew the woman too. Some workman had pointed her out to him. Damaris was her name.

"For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said: 'For we are also his offspring.'

"Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." He looked boldly toward the revered Parthenon, to where Minerva's helmet twinkled in the sun.

"And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent:

"Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

As tho at some unseen signal, a vast shouting laughter was hurled against him. Their faces were red, like the faces of drunken men. They slapped their thighs. Tears rolled down their cheeks. At each effort he made to continue they laughed more. He faltered and stopped.

Agathias was looking at him with his quiet cynic's smile.

"We will hear thee again on this matter," he said with insulting courtesy.

Saul wished, as he stumbled down the sixteen steps toward the ground, that he had remained in Berea and been finished by the Zealots' daggers. They were more merciful than the loud laughter, the cutting smile. The rugged features of Dionysius, the sweet, sad face of Damaris sent him messages of sympathy. But he did not see them. He groped his way through the hooting multitude, blinded with shame.

SHE was so holy that she dwelt apart, the Fallen from Heaven, in a dim, twilight room. A curtain of gold-wrought purple protected her from all eyes. Her secret chamber had a roof of gilded cedar, supported by green jasper pillars. Before the curtain was an altar hewn by great Praxiteles. She was so great that her temple had fourteen vast marble steps, and pillars so high that on their bases were carved full-sized figures of men and women.

And none could pass the great cypress doors of her dwelling-place but with bared feet and spotless bodies. She was so revered that within an arrow-shot of her dwelling-place no freeman could be apprehended, no matter what crime was to his charge. She was so modest that none but gelded priests and virgin nuns could serve her.

She was so rich that her treasuries held merchandise of gold and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls and fine linen, and purple and silk and scarlet, and all thyine wood, and all manner vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of most precious wood. From the top of her temple vast forests could be seen. Oak, cypress, poplar, plane-tree, myrtle, and bay, all were hers, planted for her privacy. Her mantle was flung over Lesbos, and Smyrna, and Helicarnassus, and the songs of the poets were like prayers to her beauty.

She was so memorable that none could leave her city without a statue of her, wrought in gold or silver, porcelain, or even lava and wood—a small pretty woman with a little castle on her wavy hair, about her wrapped a skirt on which were animals and strange symbols, and between her feet a honey-bee.

To her market-place, so great was she, came all the wares of the world: corn from Egypt, glass and brass of Sidon, dyed silks of Tyre, wine and fruit from Cyprus, oil from Palestine, hides and horses from Arabia, jewelry from Damascus, and hordes of slaves, their backs bent from weariness, their bare feet chalked as a sign to buyers. Here were harlots, here philosophers. Here the greatest race-course in Asia. Here a circus where panthers and lions and great baboons of Africa and bears from Tibet, and here Apollonius of Tyana spoke of true philosophy through his thin, scorn-twisted lips.

She was so cold, so aloof, that possibly all this meant nothing to her. There she stood in her dim room, a grotesque, clumsy figure of black stone, dressed in many-hued garments of silk and gold, each color having its meaning. Very removed, very distant she was, but through grove of bay and myrtle, through door of brass and door of marble, from the market-place, from the stall, from the booth of the mountebank, from the philosopher's quiet cell, the invocation of her people came to her, like the murmur of her own golden-winged, brown-bellied honey-bees:

"Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

WELL, he was finished, Saul thought, and he thanked God. All the fighting, all the persecution was finished. He had succeeded. Here in Ephesus was peace. Peter could lord it in Antioch. James and Jude could be brethren of the Lord in Jerusalem. They could hurt him still, but he had succeeded. All was over.

He wanted a little while to think, to be loved, and he could go again to Jerusalem and die. Christ from the Greek heavens flamed from his cross as never did Orion or the Pleiades. Where Greek was spoken Christ lived. Saul's work was done.

Tho they were enemies to him, Peter, and James, John's brother, and the bitter Jude, he was no longer enemy to them. Indeed he had made sacrifices for them, whose depth they would never understand. He had sent Silas to Peter. And Silas had become dear to him, nearly as dear as Barnabas. And each day he worked hard with needle and coarse thread in the sail-loft of Aquila and Priscilla that Peter might have for himself the little comforts he needed. The money that Lydia and the Philippians had settled on Saul he sent to Peter. He got no thanks for it. Well, what did he need with thanks?

With the passing of all fighting, all enmity out of his heart, there had come to him somehow a gift of friendship, of healing that he could not understand. He had helped people in distress at Ephesus, had cured so many of them that they bribed servants for his clothes, thinking there was some special virtue in him that even the least thing he touched must hold it. Invoking his name, they tried to cast out demons. All in the city of Ephesus revered him. In the old days they had revered and feared him. Now they revered and loved him, and his poor old scarred heart flowed over with tears of thankfulness.

Now definitely and forever his lot was with the Greeks. Wherever the Greeks were, he was safe. Both Jew and Jewish Christian hated him with an abiding hatred. They might have forgiven him everything but for the riot at Corinth, where they dragged him before the proconsul Gallio, who dismissed the plea with contempt and quietly and indifferently looked on while the Greek mob took and beat the ruler of the synagog. The Jews screamed for protection, but the calm proconsul looked toward the snowy heights of Parnassus and Helicon as tho he saw them not. They never dared touch Saul again; but with each great friend he made, their anger grew.

WHEN he went to Jerusalem to bring offerings for the poor Christians of the city, he was received with coldness. Peter he had met at Antioch, and Peter had been formally friendly, but at Jerusalem James and Jude implored him to leave quietly. They could give him no protection, they said. Indeed he was a danger to the church there.

Saul smiled a little coldly and left. He had in his mind to ask them what had they done with Christ. He saw little trace of the Master there. Indeed they avoided mentioning Him before Saul, as one avoids mentioning an affair of the family before a stranger. He thought of the flaming enthusiasm of the Greeks, and, leaving James and Jude their share of the Grecians' charity, which they had the grace to avoid counting before his eyes, he left.

Aquila and Priscilla, the sail-makers and tent-weavers, whom he had met at Corinth, and in whose loft he had worked, had left Corinth for Ephesus, and because they were there, and because, too, he had heard of a new great preacher from Alexandria, who taught the resurrection at Ephesus, Saul had decided to go to the city of Diana.

He had expected to arrive in Ephesus unknown, but to his surprize a crowd were awaiting him to escort him to the synagog. Old, bent Aquila and the hard-faced, loud-voiced, warm-hearted Priscilla had gathered all interested to meet him. They told him of Apollos, who had gone to Corinth, a great-framed, massive-headed man, subtle with the subtlety of Egyptians, and yet with a tremendous presence. The Jews in the synagog had listened to Apollos, but Saul found soon that they would not listen to him.

He took advantage of the offer of a Greek teacher of rhetoric, by name Tyrannus, to hold meetings at his school, and to his surprize the big debating-room was filled not only with Ephesians, but with men from Colosse, Hierapolis, and Laodicea. He did not argue with close-knit logic. He was very simple. He felt

(Continued on Page 64)

You expect great things of him

Is he getting every chance? Even a little thing like this counts much

What a long hard stretch he has ahead of him—that boy of yours! Years of study, of growing that will require every bit of mental and physical energy he has.

He needs all the help you can give him. This means not only help in big obvious ways but help in little things, too often overlooked.

For instance, school authorities are pointing out to mothers today one of these important little things.

It is the school day breakfast. They have proved in country wide tests that the kind of breakfast your child eats has a sure effect on the way he grows and learns.

This is now taught in every school health program. As the Breakfast Rule it is displayed on 42,000 school room walls:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast"

Only a *hot* cereal breakfast provides the mental and physical energy your growing children need for the strain of school.

In an experimental health school held at the University of Chicago a hot cereal breakfast was one of the most important means used to bring under par children up to normal.

It is easy enough to understand why nutrition authorities advise a Cream of Wheat breakfast as the best preparation for a good morning's work.

First, a generous dish of Cream of Wheat is just full of energy substance —the mental and physical energy your child must have. Second, it is so easy to digest that he gets *all* the energy it contains. And children love its rich creaminess!

Remember that even such a little thing as the cereal you give your children for breakfast counts much in their development. Tomorrow morning give them the one children's specialists have recommended for 30 years. Cream of Wheat! Your grocer has it.

This boy can knock it out of the lot. One reason is that every morning he eats a hot cereal breakfast—Cream of Wheat

To mothers and teachers

Do you want to get the enthusiastic interest of your children in forming the hot cereal breakfast habit? If so, send for attractive colored poster to hang in your child's room. Posters are designed to make a "personal success" appeal both to boys and to girls of different ages. There is a 4-weeks' record form which the child keeps himself by pasting in a gold star every morning he eats a hot cereal breakfast. We will send posters and gold stars free, also booklet on children's diet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," and sample box of Cream of Wheat to mothers. Quantities for school room use free to teachers. Mail coupon to Dept. E-9, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

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If teacher, number?..... © 1927, C. of W. Co.

LADY MENDL • • • MRS. KELLOGG FAIRBANK

A ROOM BY LADY MENDL—in her house in Sutton Place, New York. Lady Mendl says: "In my own bedroom—which is small—all the furnishings are proportioned to its size—wee slipper chairs, little low tables, a small mantel and a mahogany secretary. The bed—a Simmons model—rather delicate of line with *caned* panels and lightly turned spindles—stands lengthwise along the wall. I have painted my walls and woodwork a soft Adam green and my Simmons bed just a tone darker. Grace-notes of gaiety are added by red sash curtains, over-mantel mirror and little bedside table." For this room Lady Mendl has chosen Simmons Bed No. 1541.

LADY MENDL

better known in this country as Elsie de Wolfe, is one of the first American women to have studied and to have applied the art of interior decoration. Her word in matters of taste in the home is paramount. She stands for perfection of detail, for distinction of arrangement, for the art of choosing things exactly suited to their place and purpose. Her historic home in France near the famous gardens of Versailles is a veritable museum of beauty.

EACH CREATES A BEDROOM

THREE American women whose names proclaim their high social standing and whose beautiful homes are eloquent evidence of their good taste, have created the three charming bedrooms shown here—each reflecting the special flair of its owner for arrangement, design and color.

The charm and distinction of these rooms are the result—not of the expenditure of great sums of money—quite the contrary. Their beauty has grown from careful planning and from the selection of just the things that are right for the use that is to be made of them.

Since in any bedroom the bed is the most important piece, it should be chosen with regard for proportion, color, and appropriateness. And its comfort-giving and wearing qualities must be carefully considered, too.

IN each of these three bedrooms, the beds selected are by the Simmons Company, largest manufacturers of beds in the world. You may have these or any of the new Simmons models, in walnut or mahogany finish or the gay color schemes that are now so good with painted furniture.

As for service, Simmons Beds are so perfectly constructed you may be sure they will *never* squeak or wobble. The finish is baked on so that it never crazes, never chips. They withstand the dry air of heated homes, the sudden changes from hot to cold, moist to dry. Being made of metal, these beds are practically indestructible.

You may purchase the simplest style of Simmons Bed for as little as $10.00. The handsomer designs run up to $60.00. The new and greatly improved Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, of inner coil construction, upholstered in cotton felt, $39.50. West of the Rocky Mountains, $41.50. Beautyrest, hair upholstered, from $60.00 to $100.00. Simmons Mattresses of cotton felt, $10.00 up. Simmons Springs, $7.00 to $60.00. The name Simmons is plainly marked on every piece. The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco, Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles.

SIMMONS

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

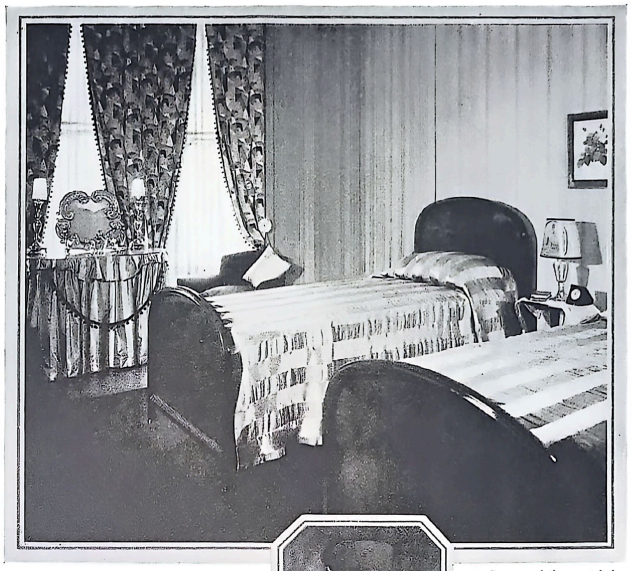
In MRS. FAIRBANK'S *home*

Of the guest room in the old family home of the Fairbanks, in Chicago, Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank says: "The color scheme is rose, taupe and black. The curtains are made of modern French linen in a cubist design. The walnut-finished Simmons beds are exactly right in this environment." Indeed, these beds with their suave oval lines and handsome solid panels of head and foot-board are typical of the severe simplicity of modern art. The woodwork of this interesting room is painted pale rose. The walls are hung with two-tone gray striped paper. The carpet is black velvet. The bedspreads are of silver tissue. The dressing-table is draped with crisp rose taffeta; an Eighteenth century Venetian mirror stands on it, with a powder bowl in rare old lustre, and a pair of silver candlesticks with rose shades. The *fauteuil* is cushioned in black velvet.

MRS. ROOSEVELT'S *bedroom*

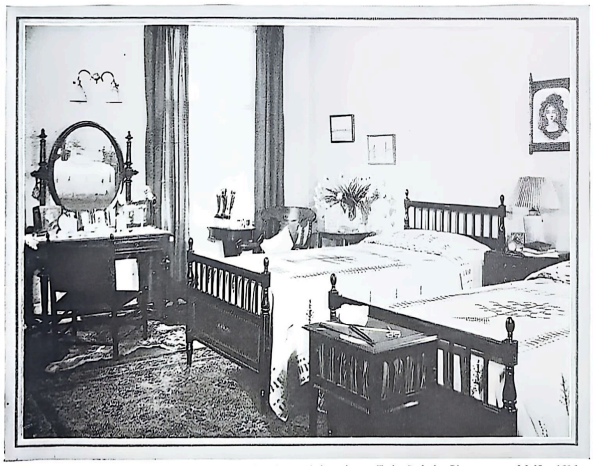
Of her own bedroom in her New York home, MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT says:

"I have chosen for my room twin beds by Simmons finished in walnut — demure little beds with low headpieces and panels with little knots of flowers. I have covered them with spreads of unbleached homespun, cross-stitched in green with designs of fir trees. Between the beds stands a little night table with lamp and books. Near the window, a deep rocker marks the spot for the children's story hour. A mahogany dressing table, with my toilet silver and many photographs, a work table, vases and pots of flowers complete the atmosphere of inviting warmth and hominess."



For one of the guest bedrooms in her Chicago home, Mrs. Fairbank has chosen Twin Simmons Beds, model No. 1534.

MRS. KELLOGG FAIRBANK *is a distinguished hostess of Chicago. Her New Year parties and her house-parties at her estate on Lake Geneva are famous. She is active in the Democratic Party, and has written several novels and a play.*



For her own bedroom in her New York home, Mrs. Roosevelt has chosen Twin Beds by Simmons, model No. 1595.

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT *well known to women throughout America. She is a member of the New York State Democratic Committee and is deeply interested in housing reform. Her country place at Hyde Park near Poughkeepsie and her New York house on East 65th Street where this photograph was taken, have the true home spirit, where comfort and taste keep each other company.*

BEDS SPRINGS MATTRESSES

BUILT FOR SLEEP

Free

Generous Supply ~ ~ Note Coupon

NOW, YOUR MAKE-UP CAN LAST 9 HOURS

9AM

You apply it; just a single exquisite touch

Your skin still fresh as the morning

6PM

TO look your best all day long! To retain that morning freshness! A few magic touches when you dress for the day—nine hours later your skin has retained its satisfying appearance.

Here is a new and widely recommended beauty help, developed by the Elcaya Company, in its internationally famous laboratory, employed by smart women everywhere.

Now you can keep your skin smooth and charming—free from shine—all day long, whether it be oily or dry or normal.

Creme Elcaya is a new-type foundation—different entirely. A light touch in the morning—then powder and rouge all you wish. No more streaking—no caking.

At noon, at 3, at 6 your skin is still as fresh as in the morning.

The effect of Creme Elcaya is more than temporary. Used with simple home treatments which accompany it, Creme Elcaya scientifically normalizes oily or dry skins to youthful fineness.

Now to prove to you as we have to thousands upon thousands of women that Creme Elcaya offers a new and better way to retain morning freshness all day long, we gladly send you a generous sample tube. We ask you to become acquainted with this new way to all-day charm.

Merely mail us the coupon below and we send the free tube, together with complete directions. Better still, buy a jar at your favorite toilet goods counter.

Once you use Creme Elcaya, you'll be delighted. Never, you'll agree has your skin appeared so satisfying.

Standard Size Jars . 60c.
Tubes . . . . . 25c.

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Mail this for generous supply to

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(Continued from Page 61)

his heart full, and he tried to give them the liquor of his heart. He was very, very quiet.

"Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ;

"And to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ; . . .

"For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

He knew now he was drawing toward his death, so kindly was every one to him. The sharp eyes of Luke never left him, and Timothy was ever by his side. As he sewed in the sail-loft the son of Eunice was ready with the apparatus of the scribe to write at his dictation: his rolls of papyrus, his lead disk to mark the furrows for the pen, his whetstone and knife, his notched reeds, his ink-box and little sponge.

"WHEN I was a child," he dictated, "I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly;" the rest of the workers in the room had laid their tasks away and were listening, "but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three;" he paused, thinking an instant; his voice fell, "but the greatest of these is charity."

Wherever he went now in the city, always under the sharp eyes of Luke, always accompanied by Timothy, old men touched their foreheads and young women turned to look. Wherever he went the sick, the crippled, the troubled waylaid him. For each he did his best, praying until the sweat stood almost in blood upon his forehead and until Luke cried furiously: "No more!"

"But, Luke, dear Luke——"

Luke was hard as a buckler of brass. "I said: No more. Ho, shallow Ephesians! Would you kill your friend and healer?" And, calling for aid, he shouldered a way for Saul through the mob. For sanctity and charity his name became known through the whole city and province. Out of their dark lairs the Magi came by night to Saul, expecting to find in him some deeply versed cabalist, who by study had power over devils. They found a worn-faced, white-headed man, who held them intensely by his eyes, whose clear wisdom swept away their magic, who persuaded them to burn their obscene books of sorcery, compiled out of the mud and madness of the East.

HE HAD sent to Corinth a message to have Apollos come to him, for he was vastly interested in, and a little afraid of, this polished Alexandrian, who had at his finger-tips all the arts that Saul lacked—all the tradition of Alexandrian scholarship—the man to whom Greeks and Jews would listen. When Apollos came he reminded him a little of Barnabas, so vast his frame was, but Barnabas did not have his dignity, his depth of eye.

"Are you satisfied with me, dear master?" Apollos asked.

"Who am I to be satisfied with you, Apollos? And who am I to be your master? You are so clever, so learned, so young!"

"I am clever and learned," Apollos smiled. "But how many are that! And I can fascinate men's minds, but the next fascination wears that away, as the magpie is drawn by the next bright thing. But a word of yours, dear master, goes to the heart and grows and blows like a flower. What have I done but argue in universities? and you have walked where sands burn and the days are dazed with heat and the nights dim, and God has wrapped you in His mantle. That which I sense, you know it face to face.

"I preach and teach. My consciousness strives to touch the infinite. And I fail, Saul, I fail. I have never said before to any soul how I fail. Dear master you do not know how tempted I am to leave the resounding halls, and take refuge in some little isle of Greece, and watch the silent ships float by. I am very sick of thought, Saul. I grow weary for wheat and wine."

He looked for an instant at the great frame of Apollos, the broad brow and massive features. He put his hand on the hand of the Alexandrian mystic.

"Be simple, beloved Brother Apollos. Listen to me, and be not angry with an old man. I know the turbulence and enmity of philosophic schools. Apollos, let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice. And be kind to every one, tender-hearted, forgiving each one, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. When the heart is like an unruffled pool at the evening the Logos comes. This is wisdom, Brother."

"As I listen to you, Paulos, the terror and defeat, the red glare of hell pass away, and the silver figure, the golden locks of Christ fill the sky for me. I see Him, newly revealed, Lord of the sky, born of old time, new-born son, ever existing and preexisting, highest and last, coeval with the Immortal Father, in all ways like Him. Paulos, my master——"

"No man's master, beloved Apollos, but just Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ!"

ALL day long the city had buzzed with dull anger, like a nest of wasps. From sook and market-place the cry of the townsman: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" had thundered like a call to battle. For months now the gild of silversmiths had nursed a bitter rancor against Saul and his associates. The little figures of Diana, many-breasted, mystic-runed, with her honey-bee between her feet, made of silver or gold or precious stone; the replicas of the temple, carved cunningly in ivory or fashioned in bronze, lay on their shelves.

The visitors to Ephesus no longer sought the great temple of Diana, but went to hear the gaunt figure with the burning eyes who preached of a God who did not dwell in a temple made with hands, but in whose Son's heart was sanctuary for each broken soul.

So with the coming of Diana's month, and the slackness in the purchase of their wares, the silversmiths lost all patience. The festival seemed hollow. More turned to the disciples of the Tarsan prophet than watched the mad priestesses with streaming hair and torches of pine. The processions that filled the streets with festivities might have been so many funerals, so little attention was paid to them.

But suddenly the syndic of the silversmiths began to speak against Saul. And suddenly the mob, with the fickleness of Orientals, took up the cry, and, catching hold of two of Saul's disciples, Gaius and Aristarchus, rushed with them to the theater. The mad priests, the townfolk, the camelmen moved in a gray wave toward where the proconsuls sat.

Saul was sitting with Aquila in his dwelling-house when the news came to him that Gaius and Aristarchus were taken. He reached for his staff. But Aquila barred the way.

"You shall not go!"

"My children are in danger, Aquila. I must be with them."

"Your children are in no danger. Ho! you have been in Ephesus three years, and you know nothing of Ephesians. They will do none any harm, save by due process of law."

"I must go."

"You shall not go."

A burst of sound broke in on them.

"Listen," Aquila urged, "if you appear there will be a terrible outbreak. And I have sent to find news. Here is Philo from the Asiarch. What news, Philo?"

The Ephesian was smiling and bland. "The Asiarch's message to Saul, the citizen, the tent-maker. Stay within. All is well. Your friends are untouched."

But Saul was silent and grave.

(Continued on Page 66)

"They saved my work also my play"

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WHAT a wonderful thing to find yourself suddenly happy and successful when you have come to expect failure and wretchedness!

Such is the amazing story told by a Connecticut woman. She is a teacher during the winter, then in the summer she adds to her income and finds recreation as head waitress at a fashionable hotel on the coast of Maine.

"During the spring of 1925," she writes, "my feet began to trouble me so much that I did not even attempt to stand while I taught my classes.

"Then when I went to the hotel for my summer work, I found my life unendurable. Aching feet, jagged nerves—what a mockery to welcome guests with a smiling face!

"The future loomed dark before me. No more pleasant and profitable summers; no more delightful days by the sea; and most likely no more school teaching.

"Naturally I was frantic. And as a last resort I went to the local shoe dealer for help. He fitted me with a stylish pair of your wonderful Arch Preserver Shoes.

"I was willing to try them, but I had little faith. Surely, my troubles were too great to be solved by a mere pair of shoes — especially such good-looking shoes!

"Oh, what a bright, sunshiny day it was for me when I put on those shoes. And before the week ended I was able not only to do my work with ease and comfort — on my feet over eight hours daily — but I could again take my delightful walks along the beach when off duty.

"Arch Preserver Shoes have saved my work, for which I am grateful beyond expression. They also saved my pleasures, which seem to me now even more of a blessing! And they have done all this while permitting me to wear the smartest styles."

Women who do things must have active feet as well as fashionably groomed feet. The matter of having active feet is today not a problem. There is no longer any doubt about the results of wearing this correctly designed, smartly styled shoe.

This is the shoe that has a concealed, built-in arch bridge to provide natural support underneath the entire foot. There can be no sagging and straining of the delicate weight-bearing structure of the foot. Also, this shoe has a flat inner sole, crosswise, that prevents pinching of the nerves, bones and blood-vessels.

Foot health means usefulness. Elimination of foot abuse means comfort. Foot usefulness and foot comfort combine to make foot happiness. And especially when you have lovely styles designed by our New York studio in collaboration with our Paris correspondent.

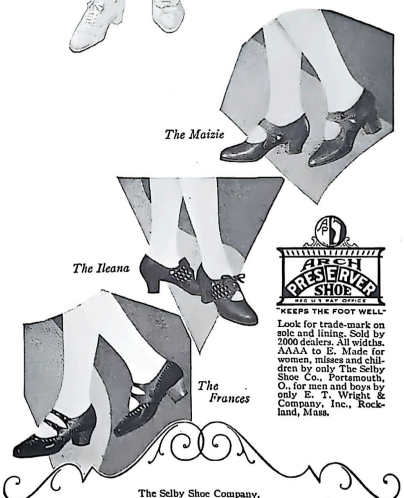
Arch Preserver Shoes give support where support is needed — at the arch — and yet they bend freely at the "ball," the only place the foot itself bends.

For active, resultful days, for happy joyous evenings — a "new world of foot happiness" — you should wear the Arch Preserver Shoe. No other shoe can give you the same advantages, because its patented features cannot be successfully imitated.

Return the coupon below and we will mail you the name of your nearest dealer who will correctly fit you and your children; and we will also send you a copy of the interesting booklet "A New World."

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed— bends where the foot bends



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"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Look for trade-mark on sole and lining. Sold by 2000 dealers. All widths. AAAA to E. Made for women, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O., for men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass.

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610 7th St., Portsmouth, O.
Send booklet R-10 "A New World" and dealer's name.

Name.....
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I usually buy my shoes from.....
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Children's Hair Looks Twice as Beautiful

—when Shampooed this way

Try this quick and simple method which thousands of mothers now use. See the difference it will make in the appearance of YOUR CHILD'S hair.

Note how it gives life and lustre, how it brings out all the natural wave and color. See how soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking the hair will look.

ANY child can have hair that is beautiful, healthy and luxuriant.

It is NO LONGER a matter of luck.

The beauty of a child's hair depends ALMOST ENTIRELY upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When a child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure.

It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust and dirt.

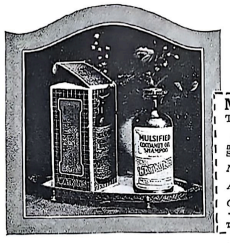
Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright and fresh-looking and make it fairly sparkle with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



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1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid. Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

Name.....

Address.....

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In Canada address THE R. L. WATKINS CO., 402 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ont.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

(Continued from Page 64)

"I shall leave Ephesus. I have spoilt their festival."

"But God of our fathers! Why will you go? Everybody in Ephesus is your friend. A few sweepers of camels' dung make a riot. What do you care?"

"If I stay, Aquila, the silversmiths will always hate me. If I go, the church will still go on. I shall go."

"But whither?"

"Jerusalem."

Without, the thunder of the populace still grumbled, a rumbling, threatening noise. But within, a stricken silence had come over every one. The mention of Jerusalem was like the producing of a shroud. A strange exalted look came into Saul's eyes. And suddenly a slave girl burst into a passion of weeping.

HIS journey toward Jerusalem was like that of a conquered king going to his death. He had now in his mind the fixed idea that wherever he went would be riot and civil commotion. And were he to abide in any town, it would only be to the detriment of religion. In Corinth, where Apollos was, sects were brewing, and he knew were he to live there, it would only bring matters to a head. His letters would have more power than his aged self. Peter was in Antioch. There he could not abide for fear of trouble with Peter. In Philippi, well, he could not be Lydia's pensioner there. Tarsus, the town whence he was sprung—he was too much the man of action to live quietly in retirement.

And now he knew too that the Zealots in Jerusalem were whetting their knives afresh. They were appalled by the vast work of the Tarsan apostle, and to their schemes, their dreams of rebellion he was a menace. The dagger-men of the Temple stroked their left sleeves with their right hands when his name was mentioned: "Saul of Tarsus? Saul of Tarsus? Who is Saul of Tarsus? Ah, yes," they would smile, "you mean: the dead man."

Everywhere he had converts in Greece he went to bid them farewell. The Ephesians insisted on two lean, ascetic young men accompanying him and Timothy. At Berea old Sopater insisted on going with him, and near Troas old Gaius of Derbe joined them. The old shepherd-king was mild as milk, but beneath his cloak, unknown to Saul, hung a terrible two-edged sword.

The journey passed like a journey in a dream. He sent forward Titus from Ephesus to Corinth with a letter, and a request for offerings for the poor at Jerusalem, and while he waited for him at the house of Lydia in Philippi, Saul fretted. What was going on at Corinth? He heard vague rumors of Apollos being hailed as equal to Christ. When Titus came, bearing news that all the trouble at Corinth had been exaggerated, his heart rose again.

He wept when he took leave of the Philippians, and the Philippians wept with him, all but Lydia. Dry-eyed, proud-faced, and upright, she was silent until he came to her. And then she looked at him.

"Saul," she said quietly, "is this resurrection—is it true?"

"If it is not true," he said, "then we are of all men most miserable."

"Do not quibble with me, Saul. Is it true?"

"It is true."

"Oh, then," she said, "I shall see you when we awake." And spoke no more. She moved off down the quayside.

THE wind was dead against them, so that it took them five days, dodging and shifting like a wrestler, to come to Troy. The night was dropping over Mount Ida and the little isles, but friends had been waiting on the quay since dawn, and against Luke's plea that he was tired, Saul would speak to them. There was so much to say, and so little time. He went to an upper room in the city. Unostentatiously the two Ephesian athletes posted themselves at the door.

How long he had been speaking he did not know, when the sharp screaming of women stopped him. He did not understand, thinking possibly that the dagger-men of the Temple who had been following him in Greece as stoats follow a hare had tracked him down. Sopater of Berea went quietly out into the night.

He came back with a worried look.

"What is it?"

"It is a little boy," Sopater answered, "who has fallen from a window."

"Is he hurt?"

"He—he is dead."

Saul pushed his way out, and down the stairs, into the starlit night. He put the screaming women aside.

The child lay on the rough cobbles, limp, broken like a half-filled sack. Luke was kneeling beside him. His face was white.

"He was listening to you in the third loft," a woman sobbed, "and sleep came on with the lateness of the hour, and he fell."

"Hush, Mother," Saul said.

He straightened the lad's arms, and, kneeling beside him, suddenly he lay on him, embracing him mouth to mouth, heart to heart. And with a vast effort Saul sent the vitality out of himself. He could feel it leaving him, like blood from cut arteries. A little dizziness came over him, and he was cold to the knees.

"Live, child, live," he whispered.

He felt a murmur of life in the boy, and suddenly the boy's heart answered his like a faint echo, and then began to beat in rhythm with his, like two drums beating. He felt him stir.

"Sleep, child, sleep," he murmured, "and awake with the sun."

He rose up. Never had he felt so weak, so old.

"Trouble not yourselves," he told the women. "Life is in him."

He went back to the upper room. His knees were shaking. He could not see the rough notes in his hand.

He gathered himself for an effort. He leaned back, drawing great drafts of air down his nostrils.

HE HAD in his mind to meet James and Jude face to face at Pentecost, and to bring for the poor Christians in Jerusalem the huge purse gathered in Macedonia, but before going he could not resist the temptation to see the beloved faces in Ephesus. He went by foot to Assos, sending Luke and Timothy ahead, and, taking ship there, drove over the blue carpet of the sea. They stopped overnight in Mitylene, in Sappho's Lesbos. They stopped at Miletus, while the elders of Ephesus came to see him.

Saul could hardly speak for the filling of his heart and eyes.

"On board, sir, on board," the master of the vessel urged. "The little tide is ebbing."

He could not bear to look at the weeping faces by the quay. Steadily he sat by the great mainmast, looking forward to the south. Afar off was purple Patmos, with its dark caves. They came swift as a gull to Patara, where the great Yellow River spewed into the violet sea. They changed ship, and went all night through the hissing ocean. At dawn Cyprus showed like a rosy cloud on their left-hand side. It dropped behind their quarter.

They stopped over at Tyre to unload and receive cargo. They touched Ptolemais. They rounded Carmel, and the sweet plain of Sharon, fertile with wheat and barley, opened before them. At Cæsarea they left the ship.

He felt a little embarrassment at stopping in the household of Philip, whom himself had driven from Jerusalem so many years before. But the bowed old man, with the four beautiful daughters, was hospitality's and friendship's self. And all Cæsarea came to do him reverence and honor.

While he was resting there one evening, talking to them, a wild figure with haggard eyes burst in on them. Something about the man was familiar.

"Who is this?" he asked.

"It is Agabus," he was told. And Saul remembered the wild-eyed man who had prophesied to them in Antioch of the coming famine in Jerusalem.

(Continued on Page 68)

Accept this New Tonic Face Powder

Free With America's Most Famous Bleach Creme

TO introduce this wonderful new kind of face powder we are making an amazing special offer to all women who are eager for a crystal clear skin. We are going to give a full size 75c box of this new powder FREE with every jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme—the most popular, most used Bleach Creme in America!

Golden Peacock Tonic Face Powder is an entirely new idea in face powders—it is composed of certain imported ingredients which actually improve the health and beauty of the skin. It cleanses the skin of impurities, closes enlarged pores, soothes irritation, and corrects oily skin.

Then, too, it is marvelously adhesive—it clings despite wind and perspiration until washed off.

And now through this big special offer you can try this new Tonic Face Powder without the slightest expense—a full size box FREE with Golden Peacock Bleach Creme.

How a Million Women Keep Their Skin Dazzling White . . Free from All Blemishes

Today there is no excuse for any woman having freckles, sallow skin or blackheads! For now a new easy treatment—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme—clears and whitens your skin almost overnight. Already a million women are using this new discovery to keep their skin a faultless, dazzling white.

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And now for a limited time only we are making this big special offer. Go to your favorite drug or department store and ask for a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. If you present the attached coupon to your dealer he will give you absolutely FREE a full size 75c box of that unique new kind of Face Powder—Golden Peacock Tonic Powder!

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You do not pay one penny for the large box of powder—all that you pay for is the Bleach Creme at its regular price . . surely an unusual offer.

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Golden Peacock
Bleach Creme...Tonic Face Powder

I have found that Golden Peacock Bleach Creme gives wonderful results. It quickly removes tan and sun freckles and clears up pimples and blackheads. Then, too, it leaves the skin in a white, smooth condition—wonderfully soft and clear.
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This coupon entitles the bearer to a full size box of Golden Peacock Tonic Face Powder when purchasing a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme from an Authorized Dealer before July 15th, 1927.

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How to get 8 hours of Sound Sleep

Please note below the 3-day test offer

Now from Switzerland . . . a safe,* natural *way to Instant Sleep—that rests and rebuilds—and gives you renewed energy

Modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to instant restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

You go to sleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow—sleep 'like a babe' until six or seven in the morning—and get up abounding with healthy vigor.

Morning finds you fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. Youthful in looks and spirit. And you have the energy to carry on right through the day and into the evening.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.

The 3-day test we offer here will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Luxurious sleep that restores

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep quickly and naturally. This is why:

FIRST—it digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion. It combines certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. *One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.*

SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods you eat.

Thus, soon after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

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In the morning you awaken, looking and feeling years younger. You are a new being for a new day. You are alive with energy to carry you buoyantly through the day.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. It has been used in Switzerland for 30 years and is now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war Ovaltine was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today it is used in hundreds of hospitals. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it, not only as a restorative, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nursing mothers, convalescents, invalids, nerve-strain, backward children and the aged.

Many take a cup of Ovaltine two or three times a day for its natural stimulation. It's truly a "pick-up" drink.

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All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

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I used to lie awake two or three hours before I could go to sleep. I did not sleep more than four hours a night and then not soundly. Since taking Ovaltine I notice that I go to sleep immediately after retiring.
Mrs. Chester O. Willson,
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For two months prior to taking Ovaltine I had not been sleeping more than two or three hours a night. Now I go to sleep any time I desire and wake up refreshed. It has helped me wonderfully.
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THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 225
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I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

(One package to a person)

(Continued from Page 66)

"What, poor Agabus, do you remember me?" Saul asked him.

But the mad prophet uttered no word. He unloosened Saul's broad linen girdle, and, binding it about his own feet and hands: "Thus saith the Holy Ghost," he cried, "so shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle, and shall deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles."

There was a moment of silence, while the prophet stood like a man turned to stone. Quietly Philip said: "Saul, do not go." But he would not be persuaded. And for the first time in his life Timothy cried.

"What mean ye to weep and break my heart?" Saul said.

THEY had met him—the elders of the church at Jerusalem—with the kiss of peace. They had met him with open hands. They had taken his money. They had listened to his story of the conquest of paganism with politeness. Peter was in Antioch, and John with him, and here were only James the Thunderer and the little Jude. The others were Pharisees.

They smiled as he told them of the perils he had run. Ah! he must be reasonable. After all, he had only himself to blame: Did he not expect trouble? Times were difficult. He was the friend of Romans. And if he were a friend of the Romans he was no friend of the Jews. But if he were reasonable— They paused.

"I am a very old man, very tired. What would you have me do?"

There were four Nazarites, they explained, who were under a vow of purification. If he would purify himself with them, and pay their charges——

"Very well!"

So for four days now he stood meekly in the pen of the Nazarites, while all came to look at him and mock him. Here was the man who had preached against the Law of Moses, and now for his sins he was fulfilling the Nazarite vow. The naked-footed priests passed him with a smile. When James passed he was magnificent and unctuous—and satisfied. The very beggars cackled at his humiliation.

He stood now in the pen of the Nazarites, near the Women's Court, stupid a little, and ashamed of himself. Had he done right in submitting himself to avoid war with the elders at Jerusalem? He doubted it. The hostile priests, the multitude of pilgrims went in and out, and over in the Antonia tower the bored officer changed the guard. Saul, looking up, saw a face livid with hatred.

It was Alexander, the coppersmith of Ephesus, who had been all but beaten by the Asian mob, and near him stood four youths with full lips, with cold, smiling eyes. Alexander's finger shot out accusingly.

"Men of Israel, help!" he cried. "This is the man that teacheth all men everywhere against the people, and the Law, and this place!" The pilgrims stopped.

Tychicus and Trophimus of Ephesus, the young Greek athletes, appeared in the middle of the mob. There was a smile on their lips. But Alexander had seen them.

"And further brought Greeks also into the Temple, and hath polluted this holy place."

Saul saw the furious multitude turn on the Ephesians, saw them disappear under a flood of blows. He started forward. Then the dagger-men rushed. He saw their design in a minute. If they could drag him from the Women's Court, through the gate called Beautiful, down the fifteen steps outside it, they would come to the middle wall or partition, where no alien, even a Roman, could set foot under pain of death. They were silent. They panted like dogs.

Outside somewhere a shout arose, a great brazen cry, calling for the Roman soldiers. "Make way!" they called. "Ho, Jews! Make way." The captain of the Temple and the Levites struggled to shut the gate in the faces of the mob. Then the Roman guard crashed into the mob, hitting terribly. They struck silently, laughing silently, and, terrified as sheep before wolves, the white-faced mob fell back.

"May I speak unto thee?" Saul called the captain of the band.

"What? Can you speak Greek?"

"I am a Jew of Tarsus," Saul said. "Let me speak to the people."

The captain looked at the maddened mob below. He thought for a minute. "Perhaps you can clear up the mistake yourself," he said.

Saul stood up, surrounded by a belt of Roman spears. He raised his manacled hands. Below him a great crowd had gathered from all parts of the Temple. They growled and spat as he stood there, with his torn tunic and disheveled white beard.

"Men, brethren, and fathers, hear ye my defense. . . ." Their own Syro-Chaldaic came quietly from his lips. They were so astounded they were silent. He knew them, ah! How he knew them! Words caught them as the fowler's lime catches birds. They listened to his tale of visions and voices as children listen to tales of Solomon and the djinn. The Roman captain stood by quietly, translating the Syro-Chaldaic into Greek in his clumsy, plodding way. What in the name of the gods was all this about?

"And he said unto me," Saul uttered quietly, "'Depart: for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles.'"

At the hated word the mob's fury broke out afresh.

"I'll be crucified if I know what it's all about," the captain of the band said. "He's guilty of something. That's evident. Take him and flog him. Perhaps the rope's end will make him talk."

They gave Saul no opportunity to speak. They rushed him to the triangle in the courtyard, and were binding his wrists with leather thongs. They stripped his back. On it already were the marks of scourgings. "Aha! an old one!" they said.

A dull fury seized Saul. He came here to die, not to be scourged. He looked at the centurion standing by, ready to give the word to strike.

"Is it lawful for you," Saul asked with quiet emphasis, "to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?"

The centurion turned white.

"Immortal gods!" he said, and went out.

He was back in an instant with the chief captain. The captain was incredulous.

"Tell me, are you a Roman?"

"Yes."

He was puzzled. He looked at Saul's poor cloak and worn sandals.

"It cost me a great price to become a Roman citizen," he smiled.

"But I was born free," Saul said.

The captain wavered; decided. With the roar of a bull he ordered the slaves to cut loose the cords.

"Why didn't you say so at first?" he asked pathetically. "Immortal gods! A Roman says he is a Roman, and Rome stands by. Sir, is all this a religious matter?"

"Yes," said Saul.

"Better have it cleared," he advised. "I shall have the Sanhedrin meet. But it will be safer for you to stay in the Antonia, I warn you. Stay here to-night. Will you?"

"Yes, Officer. And will you show me to my room?" he asked. "I seem to be very tired now."

THEY sat on their cushions of red leather in the dim council hall, their faces beaked like hawks', their eyes like hawks' eyes. There they sat, the Serpent House of Hanan; Ananias the son of Nebedeus, his fat, glutton's body, his coarse, glutton's face; Ananias, the high priest, soon to be dragged out of a sewer and killed by his own dagger-men. There were the sons of the older, the dreadful but the great Ananias—keen, bitter men. There were the sons of his old teacher Gamaliel, Simon and Joshua. Saul looked at them. Their faces were cold and reticent, like the faces of men who live by playing at dice.

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"Men and brethren," he began, "I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day."

"Hit the swine on the mouth," came the voice of the high priest. A Temple priest cut Saul's lips against his teeth.

"God shall smite thee, thou whited wall," Saul was pale with fury, "for sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law?"

The assembled council were white with a sudden fear. They saw the burly captain's quivering nostrils, angry at the insult to a Roman. They looked at one another with meaning glances.

"Revilest thou God's high priest?" quavered a Sadducee.

"I wist not, brethren, that he was the high priest: for it is written, 'Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people.'"

He waited an instant. His taunt went home. The Pharisees glared at Ananias with sullen rage. Their eyeballs were shot with red. The air became tense and quivering like the air before a storm.

"Men and brethren," Saul's voice rang like a Roman trumpet, "I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee: of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question."

ALL their dignity of white robes and blue-fringed head-dresses, of red judicial seats, and broad phylacteries; all their wisdom—all left them. They raged. Pharisee against Sadducee, like factions of village urchins against each other. Only the sons of Gamaliel, his old school fellows, strove for peace and quiet.

"We find no evil in this man:" they pleaded as one; "but if a spirit or an angel hath spoken to him—" they were very gentle, very kind—"let us not fight against God."

None heard them; none paid attention to them. The clamor, the disputing, the cursing continued. Only the high priest was silent. His dull toad's eyes rested malevolently on Saul. And then, without his head moving, his eyes searched the hall. The captain of the band had noted them.

"Fall in around my prisoner!" he thundered. "Right about! March!"

PAUL had expected, in the fortress Antonia, that as soon as the news of the trial came out, the byways would be full of Jews clamoring for his blood. But there was silence. Timothy and Luke came to see him, and told him of the safety of the Ephesian wrestlers, and of old Gaius, who was seeking an interview at Cæsarea with Felix. But when Saul asked after the brethren at Jerusalem, Timothy and Luke were silent, full of scorn.

"You must sleep, sir. You must drink this."

All day and all night he slept. He was so worn out that he lay on his couch like a dead man. And as he slept he seemed to see once more the Beloved Face, hear the Beloved Voice. "You must go to Rome," he thought he heard It say. When he awoke he was cheerful, but silent, thinking deeply, thinking long.

"A boy wishes to see you, Father," Timothy said, "The guard are just examining him."

The boy was muffled to the eyes, but about his eyes there was something that drew Saul's heart. He had something to tell Saul, he said. Forty fanatics, he panted, had sworn not to eat or drink while Saul remained alive. They had gone to Ananias and engaged him in the plot. Their plan was this: to have Lysias, the captain of the troops, bring Saul once more before the Sanhedrin, on pretext of a more detailed trial, and on the way to the council hall, or even at the very knees of the high priest, to kill him.

IF THIS had been known to Saul two days before, he would have smiled. Let them; he was ready to die. But in sleep he had heard the Logos, and the word: Rome.

"You had better call the centurion, Timothy, and lead this boy to Lysias."

The boy sank on his knees and kissed Saul's hand, and, following the centurion and Timothy, left the room. All day the sun glinted on the colored pillars and brass gates of the Temple, but no brethren of Jerusalem came to visit Saul. The sun dropped. Perhaps now it was dark they would come. But they never came. He left the roof of the fortress and went to his room.

The captain of the city came in with a great cloak over his arm. With him was Timothy.

"Well, Rabbi," the captain asked, "are you feeling fit for a long ride?"

Saul looked at him in surprize.

"I am sending you to Cæsarea," Lysias explained; "you will be safer there. Felix, the governor, will take care of you."

LYSIAS led him into the courtyard. Torches shone on the leather jerkins and brass caps of the Roman troops, showed the hogged manes and silken rumps of horses.

"Is all this for me?" Saul asked.

"All for you. Two centurions, four hundred men, and seventy horsemen, just like a king."

Saul looked around the courtyard.

Timothy touched his arm. "What is it, Father?"

"I thought perhaps that James, or some of the brethren——"

"They!" Timothy's scorn was terrible.

"But, Timothy, they sent the little boy. Wasn't that James's little lad? I thought I knew him."

"That was your sister's little boy."

"My sister's little boy! Timothy! Why didn't he say who he was. This old heart went out to him."

"He couldn't, sir," said Timothy.

"But why?"

"Your sister is of the party of James and Jude," Timothy said abruptly.

Saul was in the saddle now. A soldier adjusted the leathers to his feet. The soldier stood a moment, embarrassed.

"I'm sorry, Doctor," he fastened Saul's right wrist to his left by a long steel chain. "It's the law."

"I know," Saul said. "It's nothing."

"My little nephew, my sister's little boy!"

"All right there?" the first centurion's voice shouted gruffly. "Ready? At the walk, go!"

THE END

Two Rogues on the High Seas

(Continued from Page 7)

sailed back again. What became of him Mary's mother never knew.

There were very many hazards to be met with on the high seas during the last decade of the seventeenth century—sea-serpents, and maelstroms that engulfed vessels in smooth and spinning whorls of water, in addition to alien shipping unplacated as yet by the Peace of Utrecht and, of course, pirates.

Mary's mother, having borne her departed spouse a son, waited for a short while, yearned for a shorter time, and then dismissed absent Jack from her mind, not, however, allowing her relatives-in-law to suspect that her heart was not broken or her happiness destroyed. Alas! Mary's mother was, as a delightful chronicler of her daughter has put it, "young and airy," and it was not long before her family-in-law's solicitude commenced to pall.

To avoid their attentions she planned a little jaunt into the country and informed her neighbors and the Reads that friends in inland Devon had bidden her on a visit and that she had decided to accept their invitation for a length of time, perhaps not indefinite, but certainly considerable. Tearfully her husband's kin bade her farewell and kissed her baby son. Stout folk of affectionate and clannish natures, they lamented her departure and urged against it, but the girl was resolute.

Off she went Dartmoor way and settled herself quietly in a remote village, where for a time her days ran smoothly enough, but anon misfortune in the guise of a pestilence swept into Devon with London postboys and carried away her little son. She was overcome with sorrow, but her bereavement came to an end when not long afterward she gave birth to a little girl who took his place. This little girl was the Mary of our chronicle, and her destiny peeped in at her while she still lay cradled.

Four years in a tiny Devon hamlet exhausted not only Mrs. Read's patience, but finally her money. Tho four years older she was no wiser, and she was still "young and airy" and desirous of airing both qualifications in surroundings more capable of appreciation than a Dartmoor village. There all the men were either married or plighted and had no eyes for widows, however engaging.

THEREFORE she set about one day to plan to return to Plymouth and the bounty of the Reads. She would substitute Mary for her dead brother, run the risk of discovery by the keen old mother-in-law, and henceforth live quietly in the bustling seaman-crowded town of her birth. Mary, aged four, made no demur, had her head shorn and her little dress exchanged for breeches, and fared southward with her gay mother, couched upon her actions and prattle like a little parrot.

Mrs. Read senior welcomed the couple with protestations of gratitude and joy. Aging, her eyes discovered no fault in her grandson and indeed begged that she might have the care of bringing him up, but her daughter-in-law at the suggestion grew pale and even shuddered a little. She insisted with loud lamentation that separation from her child, her baby, the son of her beloved husband, would crack her heart and cause her to fade utterly away. Mrs. Read senior was pleasantly disappointed to find her so loving. Patting her daughter-in-law's cheek, she offered to give her a crown a week for the infant's maintenance and all the assistance necessary in bringing it up to be a credit to Plymouth and to England.

Her desire accomplished, Mary's mother grew blithe and airy as never before, but she seasoned her gaiety with caution, for when Mary was thirteen her mother took her into her confidence and pointed out that unless she continued as a boy all money from headquarters would without doubt instantly cease and other things no whit less cheerless ensue. Mary very sensibly decided to remain in breeches. Indeed since she had never been out of them and had always believed herself a boy, she considered a transformation to skirts with disgust and longed for the day when she might swagger along the water-front with other brown and hardened blades, a jack-tar of the tarriest.

Thus all was well or would have been had not Grandmother Read died suddenly of apoplexy, leaving no provision for the continuation of her daughter-in-law's weekly crown. Mary's mother was stricken with dismay, and Mary with excitement, for the time had come for her to go out into the great wide world and force it to pay her, not crowns, but pounds and golden guineas. And she went, but at first no farther than the next street from that in which she lived.

In the next street resided an elegant lady, French by accounts, desirous of a footboy, so Mrs. Read was informed, and for the services of one she would pay a good wage, with food and clothing

WHEN *FRIED* FOODS ARE A FAMILY FAILING

In households where the family has a *penchant* for fried foods it is especially important that the cook know *how* to fry—how to make the food as wholesome and digestible as fried foods can be.

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This choice oil (or liquid fat) may be brought to the proper frying temperature long before it burns; and a crisp, light crust forms quickly, before much fat is absorbed. There is no smoke, no scorch, but inside its crust the food cooks to a tender, digestible goodness.

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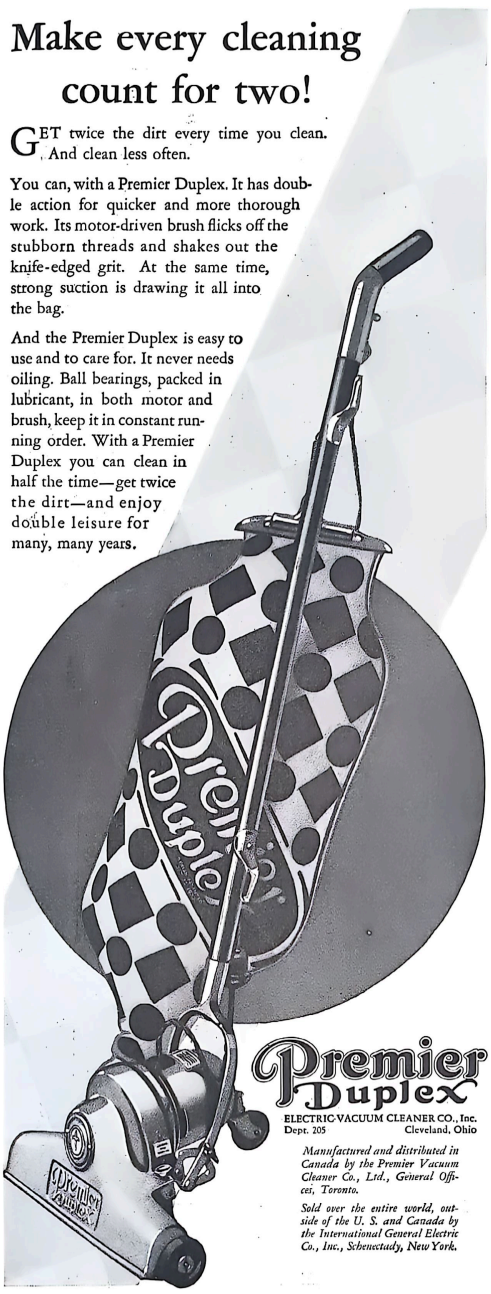

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thrown in to seal the bargain. Mrs. Read knew just the lad the lady needed, and forthwith produced Mary, whose winsome countenance and sturdy yet graceful figure gained her the place on the spot. So a footboy she became, and sent her wages to her mother every week, but very soon became incredibly bored with a life she had no mind to follow. In her leisure hours she came to frequent a tavern used by seamen, learned to swear a little, and heard gorgeous crimson lies spun about the Spanish Main.

She listened to them for a year, then ran away from her mistress's scullery, got by hook or by crook on board a man-of-war lying in the Hoe, and enlisted in His Majesty's navy as a cabin-boy, powder-monkey, or what you will, provided she be allowed to stay on board. She was just fourteen and looked a strong boy, clear-eyed and almost too handsome. She was allowed to stay, for enlistments were scarce in the first decade of the eighteenth century.

Few seamen were inclined to sign on under Rooke or Benbow, to be shot by French or Spaniard when in the West Indies gold and rum were plenty and discipline and the cat unknown. So Mary found her first ship and sailed away to Vigo, and never again saw her mother, who if still airy was now no longer young.

TO HER extreme disappointment life on a British man-of-war in the year 1706 or thereabout proved not only barren of action and glory but extremely hard. The food was terrible, the rum made her ill, the watches robbed her of rest. Singly these objections did not suit her temperament. Together they convinced her that fortune had better things in store, so she deserted in some Flemish port of call and went straight as the crow flies into dangers and alarums.

Marlborough had just fought the battle of Ramillies, and for a time thoroughly smashed the French. His name was on every man's lips; his army was the smithy that forged the truest and most gallant blades in Europe. Mary, arriving, Heaven knows how, in middle Flanders, deemed him a hero worthy of her dreams and enlisted as a cadet in one of his regiments of foot. A big girl for her age, she looked well in her uniform, and in several minor actions won the esteem of her officers and the respect of her comrades, none of whom ever doubted that the beautiful boy who fought with such right good will against the levies of Vendôme was not a boy at all.

However, a cadet in a regiment of foot she remained in spite of her bravery, a circumstance that little suited her ambition. Commissions being bought or sold in such regiments and therefore beyond the reach of a cadet who was poor in purse, however rich in spirit, she resigned this service and joined a regiment of horse, with which dashing fellowship she performed such valorous deeds and kept her equipment and accouterments so smartly that she was soon in a fair way to become an officer. Then, all of a sudden, her femininity, which she had so long and so successfully concealed, turned upon her.

She had as a friend and companion a young Fleming who had, upon her enlistment, befriended her and taught her how to ride, and to handle her weapons at a charge, and other details necessary in the education of a cavalryman. This young man was a handsome fellow, and the more Mary saw of him the more she felt her manhood ebb and her womanhood rise. Indeed to the astonishment of the man himself as well as to the rest of the regiment, Private Read became less and less interested in soldiering, allowed his uniform and mount and weapons to go uncared for, and seemed bent on destroying his chances for his commission.

There came a day when Mary could withhold her affection no longer and determined to be a girl to her Fleming, even if it proved her ruin. So, greatly daring, she told him, and shortly afterward her late companion in arms was paying his court to her. And court her he did, assiduously, until the campaign began to draw to a close.

Its termination was a huge relief to him, since he worried ceaselessly lest his sweetheart be reported a casualty, and he rode always near her to protect her; but now that Mary had made sure of his love she fought again with the best of them and seemed to require no help but her own sword-arm. When the regiment went into Winter quarters he proposed with great formality and was accepted, and, dressed for the first time in her life since her babyhood in women's clothes, Mary was publicly married to her Fleming.

Her wedding was the chief event of the Winter season that year in Flanders. Gossips had been at work, and their intent had been so friendly that many officers attended, and a purse was collected to which even Marlborough contributed, so that when all the rice had been flung Mary and her husband found much gold in it. So much, indeed, that on their discharge they were able to buy The Three Horseshoes, an excellent tavern in Breda, near the castle, where, for a year or two, they did a thriving business catering to the quality of the allied armies. In fact, Fortune proved all at once so generous that it seemed as if Mary need never go adventuring again; but, as usual, the jade proved fickle. The handsome Fleming died, the Peace of Ryswick took away her trade, and off Mary had to go, once more in breeches, that had never a copper in their pockets.

In Holland she resumed her profession as a soldier and enlisted in a regiment of foot, but there was no fighting and no preferment. Desperate, she deserted, and, making her way to a seaport, signed articles on a Dutch ship bound for Jamaica and the Spanish Main, her destiny now hard upon her heels.

Running free in half a gale of wind southward through the Windward Passage for Port Royal, her craft was spoken by a smart sloop of the type used by the logwood-cutters. The sloop, beating to windward, hove to, and, unwisely, the Dutchman followed suit with a great slatting and banging of canvas. Whereupon the sloop broke out her jack and ensign, upon which bunting the horrified merchantman's master remarked the skull and cross-bones; but before he could put his ship upon a course of flight his deck was overrun by whiskered villains who snapped pistols at his head and menaced him with cutlasses.

The pirates plundered their prey with thoroughness, but being, apparently, in gentler spirits than usual, forbore to slaughter or maroon captain or crew. This last, being composed entirely of Dutchmen, with the exception of Mary, were to the gentlemen adventurers, Englishmen all, but little better than cattle anyway and hardly worthy of their steel; but they suggested forcibly that Mary join them, since she was English and a likely-looking hand.

"Why, look ye," pointed out their captain, tenderly prodding her in the ribs with his point, "why, look ye, d—— me blood, sail with me and ye'll drink doubloons, but an ye won't, rather than leave an English lad on a Holland mud-scow, blast me eyes, I'll slit your bone-case." So Mary jumped her ship, leaving the gutted merchantman wallowing in irons.

THIS was in the full Summer of 1717, a lean season, for neither pirate captain nor pirate crew drank doubloons, and so put back to Nassau, on the Island of New Providence, in the last days of August to learn when they made port of the King's Proclamation of Pardon and the near arrival of Governor Woodes Rogers. The master of the pirate sloop was one of those who followed Captain Jennings into the fold, and his crew proved either like-minded or shipped with Vane and Rackam to run out of the island's harbor full of rum as the King's ships came in.

Mary, then a lady adventurer in dead earnest, sailed with Vane, and her destiny now enclosed her in its grip. On October 23rd, off Long Island, Vane took a small brigantine, John Shattuck master, bound from Jamaica to Salem in Massachusetts. In the last gale-driven days of November he spoke a large ship, broke out his

(Continued on Page 74)

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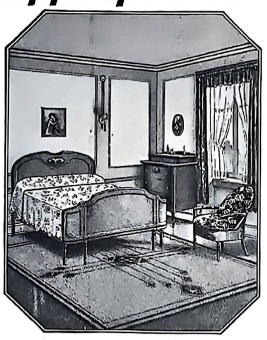

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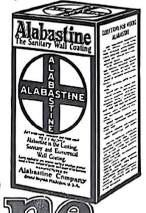

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(Continued from Page 72)

black flags and made ready to board, joyful that he had a prize at last to repay him for the lean pickings that had characterized this autumnal cruise. But to his astonishment the ship loosed a broadside on him, let fly her ensign, and, disclosing herself to be a French man-of-war, proved resolute to sink him fifty fathoms in the sea.

Vane, in a very healthy terror, hoisted all sail and ran away to leeward, while his men disputed around him as to whether they should make a fight or a flight of it. Rackam, quartermaster and chief officer, abetted by the warlike Mary and a dozen more, was absolute for combat, bellowing "that tho she [the Frenchman] had more guns, and a greater weight of metal, they might board her, and then the best boys would carry the day." Vane and his party, tho in the minority, maintained that it was far better to live to fight another day without fighting on this one and continued to work their brigantine out of danger.

As the decisive vote on fighting, chasing, or being chased rested on the captain, and the brigantine had the heels of the man-of-war, the pirates soon were hull-down to their pursuers, and ceased to crowd on canvas. Whereupon Rackam's party, led by himself and Mary, "tipped," as Stevenson terms it, "the blackspot" to Vane and his party, deposed him from command, and, shipping him and his followers in a small sloop previously captured, provisioned it and bade them sail away and be damned for cowards. Which they did, and were shortly afterward not only damned for cowards, but hanged for pirates, with all of Port Royal there to see.

As for Rackam, or "Calico Jack," as he was called in honor of his drawers and jackets being constructed uniquely from that material, he sailed away in the brigantine with his stanch lieutenant Read, and the two of them plundered so many merchantmen in the next two years that in 1719 they had to go ashore at Prince's Island and bury their loot. This they did in casks—golden coins and rich materials, and "Bales of Silk Stockings, and laced Hats, with which, it is supposed, they intended to make themselves fine." An indication, perhaps, that whatever feminine instincts Mary had cast away, she still retained that one that pleads for personal adornment.

WHILE they were caching all of this, they learned from the master of a turtling-sloop that war had been declared between England and Spain and that the royal pardon had been renewed, upon which Calico Jack elected to receive it, and, against Mary's vigorous demur, eventually did so.

In the middle of May, 1719, after touching at the Isle of Pines and at Cuba, Rackam and his crew fetched Nassau, where, reeking with bland hypocrisies, they all, save Read the irreconcilable, entered into Governor Rogers's graces. But only while it suited them, for Rackam was in a few months once again iniquitously engaged upon the high seas, and with him this time not only one woman but two. For on this cruise sailed that other lady adventurer, Anne Bonny.

Anne, tho, like Mary, a handsome girl, well formed and stalwart, with blue eyes and curling chestnut hair, lacked her genuine goodness of heart, tho not a whit of her courage. The daughter of a well-to-do gentleman of Cork in Ireland, she kept house for her father until she was sixteen, when she unwisely engaged herself to a penniless young seaman, and got herself turned out-of-doors for doing so. Whereupon her tar married her, not without disappointment that no dower was forthcoming, and sailed away with her to the Island of New Providence.

There they lived well enough and passably happy until her husband returned home one tropic night to find her entertaining an ebony-faced villain in whiskers and calico, who, a waif word had it, was a reformed pirate notorious on the Spanish Main as Captain Rackam. The husband was further outraged by this villain's proposing to him that, for a round sum of money, he sign his wife away to the bold, true-hearted mariner who stood there before him, and that he do so speedily, since his wife was madly in love with the dashing fellow in question.

Speechless with rage, the injured man stayed no longer parleying, but, quitting his porch where Anne and the man still remained, he sped away to Governor Rogers. That dignitary heard him with gravity, and commanded Anne and her pirate prince instantly into his presence.

Examining the girl, he spoke in this wise: "Now, look ye, mistress, and look ye, too, my master, an your conduct consort not hereafter with my wishes and those of your good man; wench, I jail ye both within the hour of your offending and have ye both soundly flogged; ye I mean, my pretty, so do not bridle; and ye, my bold fellow, will e'en flog her. Now get hence."

The trio made exit, the husband jubilant, the wife a bundle of anger, and Rackam morose. But a week later he made sail, ostensibly a privateer on the King's business, and when Anne's good man returned home from a day's turtling, he found his lady gone, fled, so his black man informed him, in breeches, with a pestilent, loud knave in calico.

NOW, as has been observed, Mary Read, in her capacity as Rackam's lieutenant, sailed too, but it must be noted that during her career as a lady adventurer her companion pirates had never suspected she was not a man. Rackam never dreamed that the handsome lad who sailed with him was a far handsomer lass; but with Anne Bonny aboard he soon became aware that Lieutenant Read was far and away too personable a pirate.

Three days out of Nassau, bound for the Great Abaco Island and the turtle Cays, he was near dying of an apoplectic rage when he beheld in his own quarters his mannish sweetheart clasping his agonized and embarrassed lieutenant round the neck. Lieutenant Read vanished in a valedictory of wondrous cursing, and he who delivered it, making play with his heavy cutlas, indicated to Anne that a parallel instance would find its period in a massacred pirate whose name, however, would not be Rackam.

A day or so afterward Mary saw the necessity of disclosing her secret to the amorous Anne, and did so, strictly enjoining her to secrecy; but lest Calico Jack carry out his threat, Anne told him the startling news. To the great credit both of Rackam and his sweetheart, the former scrupulously held his tongue, and the latter made Mary her fast friend, so that the two fought always side by side, encouraging and protecting each other.

Thus for a while in sweet accord Rackam and his lady adventurers sailed the seas, robbing many rich prizes, pressing into service the crews of these when so minded, and proving a very sore thorn in the side of the choleric Governor Rogers. And in time Mary again succumbed to the blandishments of love. A member of the crew pressed from a gutted Bristol trader, the object of her affections was a sturdy Somerset youth as honest as his appearance. Valiantly she warred against her heart for a fortnight, but at last, sharing a watch with the fellow, she disclosed to him her secret.

THE result was just as satisfactory as in the case of her lamented Fleming, and the two plighted their troth, Rackam, it is pleasant to observe, thoroughly approving. There existed, however, one hitch. No parson sailed with them. Finally, however, they dispensed with the benefit of clergy, and thenceforth, as she pathetically set forth at her trial, Mary "look'd upon her marriage to be as good a marriage in conscience as if it had been done by a minister in church." Indeed her devotion to her husband was astonishing, and was never more admirably shown than in such a case as arose at Santiago, whither Rackam had sailed to retrieve his Anne, who was

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safely delivered of his heir, and anxious to be at sea again.

A day or so before land was reached, Mary's husband fell foul of a fellow pirate who challenged him to duel to the death with pistol and cutlas so soon as port was reached. The Bristol lad accepted bravely enough, but Mary was in a panic. She feared lest her husband show the white feather; she feared lest he prove courageous; she lived in an icy agony of fear lest he be killed. When finally Santiago was reached and the crew landed to carouse, she locked her sailor into a grog-shop cellar and appeared on the dueling-ground herself, armed cap-a-pie.

THO her opponent was a notable bully she made short work of him, so accomplished a hand had she become with weapons, and in point of fact, when she set her husband free from his rum-encumbered duress, he had one less enemy in the world. As was deposed in her favor by a contemporary, "she had fought before, when she had been insulted by some of those fellows, but now it was altogether in her lover's cause; she stood as it were betwixt him and death, as if she could not live without him."

To the man's shame who was thus shielded, it must be said that at her trial he did not come forward, got clean away, and she would never tell his name save that he was an honest man with whom she had planned to live honestly. Rackam himself, before he swung, called him a poor squab who had allowed the prosecution to testify that his wife had discoursed to him in a monstrous fashion touching the joys of piracy. Asked what these were, the King's counsel averred that Mary had thus informed her husband:

"She did not fear hanging—thought it no great hardship, for, were it not for that, every cowardly fellow would turn pirate, and so infest the seas, that men of courage must starve. That if it was put to the choice of the pirates, they would not have the punishment less than Death, the Fear of which kept some dastardly Rogues honest, that many of those who are now cheating widows and orphans and oppressing their poor neighbors, who have no money to obtain justice, would then rob at sea, and the ocean would be crowded with Rogues, like the land, and no Merchant would venture out; so that the trade, in a little Time, would not be worth following."

Even if Mary had remarked thus tartly, what there was monstrous about these words not even the presiding judge could perceive. Indeed, the court was inclined to consider them said wittily and well.

RACKAM, clearing Santiago, with Mary and her husband safely united, returned to the inlets of the north and west coasts of Jamaica and resumed his plundering. But his sands were running out and retribution was in full sail hard on his wake, for news of his presence in those waters reached the Governor, and His Lordship lost no time in dispatching Captain Barnet to bring him in, in a big sloop manned by an ample crew. But before that officer might close in, trouble was already brewing on the brigantine. For one thing, Anne was wearying of her pirate prince. He was, she had discovered, a craven at heart in spite of what had occurred on the day that Vane had run from the French man-of-war.

Standing inshore to board a schooner at anchor in a little, wild harbor near the Serpent's Mouth, Rackam, discovering it too late to be larger than he had planned for and full of fight, had retired with his crew to the hold rather than to face a smart pistol-fire. Anne and Mary, cutlases in hand, had been the only ones to remain on deck, and they had fought valiantly when the schooner's men came aboard. Failing to persuade the cowards in the hold to fall on, both had finally fired down upon them, and thus convinced them that it was better to be killed by the enemy than by two comrades; so up they had come in the nick of time to save Anne from a cutlas-stroke and Mary from a bullet.

But tho this affair passed safely off for the time being, it was not forgotten by the lady adventurers. Anne, indeed, went so far as to treat Rackam with some disdain and to hobnob with a young man of the Spanish nation, who, most unwisely, made an attempt to profit by her graciousness. He offended once only. As a physical specimen he was no match for the lass of County Cork, who so soundly, even brutally, thrashed him that the sad rogue went bruised and limping for a fortnight. All of this, however, bred discord, and Rackam was very swiftly aware that he must retrieve his reputation as a true blade or be in his turn "tipped the blackapot."

Consequently, cruising in the most westerly waters of Jamaica, he seized a small sloop, pressed her crew, and since it was a hot afternoon, very genially served rum punch to all hands, passed out tobacco-pipes, and set himself to carousing. This was very well. Thirsts were quenched, the good Virginia leaf made an odorous blue haze above the deck, and, to Calico Jack's satisfaction, Anne seemed to forget her distaste of him. An hour before sunset, some one of them at the seaward rail of the brigantine, which was lying to, descried against the brilliant west an alien sail.

Rackam, informed, studied her as she drew nearer and blenched to his whiskered gills. Turning toward the company, he seemed to be foaming with oaths. "God's blood and wounds, yonder be King's men," he bellowed and skipped about like one demented. Mary cried orders, and with all possible dispatch they made sail, lifted anchor, and wore away seaward. Since the wind was westerly and on shore, the stranger, which was in fact Barnet's sloop, ran past quite close to them without firing a shot, went about and on the same tack, and took after the heeling brigantine.

IT SEEMED for a while that the latter, a notable, fast sailer, might give her pursuer the slip, and Rackam recovered something of his composure, even tossing down a noggin of rum to the King's bad health, but his braggadocio was ill-timed. Almost as he did so the wind failed, the ship came to an even keel, and her sails slatted, empty and flat. But to the horror of the pirates the sloop came right on, the foam curling away from her forefoot, her jack snapping in a brisk and mysterious air. Not so far to sea as the brigantine, she still caught a land breeze, and when she reached the calm's rim her headway carried her to within a scant thirty feet of her prey.

In this dire situation for Calico Jack, only Mary and Anne preserved their fortitude. Running below, they fetched up cutlases and pistols and set to priming these with all the gallantry in the world. But arming themselves, they found that their skipper was proving in this, the last crisis of their lives, a poor, empty bladder of a man. Shrieking invective, they menaced him with their points in vain. Captain John Rackam had no stomach for combat, and when he boarded, Barnet took him without striking a blow. For the King's officers it must have been a strange fight.

The poor, quaking villain hid his face in his hands, while on either side of him two handsome lads cursed at him for a craven swine. As the sloop's crew reached the brigantine's deck the lady adventurers, weeping from sheer rage, flung their cutlases overboard and seemed about to follow them when they were apprehended. It was a tragic ending for them, who, in the crucial hour, had proved themselves more men in valor than those whose vaunted courage they had striven to emulate.

On November 16, 1720, at St. Jago de la Vega, Calico Jack and his crew, with the exception of Mary and Anne, were brought to trial before a court of admiralty, over which presided Sir Nicholas Laws. The poor rogues had no defense, made none, and were sentenced to death by hanging at Gallows Point at Port Royal. And there they hanged until Rackam was cut down and hanged again in chains at Plumb Point, a warning to all

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gentlemen adventurers whose courage proved not as great as their crimes.

On the day of his death he begged that he might hold a last audience with Anne, a prisoner yet untried, and the request, tho granted him, must have further embittered his end. For Anne, tho manacled, had lost none of her violence. Her farewell had been brief: "Why, look ye, Jack, I'm sorry to see ye here, but had ye fought like a man ye need not have hanged like a dog."

Mary and Anne were tried shortly afterward. The former's trial, at which King's counsel rested his case on her confirmed desire to deal wickedly with honest folk, as exampled in those words touching the risk of a pirate's career that have before been quoted, was brief, and was rendered interesting only by her own defense. She told the story of her life and begged that His Lordship would observe that, tho she had indeed been a pirate and lived in breeches, she had all her days comported herself with decency, and, save with her two husbands, had never dealt with men save as men deal with men.

Since the moral issue was a very important one with Sir Nicholas Laws, and none could prove that she lied, her sentence, which was to be hanged as the others had been hanged, was respited, and finally she was granted a new trial. It seems to have been very generally admitted that she would have been dismissed this second time, but the poor wench never again appeared before the bar. A fever struck her as she lay in prison, and she died, murmuring words of endearment in Dutch taught her in those happy days in Breda when she and her Fleming set the meat and wine before the men of Marlborough. She was seven-and-twenty years old, and, as her jailers noted, a brave-appearing and very comely lass.

As for Anne, the blackest evidence against her proved to be her desertion of her honest tar in Nassau, since from this Sir Nicholas concluded her to be a thieving female best made use of on the gallows. Returned to prison to await the birth of her child, she seems to have escaped, for no sentence was ever carried out upon her person. Perhaps she returned to Nassau and persuaded her husband that Rackam, the black rogue, had taken her away by force, but the chances are that the high seas and the black ensign exercised their ancient fascination. Perhaps she died like Blackbeard, in the loud core of battle, cutlas in one hand, in the other a pistol, and in her teeth a dirk.

After 1720 there is no record of her doings, which is a pity, for among those of other sea-wolves one finds no such wicked gallantry as was displayed by this lady adventurer, and particularly by the ill-fated Mary, her companion.

Captain Goudy's Grandson

(Continued from Page 14)

blankly at the bunk above him, then rose, slid out of bed, and groped for something which he knew, vaguely, should be on the floor.

"Lookin' for your sea-boots, Mate?" said a man farther down the small galley, who stood by a shipmate stove, stirring the contents of a large iron pot.

"Yes," he replied slowly. "I can't seem to find them."

"No wonder," the man chuckled, "seein' as you had on shore clothes when we hauled you aboard out o' that dory."

"Dory?" the boy echoed blankly.

"Yeah. What happened? Did you git hit on the head or somethin'?"

"Why, I—I don't know. I don't seem to remember—anything."

"Need a mug-up, I guess." The cook indicated a place at a long table running down the middle of the galley.

FREEMAN ate ravenously of beef stew, baked beans, and apple pie, washed down by mugs of hot tea. When he had finished eating the cook said:

"Cap'n McManus is on deck. Guess he wants to see you."

Mechanically the boy climbed the ladder. He was on a fishing-vessel; but how had he come here?

"Hello!" said a short, thick-set man with a face burned to the hue of old leather. "You all right now?"

"Yes, sir. Only—I don't seem to remember anything. You picked me up, didn't you?"

"Yes. Late yiste'day. 'Bout three mile offshore. Somebody saw a driftin' dory to l'ward, and when we picked it up there you was in the bottom. Git a crack on the head or somethin'?"

"I—I don't rightly know."

Captain Bill McManus nodded.

"Kind of knocked the wits out of you for a spell," he said, "but you'll be all right." His practised eye ran over the boy's clothing. "Fisherman?" he asked.

"Why, I guess so."

"Well, I'm just as glad we did pick you up," the captain went on, "for I was a man short. This vessel's the *Ocean Bride*, swordfishin'. What's your name and who you been fishin' with?"

"I don't seem to remember just now." Freeman hesitated for a moment, then blurted out: "I don't remember anything but waking up here aboard the vessel, not my name nor anything else. Do you think things'll come back to me, or—won't they?"

"Oh, sure!" Captain McManus nodded encouragingly. "Nothin' to worry about. You've had a kinda bad crack on the head, that's all, but you'll be all right once you come *to* yourself. You can go on up aloft now if you're able."

"Sure I'm able," the boy said, and went forward.

AS THO it were a matter of every-day routine he climbed to a place on the crosstrees and settled himself to stare out across a world enclosed in waves. The *Ocean Bride* lay where the Gulf Stream floods over Gorges Banks, on a vivid floor of blue water broken only by the white sails of the fishing-fleet.

Suspended high above the deck, Freeman set himself to summon memory from its misty hiding-place. Who was he? A fisherman, that was sure. He looked up at the swinging seat of the mastheader, named the gear, and cast an approving eye at the trim lines of the vessel below him. Seafaring memories of six generations of fishermen had risen, impatient to drown out later knowledge. Yes, he was a fisherman. Soon he would remember his name and the vessel he belonged with, but now—now it didn't matter so very much. Nothing mattered save the sense of swaying above the circular floor of the sea, listening to the long h-u-s-h! h-u-s-h! of the waves, and watching for a dark fin to stab its way above the blue surface.

ON a day three weeks later Freeman Eldridge, clear-eyed, strong, and sunburned, stepped from the deck of the *Ocean Bride* to a Portland dock.

"Well, young feller!" Captain McManus clapped a mighty hand on his shoulder. "So here's where you leave us, eh?"

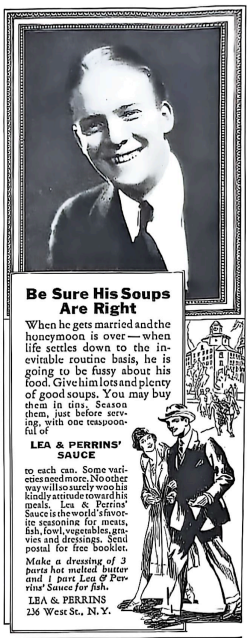
"Yes," Freeman agreed soberly, "but I don't like to."

"Same here. We'll all miss you, I guess, and you can tell Asa Goudy for me he's got a good fisherman for a grandson, altho I'll be consarned," his voice was puzzled, "if I can see how you done it."

"I don't know, either. Well," the boy put out a reluctant hand, "I got to be goin'. Got a ride promised with a fisherman goin' up Goodhaven way. Goodby, Cap'n! Good luck to you and the *Ocean Bride!* I—maybe I'll be back one of these days askin' you for a job."

"You know where to come," McManus said, adding with a chuckle, "but I don't want to see you fetch back the run o' luck you had at cards."

Freeman grinned, waved at "Loony



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Sal Hepatica

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Jim" Bowker, the cook, and turned down the dock.

During the three hours' run up the bay he sat with unseeing eyes, his mind busy with the incredible events of the weeks just ended—days of rising at dawn, coming up from the fo'castle to a world wrapped in sunshine or in swirling yellow fog; watching from the crosstrees for the betraying fin of a swordfish; seeing the great monsters hauled aboard; sweating over the task of cleaning and storing the catch into the packed ice of the hold. Evenings in the fo'castle. A mug-up. Yarns. The wail of "Loony Jim" Bowker's accordion. A game of cards—the devil's prayer-book!

He could still feel the impact of those words on the sealed chambers of memory.

"Loony Jim" had cleared the table, then called out to know who wanted "a hand at the devil's prayer-book." Freeman, staring down at the cards "Loony Jim" had put on the table, could hear his mother's voice:

"Cards is the devil's prayer-book. You can't call them anything else."

He remembered who he was. Without speaking to the others he had risen from the table and gone on deck. Later that night he told Captain McManus that he was Captain Goudy's grandson, and Captain McManus had sent word to his grandfather by the first vessel bound home.

Now he was well, stronger than he had ever been. Time to go back to the seminary, to the gaunt house, to a life carefully planned, step by step.

On the horizon a sail lifted, showing clean-cut against the blue. A fishing-vessel bound outward to the Banks. Freeman Eldridge stared at it with a face gone suddenly grim.

"WELL, now, don't that beat all?" Captain Goudy spoke with deliberation, trying vainly to conceal his pride. "Nobody knowed you wasn't a reg'lar fisherman! Wonder what your maw'll say about *that?*"

"I don't know." Freeman stirred uneasily. "Was it long until she knew I was all right?"

"She never found out you was any other way. When you didn't git back and we couldn't find no sign of you nor the dory I figgered out about what'd happened. Course I didn't know you'd had your head busted and forgot who you was, but with the wind like it was, stood to reason you'd be blowed out in the course of the fishin'-vessels. So I writ and told your maw you'd gone for a swordfishin'-trip."

"What'd she say?"

"What *didn't* she say would be more like it! Said I'd been leadin' you into sin and aheadin' you fer perdition. She took on real able for more'n four pages. But there! I don't need to be tellin' *you*. You got a letter."

"Yes," the boy said absently. He rose, went to the door, and stood looking out across the bay.

Captain Goudy watched his grandson with shrewd, understanding eyes.

"Mate," he said at length, "s'posin' you spit out what's wrong?"

"Everything," Freeman replied gloomily, and lapsed into silence.

"Well, that bein' the case, most anything we can do ought to make things righter. You down in the mouth 'count of that letter you got from your maw?"

"That—and other things."

"S'posin' I make a couple of guesses about them other things? You went fishin' and found out you liked it?"

"Yes."

"When you come *to* yourself, rec'lected who you was and all, you got worryin'. You knowed that your maw's heart was set on you bein' a preacher——"

"That's it," the boy burst out hopelessly; "she's been planning for it ever since I was born! I haven't anything against preaching; it's just—I always had a queer sort of feeling about something else for me to do. Only I didn't know what it was. When I was a little fellow I used to go and lie down in the wheat and listen. I know now what I was listening for—salt water! But she'd never understand that. She doesn't like the sea. She's got my whole life planned out for me, everything——"

"Wait a minute, son; wait a minute. Don't git to runnin' up your jib afore you've sot the mains'l. I've knowed your maw longer'n you have and you can't tell me nothin' about the way she likes to plan things—'specially other folkses' lives. She don't seem to remember that it ain't her has to live 'em. Now tell me one thing: D'you want to be a fisherman?"

"Isn't that what I've been saying?" his grandson demanded. "Of course I want to go fishing. It's—well, I guess I'm a born fisherman."

"Mebbe you are," Captain Goudy returned judicially; "mebbe you are, but that'll take provin'. No man's a born fisherman who don't captain his own vessel."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that there's one thing a man has to learn if he's goin' to foller the sea: No vessel can have two captains. Your maw can't give you your sailin'-orders, nor me, nor nobody else. A man's got to take his bearin's from the compass that's in his own heart. It'll always give him true bearin's—and there ain't nothing else that's safe for him to steer by."

For a long moment Freeman neither moved nor spoke. Then, with his grandfather's wise old eyes following him approvingly, he rose, went out the door, and down the path. He would write to his mother later. But, first, there was a girl to be told—a girl with a laugh like the wind, free-sounding, and the blue of the sea in her eyes.

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Pictorial Review again reminds readers of its fourth annual award of $5,000 to the American woman who, through her own effort, has made the most distinctive contribution to the field of art, industry, literature, music, the drama, education, science, or sociology during the year 1926.

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The Beginners

(Continued from Page 22)

it were right. She heard her mother coming up the stairs.

"Where's Ed?" she asked.

"Oh, he went out about a half-hour ago," mother said. "He didn't say where. Glad you've had such a fine sleep."

Edith yawned and shivered in her night-dress. "I didn't think I'd slept hardly at all," she said, "but I guess I must have."

"Go back and dress," mother told her, "and I'll get you some breakfast. I can just as well as not. I haven't anything much to do."

She was still thinking about something, Edith perceived, and it made her suddenly blue. She wished Ed hadn't gone out without seeing her. She felt hollow and forlorn. She hadn't much to do either. The day had got started wrong.

When she came down to breakfast she asked mother if Agatha had telephoned, but it seemed she hadn't. She was probably spending the whole morning in bed. Agatha liked to do that, she remembered.

"Why don't you run over and see her?" mother suggested.

"Oh, I don't believe I will," Edith said. She didn't mean very much by it when she spoke, but it came over her stronger and stronger as the morning advanced that she didn't somehow want to run after Agatha. After last night it was Agatha's place to come and see her, or call her up. Agatha had lots of new friends now—the Malverns, for instance. One of them went to Agatha's school. Their father was a millionaire, and their country place was only a few miles from the Willards'. But they lived in Chicago in the Winter. Ed had met them all last Summer when he was over at the Willards'. She'd probably gone in town to see them. She *had* changed a lot since a year ago.

Ed was different too. Last Christmas——

She pulled herself up short. If she got to thinking about that she'd cry. Mother seemed sort of worried about her low spirits and tried to cheer her up.

ABOUT noon Agatha telephoned, and in the uprush of pleasure at the mere sound of her voice, Edith forgot her doleful imaginings.

"I thought you were probably sleeping off last night, and I didn't want to disturb you," Agatha explained. "But come over now, can't you, and stay to lunch?"

"I don't believe I'd better," she said. "Ed went out somewhere before I got up and I really haven't seen him at all. He'll be back pretty soon, I guess. Why don't you come over here?"

There was a perceptible hesitation over the phone. Then Agatha said, "Why, Ed's here. He's going to stay to lunch too. So you'd better come along."

"All right," Edith told her blankly, "I guess I will."

Somehow she didn't want to go. Ed's being there made her feel queer about it. And why hadn't Agatha told her he was there in the first place, instead of waiting until she had to do so? Probably they didn't want her to come and had been surprized when she said she would. If she could only think of a good excuse, she'd call up now and say she'd changed her mind. Only, without a better excuse than she could think of, she'd only look cross and sulky and ridiculous. She'd have to go, but she'd come home right after lunch, and leave the pair to themselves.

The austerity of her carefully prepared attitude didn't last long after she reached the Willards' house. Ed pretty well destroyed it with the first thing he said. "You were so sound asleep when I looked in at you about nine o'clock that I thought you wouldn't wake up before noon."

He hadn't forgotten her, then, after all!

And then they began talking about how splendid she'd been in the play.

Ed contributed something that gave her a thrill. "Roger Morgan told me," he said very casually, "that he thought you were perfectly corking."

She felt herself going pink at that. She managed to ask, indifferently, "Was *he* there? What do you suppose he wanted to go for?"

Evidently she hadn't given herself away, for Ed answered, "Oh, he hadn't anything else to do, and his mother had tickets. Martha Brown's his cousin, isn't she?"

Of course! Edith had forgotten that. It didn't mean anything, after all.

She wondered if Mr. Morgan had said anything else. She wanted him quoted word for word, with descriptive details, but her brother didn't seem disposed to go further into the matter, and she couldn't press him without looking silly. Probably Roger had just been being polite, anyhow. All the same, she was glad he had been there.

BUT then, just as she was beginning to feel warm and happy, and ready to begin talking a little herself Agatha and Ed seemed to think the topic disposed of and began talking about other things; about college and school and the parties that were coming off, and Annette Malvern, and how many times she'd asked about Ed and how crazy she was to see him again this Christmas.

Edith went back to her old resolution, to go home as soon as lunch was over and leave them to themselves.

But Ed forestalled her. He got up while she was still thinking up an excuse, said he had another date, made his farewells—almost bruskly—to Agatha, and was gone, with a "See you later, Ede," flung over his shoulder to her.

Agatha didn't seem especially surprized. "Now," she said, "we can have a real visit. We haven't had one since Buttermilk Brook last Summer. Doesn't that seem *forever?*"

It was fun, and for a while it really seemed like old times. There was a difference, tho. You'd think of something to say and then you'd realize it would take so much explaining that it hardly seemed worth the trouble. By and by Edith found herself wondering whether Agatha had something else to do.

They heard the telephone ring, and Agatha sprang up, rather quickly, to answer it. Edith couldn't help hearing, because it was right in the next room.

Agatha said, "No," and then, after listening a minute, "I don't know." The other person said quite a lot then, but all Agatha answered was, "Well, I can't help that." She didn't give him time to say much after that, for she cut in, with the clear effect of an interruption, "No, of course I won't. Don't be silly! Good-by," and hung up without another word.

She looked a little flushed when she came back into the room, but not quite as cross as her voice had sounded. She said, without giving Edith time to say a word, "You haven't anything else to do, have you? Let's go up to my room."

Edith said, "I've really got to go. I'm helping mother now, you know, with the housework and I haven't done a thing to-day. Good-by!"

She was trembling. The tears would show in her eyes in another minute. She got out of that house as fast as she could.

It must have been Ed who telephoned. If it had been any one else Agatha would have told her who it was. And she wouldn't have been so careful not to give anything away. She must have told him he had to go right after lunch. That was why she hadn't been surprized when he rushed off like that. But she'd told him he could come back after his sister had gone. She was probably to have telephoned him, but he hadn't waited.

SHE didn't quarrel openly with Agatha or with Ed. She even forbore to inquire whether she had grounds for a quarrel, and so kept alive the possibility

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(Continued from Page 80)

that she'd misinterpreted that telephone-call. With each of them separately she had some really good times. Ed took her to the Glee Club concert and treated her like, almost, a regular girl rather than a mere sister. It was only as a couple that Ed and Agatha made her unhappy.

She puzzled a good deal over her feelings about this phenomenon. Assuming that Ed had to get silly about a girl and Agatha about a boy, she'd have thought it better that they turn toward each other than that they should drag in a pair of outsiders; but she didn't believe now that she'd have minded the latter alternative so much. There was something subtly infuriating about a relation between those two which left her out. It seemed like a betrayal.

In spite of that she managed to have, on the whole, quite a jolly time until after Christmas. She was invited to a lot of parties, or what seemed a lot unless you compared it with Ed's list, and, having plenty of faithful followers of her own, she was luckily independent of his escort.

It was perfectly terrible the way his engagements kept him running around. From the time he got up, along toward noon, until he came home to bed at some unknown small hour in the morning, they never saw him at all, except when he dashed home to change his clothes. Dad, she could see, was getting pretty sore about it, tho it was several days before he said anything.

BUT one night at dinner, two or three days after Christmas, he blew up. They expected Ed to be at home for that meal and had a place set for him, but he didn't appear. He had the car too, so mother was worrying for fear he'd had an accident. Dad didn't say anything. He'd hardly spoken since the beginning of the meal. He seemed bluer than usual to-night. He must have had a bad day.

Finally mother said to him, "You saw him this afternoon, didn't you?"

Dad shook his head. "I haven't seen him this week."

That surprized mother and scared her worse than ever. "I believe something really has happened to him then, Ned," she said in her serious, quiet voice. "I know he meant to go to your shop to-day. He promised that he would. I told him you were disappointed that he hadn't gone sooner, and he said he'd go without fail to-day. I'm sure that unless something—happened, he'd have done it."

"Something did happen, no doubt," dad said in the dry, sarcastic tone that always went through you like a knife. "He's fallen in with some friends of his who had something more attractive to offer than a visit to his father's shop."

When the telephone-bell rang a few minutes later, her mother sprang to answer it before Edith could move back her chair.

It was Ed, saying they guessed that he wouldn't be home to dinner. She looked awfully unhappy when she came back to the table, and she didn't feel like saying much. He was taking Edith to Martha Brown's party, and he'd telephoned to say that, tho he wasn't coming home to dinner, he would come in time to dress and go with Edith. He might be a little late, but not enough to matter. There was a long silence, and then at last dad burst out.

"I don't know what to make of the boy," he said. "Last Summer I thought he showed signs of being a man. He worked hard; he acted like a responsible being. Now he shows no signs of responsibility for anything or consideration of anybody. He's neglecting Edith, going off to parties that she's not included in. He makes extra work for you, getting special meals for him, and so on—and he knows that you and Edith have to do it all—and he doesn't even pretend to take an interest in my concerns. If this is what college does for him I don't feel like sacrificing you and Edith for him, and that's the truth."

It was funny that mother didn't speak in Ed's defense. After a while Edith said, "If you mean the Malverns' party, I don't think Ed neglected me. He got to know them awfully well last Summer, the same as Agatha did, and I don't know them at all. I think it would be silly for him to stay home just because I wasn't asked. He said if I wanted to go he'd get Agatha to ask them to invite me, and I told him I didn't want to go. So you don't have to worry about me. I don't feel as if I were being sacrificed."

But her defense didn't have the result she'd looked for. Dad's face twitched with pain. He looked as if he might be going to cry. In a panic she turned from him to mother. There *were* tears in mother's eyes. Edith pushed back her chair, gripping the edge of the table with both hands.

"I can't stand it," she said. "I just can't *stand* it! I know something perfectly horrible's going to happen that I don't know about. I want it to happen and get it over with. I wish this beastly vacation was over and I could go back to school and stop pretending to be having a good time. It's just *rotten* like this. I'm sorry, Mother. I don't want any more dinner. I'll come down and help you with the dishes when you're through."

She managed to hold back the sob that was coming until she had got out into the hall. She fled up-stairs to her room, where she could cry as much as she liked, and where, by virtue of that fact, it was much easier not to. She turned on the light, looked at herself dispassionately in the mirror, and, wiping away the two incipient tears, proceeded to pull herself together. She'd made a good start at this when, at the sound of mother's step on the stair, her heart turned to lead.

Edith, leaning back against her bureau and holding on by it, watched her mother through a queer little moment of complete calm, without any feelings at all. It would last, she knew, only until her mother spoke.

"It isn't a life-or-death matter," mother said at last. "It—it isn't anything that need make any real difference, except—" But it seemed she couldn't go on with that.

"I suppose dad's new business has failed," Edith said dully. "Is that it?"

THIS seemed to help mother out. "No, it isn't that at all. It isn't nearly as bad as that. In some ways the business looks better than it did. Only it does need more money to get it started than your father thought it would. He thinks he could get some one else. Agatha's father, perhaps, to put the money in as an investment. But that would mean giving him a share in the business, just as Mr. Mariner had to give dad a share. So instead of doing that, he's decided to borrow the money himself, and put it in. And, besides, that will give him the control instead of Mr. Mariner. But borrowing the money, as he'll have to do it, means that we must help him by saving every penny that we possibly can."

"I thought we were doing that already," Edith said.

"We can save several hundred dollars," mother said, in a scared sort of voice, "by changing your school; sending you to high school for the last half-year, where there isn't any tuition to pay. Your tuition is paid for the first half-year—up to February, that is—but the second half would have to be paid, if you were going on, January first, so you see we must decide now.

"As far as education goes, the high school is as good as the other. You know, we sent Ed there for the whole four years. It's only— Oh, I *know* it will be hard! Dad knows, too. He didn't see it at first, but since the play and all— It makes him almost sick to have to ask it of you. He wouldn't do it now if it weren't that I insisted. But the three hundred dollars will make such a difference to him, just at this time—to all of us. I want you to go down and tell him that it isn't going to make you unhappy. Will you do that, dear? To-night?"

"Oh, it's all right, of course." Edith didn't mean her voice to sound as hateful as that, but she couldn't help it. "I don't mind not going back to school so very much. You can tell him that. I suppose I could stay around home and

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help you more. Or perhaps I could get a job. Mother, I don't have to go to Martha's party to-night, do I? I just—couldn't. You can tell Ed, when he comes home, that I've gone to bed with a headache. He won't mind going without me; that's a cinch. And I'll really go to bed. I guess I'll go now."

For a minute she was afraid that mother would try to "reason" with her; try to talk about unselfishness and sacrifice and things like that, but if that had been what she meant to do, she changed her mind, for she got up and walked to the door. From there she said, "All right, I'll tell Ed."

A spurt of unpremeditated anger made the girl say, "I suppose that three hundred dollars will mean a lot to him. He can go on living at his fraternity-house and having all the fun there is."

She was aghast over the words as she heard herself saying them, but mother didn't give her time to try to take them back. She just shut the door behind her quietly and went away. Edith put out the light and undressed in the dark. Already the headache was no mere pretext. It would be a relief to cry, but she couldn't.

MOTHER was in her room putting on her wraps. She had on her gravcloth dress, too, which meant that she was really going somewhere, not just out to do the marketing. So it wasn't possible, the Edith didn't feel like speaking a word to anybody that morning, to go by down the hall without stopping.

It was queer how pretty mother always looked. The girl was rather resentfully aware of the contrast between them, just then. She herself had just put on, by way of sackcloth and ashes, an old spotty blue skirt with the plaits out of it, and a tumbled jumper.

"I'm just off to the Gild lunch," mother explained. "It's the last meeting of the year, and I can't get out of it very well. I was going to push a note under your door, and then I heard you moving about."

"I didn't know it had got as late as that," Edith said. "What time is it?"

"About half past eleven. I've just a few errands to do before lunch, I'm glad you've had such a good sleep."

"I haven't been asleep all this time," Edith told her. "Just lazy."

"Well, you can go on being as lazy as you like. Your breakfast is all ready except making the toast and boiling up the coffee."

"I suppose I'll have to get something for Ed when he comes down," Edith remarked.

But mother offered the surprizing information that Ed had got up early that morning and gone out. "There's a man coming—at least he promised to—to fix the light in the library. That's the only thing. I'll be home by three or half past, but I've got to run along now. Good-by, dear." She kissed her daughter briefly and was gone. It wasn't more than a minute before the front door shut behind her.

She was glad Ed was out of the way. It was a comfort to have the house all to herself. She didn't want any breakfast, but she might as well go down and get it over with. Then she could settle down and really decide what she was going to do.

Already her mind was half made up. She knew what she wasn't going to do. She wasn't going to high school. They couldn't make her.

She noted with reluctant satisfaction that mother had cleared and reset the dining-room table for her solitary meal, with the electric toaster beside her place ready to do its duty. She went into the kitchen and lighted the flame under the coffee-pot; then came back and started the toast. That strawberry jam looked good. It had been put in a fresh dish, with a nice clean spoon beside it. She hated eating anything that looked left-over, and mother remembered it.

The door-bell rang just as she'd turned on the current in the toaster—probably the man to fix the library light. Well, she wouldn't let him turn off the electricity before she'd made her toast.

It was rather dark in the hall, and when she opened the door the glare from the sunlit snow on the lawn half blinded her, and she blinked, bewildered at the visitor. He didn't look like the electric-light man.

"Hello, Edith," he said cheerfully. It was Roger Morgan.

She said, "Good morning," and automatically stepped back from the pitiless betrayal of that glare of light. It was too late to do any good, of course. One glance would have been enough to show him how perfectly horrible she looked. Her eyes swollen with last night's crying; her hair a mess; and then that beastly old serge skirt with spots all over it! It was almost too horrible to be true. And she'd only made matters worse by retreating into the hall, for he'd taken that, naturally, as an invitation to come in. He had followed her and shut the door behind him.

"I'm—I'm awfully sorry," she said, "but Ed isn't home. He got up early this morning, for once, and went out."

She felt a perfect fool as she said that. Why couldn't she have pretended, once she'd let him in, that she thought her brother was at home? That would have given her a chance for a dash up-stairs to make herself look a little less hideous. Now he'd think she thought he'd come to see her.

"Oh, I'm sorry I missed him," he said, "but it doesn't matter. You can say good-by to him for me. Mother and I decided at breakfast this morning that we'd go to New York for two or three days before college opens, so we're leaving on the afternoon train. But I'm awfully glad I found *you*. I thought I'd see you at Martha's party last night. I asked Ed why you weren't there, and he told me you weren't feeling well. I hope you're better this morning."

"Oh, I'm fine," she said. "It was just a headache."

"Well, then," he said, "if you're not busy, won't you let me come in for a few minutes? I've been wanting a chance to talk with you ever since the night of the play. Really, you know—" He broke off short and sniffed. His look fixed itself over her shoulder, upon the door into the dining-room. "Isn't something burning?" he asked.

In the same instant she smelled it too. "The toast!" she cried, and fled. He came along too, of course, anxious to help, tho there wasn't a thing he could do. The room was full of smoke and the toast was charred black and stuck to the wires.

She was busy for a minute removing the débris, and when she next looked up at him, he was in the act of disappearing into the kitchen. She'd caught her breath to ask him what he was doing that for, when the smell of gas answered the question for her. The coffee-pot must have boiled over and put out the flame. She got to the kitchen door in time to see him at the stove turning off the gas. It seemed to her just then that a coffee-pot which has boiled over was the most disgusting sight in the world. He was looking at it, trying to make up his mind, she could see, what to do about it.

IT WAS one calamity too many; more than she could stand. She started to say, "Oh, never mind. Let it alone," but her voice wouldn't work. She felt the tears coming up into her eyes. She reached for her handkerchief and found she hadn't any. Flight was the only thing. She bolted through the dining-room, down the hall, and up-stairs to her room. She didn't know whether the "Excuse me" she'd flung back to him had been audible or not. She didn't care.

She stripped off the beastly blouse and skirt. She'd go back to bed; that's what she'd do. She was listening for the opening and shutting of the front door that should tell her he'd gone. Why didn't he go? She stood staring at her tear-stained face in the mirror. Mechanically, with about three swift movements, she rearranged her hair. She went into the bathroom and washed her face in cold water. He hadn't gone yet. Or had he, after all, without her having heard him?

She slipped into the plain little house-dress which she would have put on earlier

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that morning if she hadn't wanted to look just as horrible as she could. She fortified herself with a handkerchief and with another look in the mirror. Anger over the revolting series of petty disasters had dried her tears and restored her color. He had gone, of course. He must have, by this time. Anyhow, she'd go down and see.

He was in the dining-room. The smoke and the smell of gas were gone. The coffee-pot, wiped clean, stood on its tile upon the table.

"Just on the minute," he said with a glance that seemed to take in nothing but the fact that she was there. "Your toast is done to a turn."

Once more she was struck speechless. "Did—did you do it?" she stammered.

"It seemed the least I could do after having ruined your other breakfast by coming to make a call in the middle of the morning."

Unexpectedly the girl laughed. She didn't know why, unless because there was something so deliciously matter of fact about his voice.

"I might have known you'd spot that extra cup the first thing," he said. He had put on another cup, meaning to have coffee with her. He thought that was why she had laughed.

She was conscious of a passing wonder whether he really was like that or whether he was just pretending. Didn't he know that she had cried and run away? Hadn't he noticed that she had changed her dress? He had lighted a cigaret and sat down to the cup of coffee she had poured for him as if he had been dropping in for breakfast with her every morning for a week.

LUCKILY there was something she could begin talking about. The party last night. She'd been awfully sorry not to go. It must have been awfully jolly.

"Yes, it was a nice party, I guess. I didn't stay very long. Martha's my cousin, you know, so I checked in and danced with her; smoked a cigaret with Ed when he happened not to be dancing, and did a quiet fade-out."

She thrilled at that. If he'd said he left early because she wasn't there, she wouldn't have believed it. The mere fact that he didn't say it, made it possible to believe it. He was talking with only half his mind anyway, thinking about something else.

"You know," he said at last, "it's awfully good of you to let me get by with this. You're Ed's sister and I'm his oldest friend, and that creates a sort of presumption that I know you well enough to call you Edith and drop in on you in the morning and invite myself to breakfast. But it's perfectly phony. I really don't know you a bit. When you came out of the house on the way to the play the other night—the night I brought Ed home—I didn't even know who you were for a minute; not till Ed hugged you and called you Edith. I'd always thought of you as his little sister."

"I must have looked awfully silly," she said, "dressed up like that, when you didn't know what it was for."

He frowned at her in a puzzled sort of way, which she found completely adorable. She loved people who didn't smile all the time.

She buttered her second slice of toast. He got up and began roaming up and down the room.

"I don't understand it," he went on. "I don't understand your being one of them—Martha, and Jane Cole, and Isabel Norris, and the rest of the bunch. Don't they seem like kids to you? They can't be, I suppose, if you're really younger than Ed, and he swears you are."

"He's seemed sort of young to me these days," she acknowledged. "I suppose that's because he's suddenly got silly about Agatha Willard. He's always known her, of course. She and I just grew up together when we were little girls. I suppose that's why it seems sort of funny to see them—oh, you know what I mean!"

"Exactly," he said. "That's what I mean, too. Well, they're all like that, aren't they?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "Any-

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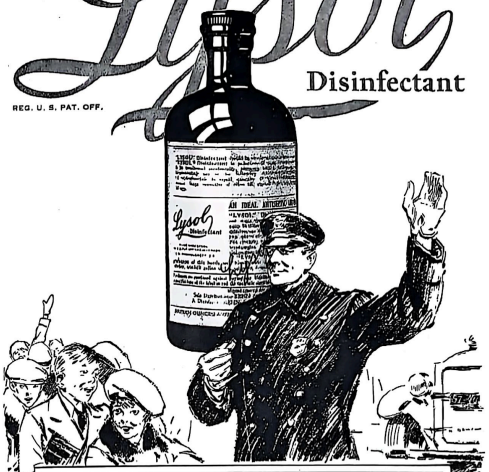

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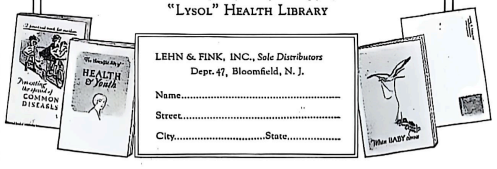

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how, I'm going to stop school. I'm not going back next term."

He nodded as if it didn't surprize him very much, but he didn't interrupt with any comment, and somehow she had to go on. She just couldn't stop herself. "I haven't made up my mind what to do exactly. Take a job, I guess."

At the sound of the words she was seized with a panic. What would he say? What would he do? What would he think of her for blurting out a thing like that? She wouldn't have looked up and read the expression she was sure must be in his face for anything in the world. She could hear him lighting a fresh cigaret.

"I suppose that would seem a rather wild idea to some people," he said at last. "It startled me just at first. But, by George, I believe you're right. I think it will be perfectly great if they'll let you do it."

"I guess they'll let me, all right," she declared.

"Really, it's what I'd have expected you to do if I'd thought of it. It's a sporting proposition, you see, and any one could tell you were a good sport." He took another turn across the room. Then, "What does Ed think about it?" he asked.

"He doesn't know," she told him. "He doesn't even know I'm going to stop school."

"I'm glad you told me," he said. "You see, I've never—oh, I've got on all right with girls, I mean regular girls, the kind you meet, and I like to dance with them, and so on, but it never seemed quite the real thing. Brass tacks, you know. I didn't know whether the trouble was with me or with them. Of course it sounds conceited to say it, but it seemed to me that it was with them. They don't seem to have enough experience. Of course there are plenty of them who've had experiences. You hear them say sometimes they'll try anything once, but that isn't the same thing."

EDITH was luxuriating in the sound of his voice, in the fact that he was talking like this to her; he a mature man, a senior in college. She was thrilled through and through, but she hadn't been exactly paying attention to the words he said. She was aware that he was snatching a look at his watch.

"I've got to run," he said. "I've stayed twice as long as I'd any business to. I told mother I wouldn't be gone but a minute. I've got all my packing to do, you know."

"You're going this afternoon?" she said. It was perfectly idiotic, of course, but it was the only thing she could think of.

"Yes." It seemed for a terrible moment that this was all he had to say, but then he got a fresh start. "I wish we'd had this talk sooner, so that there'd have been time, I mean, for us to have another before I went away." He came around now to her side of the table and shook hands with her. "I wish you all kinds of luck," he went on. "When I come back I'll come around here first thing and get you to tell me what the job is like and how it seems to have one."

He still had hold of her hand. She didn't know whether he meant to or whether he was just waiting for her to take hers away. She was so conscious of that, she couldn't think of anything else. Suddenly he seemed to become conscious of it too and let go of her.

A desolating sense came over her that he was going now, that he'd be gone before she could possibly think of anything to say that would keep him from thinking of her as a perfectly dumb, hopeless little fool. She felt she couldn't bear to let him go like that. Involuntarily her hand tightened its grip on his. She looked up at him and drew in her breath to speak, hoping the words would come. She found him looking at her, right into her.

"Good-by," he said. He didn't mean to—he wasn't going to. But he did. He kissed her. Not exactly on the mouth; just on the corner of it.

She couldn't, funnily enough, remember how the kiss felt at all. It was the way he'd looked when his face got back into focus—surprized, scared. He'd done it without knowing he was going to. And yet not silly or sentimental a bit.

This kiss had been a sort of detached thing that had hung between them palpably for about a quarter of a second before it had happened, and then inevitably, had happened like a little explosion.

SHE was lying on her bed, propped up by an extra pillow or two, reading her favorite sentimental novel. It must be almost time for mother to come home, but she'd have plenty of time after she heard the front door open to put the book back in its place on the shelf and slip on her shoes. It wasn't a forbidden book at all, only she'd read it so often she'd a little rather not be caught indulging in it again.

The sound of the front door opening just then gave her a real start. But it wasn't mother. It was Ed. She could tell by the way he slammed the door. It wasn't worth while getting up for him. If necessary she could slide the book under her pillow.

She felt perfectly well disposed toward Ed—hadn't a grievance against him in this world—only she didn't feel like talking to him, nor to anybody. Why didn't he go over and see Agatha? Sit with her on the big davenport in the alcove of their library and hold her hand?

She heard him coming undecisively up the stairs. From the corridor he called. "Mother!" and there was no getting out of replying to it.

"She isn't home yet, but I think she will be pretty soon."

He came straight on to her door and asked, "May I come in? It's you I wanted to talk to anyway."

"Sure!" she said, hiding her book. "Come in. I'm just lying down." She half closed her eyes and lay very still. Perhaps if he thought she still had her headache, he'd go away again after a minute.

"Still feeling rotten?" he asked.

"Oh, no, not especially," she said bravely. "No, really I'm all right."

He came over and sat down on the edge of the bed, undeterred by the fact that she didn't move to make room for him.

"You poor kid!" he said. "I'm horribly sorry, Edith."

You could see he meant it, all right. He bent down over her, and she realized that he meant to kiss her. On an uncontrollable and perfectly automatic instinct, she wriggled away from him.

"Go over and do it to Agatha," she said with a smile. "She won't mind."

He went the color of a boiled beet and sprang erect as if she'd burned him. He was perfectly speechless, but he stood looking at her as if he'd like to wring her neck:

"I didn't mean any harm by that," she went on. "You do kiss her sometimes, don't you?"

"We won't discuss her, if you please," he said icily. "I thought you were her friend—her best friend. She thinks so."

"Well, but I am!" she protested.

HE GAVE a bitter laugh, stalked to the window and stood staring out.

"I didn't mean to be catty," she insisted plausibly. "I've always wanted you to be crazy about her, and now that you are, I'm pleased." But she didn't really want to goad him any further, so she changed the quality of her voice. "I'm sorry, Ed. I didn't mean anything I take it all back. Will you forgive me?"

He stayed glued to the window, and it was quite a while before he answered. "Oh, it's all right. *I* haven't anything to forgive. I can see how you must have felt about me. You must have hated me."

"Hated you!" she echoed, sitting up. "Don't be silly! I didn't, anything of the kind."

"Well, you didn't have anything on me if you did. Not last night, after my talk with dad. I found him sitting up waiting for me when I came home from Martha's party. He told me—all about things. Gosh!"

(Continued on Page 89)

CLEARING TEETH OF FILM

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No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those in Pepsodent.

Please accept Pepsodent test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

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FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1134, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

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Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 127 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W. 2386

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The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

Pineapple Sauce ~

Fruit-health for growing bodies ~ and a constant menu aid ~

Your children! What's more precious to you than their health? What wouldn't you do to insure normal growth and development for them—these little ones who so completely dominate your heart?

Right now, when fresh fruits are scarce, Pineapple Sauce is a wonderful food for them. Its mineral salts, its vitamins and its valuable fruit acids, make it particularly suitable for the children's diet. More than that—they just love it. No need to remind you how important *that* is!

And, of course, you know what a wonderful food Hawaiian Pineapple is for "grown-ups"—how it adds new charm to so many standard dishes—and what a treat it is right from the can.

With omelets, waffles, poached eggs, sweet potatoes, meat loaf, pork, lamb, sausage and meat balls, Hawaii's delicate fruit is a culinary revelation. It converts these standard dishes into tempting menu treats.

In fact, so popular and varied are these "main-course" uses that they are beginning to rival the old, established Hawaiian Pineapple favorites—salads, puddings, cake-fillings, fruit-cocktails, ices, ice-creams, tarts and pies.

For many of these uses, Crushed is particularly convenient; for others, you will prefer the equally-delightful form—Sliced. Whether it is the Crushed or the Sliced that best fits your needs, you are always sure of this: each is the same fine Hawaiian fruit—the same quality, the same flavor. The fruit is simply packed two ways to cut down needless work in the kitchen. For your further convenience, both Crushed and Sliced are packed in various sizes of cans.

Serve both forms often—all year round! And don't forget that in order to enjoy the full flavor and goodness of Hawaiian Pineapple, you must buy it *canned!* For pineapple attains its full sugar content and juiciness only when ripened by the tropical sun in the fields where it grows. And this field-ripened pineapple is much too fragile to be shipped long distances.

That's why the so-called "fresh pineapple" which is offered in your local market must be picked green and allowed to ripen on the long way to market. Naturally, it cannot compare with the sun-ripened fruit which we can for you within a few hours after harvest.

If you haven't a copy of our newest book, "Hawaiian Pineapple As 100 Good Cooks Serve It," let us send it to you—*free!* It is brimful of simple, yet interesting suggestions—most of them the favorite recipes of practical home cooks. Write for your free copy!

DEPARTMENT 69, ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CANNERS, 451 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

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Sliced —For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

Crushed —For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads and hundreds of made-up dishes.

(Continued from Page 86)

She didn't want to take any chances, so she asked, "All about what?"

"Everything," he said. "How hard up he was because of the new business; and about how you and he and mother were doing without things and saving every cent you possibly could; and how they were going to send you to the high school because they couldn't afford to keep you on in the old school. He told me enough, all right. I felt like a mangy pup in the dog-pound before he got through with me."

THIS intended touch of humor didn't come off very well. His voice broke over it. He blew his nose sonorously, but she could see, tho he carefully kept his back to her, that he was wiping his eyes, too. She lay down again, to make it easier to pretend she hadn't noticed.

"But it wasn't your fault," she protested. "You didn't know. We didn't mean you should. We kept it dark on purpose because we were afraid you'd be foolish and make a fuss about going back to college. I don't see what dad had to go and tell you for."

"He said I might have noticed that you and mother were doing all the work and done some of it myself, but what he was sorest about was because I hadn't come down to see his new shop. I was coming, all right, but I didn't know there was any special hurry about it. Oh, I don't blame him. He's all right. He said he'd wanted my advice about the thing. It's the first time I ever knew he cared anything about that. Only I wish he'd asked me about it before he went in."

"Was that where you went this morning?" she asked. "Didn't it look—Didn't you think it was——"

"Oh, it'll come out all right, I guess. I didn't see him. He was out. I waited about an hour, but he didn't come back."

"You didn't go down with him, then?"

"No, I went somewhere else first, to try to get a job."

"Stop college, you mean?" she cried. "Ed, you wouldn't do that! It's just what he wouldn't want you to do."

"Oh, I got talked out of it," he admitted. "I went to Mr. Willard. He promised me a job last Summer, whenever I wanted it, but to-day he gave me the big chin about how necessary it was for a man who was going to be an engineer to have a college education. He was awfully nice about it. He's one white man, all right. I promised I'd do what he said."

"Well, I'm glad of that," she told him. "But I wish you'd come away from that window and sit down here where I can see you."

He came, with a certain air of reserve, however, and tho she now moved to make room for him he sat down on the extreme edge of the bed and kept his face turned to the opposite wall so that she was denied a really good look into it.

"I'll go back to college," he went on. "But I'm not going to take one more cent of father's money for it. There are two things that are settled, and that's one of them."

"How are you going to get it?" She asked the question easily enough, but as the answer suggested itself she caught her breath. "You mean you'll work your way through? Tending furnaces and shoveling snow and things like that? Oh, Ed, that would be perfectly horrible!"

He laughed and patted her hand. "I'll earn it," he said, "but not that way. Mr. Willard had two or three ideas that were pretty good, but what I think I'll try for first is a student agency for radio stuff. I know I can sell a raft of that. The whole college is just crazy about it, of course. I thought about doing it last term, just for fun, only it would take quite a lot of time. Mr. Willard's going to back me. Gee, but he's a peach, Edith!"

She nodded in full agreement, but there was something else on her mind that she didn't want to forget about. "You said there were two things settled. What was the other one?"

"The other thing is"—he turned away a little farther and used both hands for the purpose of embracing his knee—"that you're going right straight along to your regular school just as if nothing had happened."

"I don't see how I can," she objected. "Dad simply hasn't got the money."

"No, but I have," Ed said. "I've got five hundred dollars right here in the savings-bank. If mother gets home in time I'll draw it out to-day. Give her three hundred of it for you and keep the other two to get myself started. You don't have to worry about that. That's fixed."

She answered, "It's not fixed!" and when he reiterated that it was, she told him coldly that she wasn't going back to school. She'd made up her own mind about that, independently. She wouldn't go back if dad had all the money in the world.

She didn't want to be asked what her plans were, so she went on hastily, "And, besides, you're going to work your way through college. You'll need all that money yourself, every cent of it. Whom did you see at the office to-day? What did you think of the place?"

"Dad's? Oh, it's all right, I guess. I met his partner, Mariner. He looks to me like a washout. Good bit of a fake, I'd say. He tried to make me think there was something mysterious and secret about the metal they use for that spiral spring. I hope dad didn't let him get by with that."

"You mean, there isn't?" she asked. "You don't know what it's made of, do you?"

"Of course I do—practically. Everybody does. Every thermostatic device uses it in one form or another."

Her heart felt like a lump of lead when he said that. She felt pretty sure dad regarded this metal, which would expand when you held a lighted match near it, as a part of Mr. Mariner's invention.

"Don't you think it's any good at all?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't say that. I agree with Mr. Willard. It's probably a pretty good novelty from the selling point of view."

Her spirits rose a little on a wave of indignation. Ed made her tired with his lordly, cocksure ways. Mr. Willard, too. Dad wasn't such a perfect fool as they were trying to make out. There was no use scrapping about it, tho. Again she changed the subject.

"Is that boy still there—an awful boy with pimples who worked the typewriter?"

Ed nodded glumly. "I guess so. I didn't notice him, much. A sulky young brute with dirty ears."

Edith laughed. "It's funny about that. About why they have him, I mean. It's because of Mrs. Mariner. She's so jealous she won't let her husband have a woman stenographer. Not an ordinary one, I mean. But if she goes away to California I guess they'll change. She's the most awful woman I ever saw."

But Ed, it appeared, didn't care to gossip about Mrs. Mariner, nor about anything else. It was at the end of a long glum silence that they heard the front door open.

"There's mother, I guess," he said, getting up from his seat on the bed and going down the hall to meet her.

IT WAS the day Ed went back to college, a bright, crisp day that made you tingle with something that felt like courage, and Edith felt somewhat indebted to it. If it had been dull and rainy she didn't feel a bit sure she'd have had the nerve to put her program through. Also, if the weather had been bad, mother would never have consented to her taking the car at five o'clock to go down to dad's office and bring him home. It was dark, of course, before she went out.

Dad was surprized, all right, to see her come walking into his office. Whether he was altogether pleased or not, she couldn't be sure, tho he said he was. They hadn't seen much of each other—hadn't been alone together at all for more than a minute—since the night mother had told her of the plan for sending her to high school.

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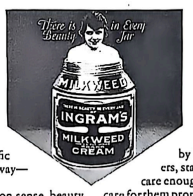

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She hadn't told her plan to any one, not even to Ed, tho she'd had to borrow twenty dollars of him to take the first step toward carrying it out. She'd done that this morning just before he left, and had got at the same time a promise from him that he wouldn't tell. By now her bomb was all made and ready to throw. It gave you a sort of thrill to be in complete and sole possession of a project you were perfectly sure would start something, whether it started the thing you meant it to or not. It made her heart pound and her breath come quick.

"I'll be ready in a few minutes," dad said. "I want to sign a letter that should go out to-night, if you don't mind waiting. You look very glowing and bright-eyed to-night somehow," he went on after she'd taken a chair and told him she didn't mind a bit. "Have you been having a particularly good time to-day?"

"Why, I don't know," she told him. "Yes, I suppose I have—a funny kind of a time."

He went back to the papers on his desk and gave her the opportunity for a good look at the typewriter upon which the unspeakable boy was hammering out the letter he waited for. It was important that she should know what kind of typewriter it was, and it took more than one glance to spell out the half-obliterated gilt letters on the front bar of the frame. She knew one thing: it would need a good cleaning with benzin before it would be fit for any one else to touch.

THE boy stopped writing, but without taking his hands from the keys, and involuntarily she looked up at him. He was blushing furiously. Idiot! He'd probably thought she was staring at him! Interested in him! Trying to flirt with him! She hunched her chair around in a way that cut him out of her field of vision altogether. There! Now, perhaps, he'd go ahead and get that letter done.

Mr. Mariner came in from the shop. He greeted her pleasantly; said he wished he had a daughter who'd come once in a while to take him home. And then, as if he'd remembered something or feared he'd said too much, he went away rather suddenly to his own desk and pretended to be awfully busy. He didn't say anything at all to dad. Had they been having a row about something? she wondered.

The letter was finished at last. Dad looked it over gloomily, made quite a lot of corrections in it in ink, and finally signed it and sealed it up. He seemed in sort of a hurry to get away, she thought.

She took the driver's seat when she got into the car, feeling dimly that she had the reins in her own hands better that way. She didn't broach her plan till they were almost half-way home. Then she pulled out to the curb and stopped the car.

She knew, now, that he'd been aware all the time that something was coming, but she was sure he didn't guess what it was. She knew, too, that he'd feel bad about it. He might even think she was doing it on purpose to make him feel bad. This was a new and appalling idea which made it hard to begin. If she hadn't already stopped the car she might have lost her nerve.

"I'LL tell you what I've done to-day," she said. Of course she couldn't make her voice sound the way she wanted it to. "I've arranged about going to school. I've paid my tuition for the first month. It's a nice little business college, Dad."

He cried out her name at that, as if she'd actually hurt him, and she stopped for a minute to see if he wanted to say anything more; but it seemed he hadn't anything to say just yet.

"I'm going to learn the typewriter first," she went on. "I'm going to start at half past eight to-morrow morning. The man says that part of it won't take very long. They've got the same kind of typewriters that you have at your office. I'll bet in a week I'll be better than that—horrible boy. Then I'm going to come down and be your stenographer. Mrs. Mariner won't be jealous of me, will she? Anyhow, it won't matter if she is.

"I'll go on taking lessons in shorthand in the afternoon, you know. You'll let me out early for a while, won't you? And the school's right in Lakeside—on Main Street. So I can study there from four to six and then come home to dinner. Won't it be fun going off to work together every morning, Dad? I'm crazy about it. I really am, Dad. Aren't you?" She laid her hand upon his knee and he covered it with one of his own.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" was all he said.

SHE was glad it was dark in there, because she could tell by his voice that he was crying. She'd have hated to see him cry. Somehow or other she'd got to go on talking.

"I was tired of the old school, anyhow," she said. "Oh, I know I used to like it, but I've been feeling more—well, grown up, lately, and all those girls—well, they seemed kind of young and silly to me—as if they weren't exactly the real thing, somehow. I think a person with a job is different, and I want to be different."

"I wish you had a different father," he said. "It isn't fair."

She tried to say, "What isn't fair?" but her throat was frozen perfectly numb. She couldn't say anything.

"I'm a failure, you see," he went on. "Of course you see it, or you wouldn't have made a plan like that. Your mother sees it, too, I guess; and Ed. I've been a long time seeing it myself. I used to have a pretty good opinion of myself—of my intelligence and judgment and so on. But I went into this business like a fool—like a boy. I thought I was too good for my old job. I thought I'd show them that they'd underestimated me. I didn't want any advice from your mother nor Bert Willard nor anybody. They really knew what I was good for, just as the people in the office did."

"I can't stand it," she managed to say, "if you talk like that!" It was a relief when the sob that was coming broke away from her.

"I'm sorry, Edith," he said. "I shouldn't have done that." He put his arm around her shoulders and drew her close. "I was taken by surprize, you see. I knew you were going to say something about school. I had my argument all ready to persuade you to go back. I was going to keep up the bluff a little longer. In a way, it wouldn't have been a bluff. I've found a man who'll buy this car for rather more than I had thought we'd get for it. And, after all, three hundred dollars, one way or the other, won't make the difference. If I'd had any idea what it would mean to you to change schools I'd never have suggested it. That's what I was ready to say, you see. And when you spoke of going to business college and taking a job, it—well, it stripped me of my last pretense, somehow."

SHE was glad he stopped talking then and just went on holding her tightly. There was something comforting about the steady feel of him, now that that first outburst was over.

Finally she managed to ask, "Is it really hopeless, Dad—the business, I mean? Is it sure to fail?"

"No," he said reflectively, grudgingly almost. "Really it isn't. That's the queer thing about it. It isn't what I thought it was when I went into it. There's nothing mysterious or revolutionary about it. It seems that that expanding metal we use is a perfectly familiar article of commerce, and there are other devices on the market which are supposed to do more or less what ours does. We've got nothing that will set the world on fire.

"Goodness, what a fool I was! But we've got an article—a novelty, they call it in the trade slang—that people find rather attractive. It can be built up into a very decent business. It's a question of our being able to hang on while we're developing our market. Persuading enough people to buy it is what that means."

"I wish I had a million dollars I could give you," she said with a forlorn laugh.

He laughed too, and hugged her. "If

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you had, I'd advise you to put it in tax-exempt bonds," he said.

Then he went back to the drift of his own thoughts.

"We're handicapped by more than a lack of money. Mariner is temperamentally untrustworthy. He knows a good deal, but you can't believe what he says because he can believe whatever he pleases. And I'm not much better because I'm almost totally ignorant. And then, of course, I'm not a salesman. Ed would be worth twice as much to the business as I am. Well, I'm glad he's safely back in college. I suppose we'd better be starting on home. Mother won't know what's become of us."

She didn't immediately start the car. She was thinking about something else. Roger was back in college, too. They might be talking together now. About her!

"Did Ed know about this plan of yours?" her father asked.

"No," she said, "only that I wouldn't go back to school. I had to tell him that because he wanted to pay the money for it, himself. I made him lend me twenty dollars for my tuition at business college, not telling him what it was for. You'll let me do it, won't you, Dad? Let me work for you, I, mean? Because I'm going to get a job with somebody."

"All right, dear," he said, "provided you can persuade your mother."

"*We*," she amended. "You've got to help. Don't you *want* me, Dad?"

She heard a long, shakily indrawn breath. "Oh, yes, my dear, I do," he said.

She started the car and drove along for a while in silence.

"I bet I could sell a lot of those things," she told him.

The fourth instalment of "The Beginners" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published June 1st. If you prefer to read this story at one time save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all later on.

Twilight Sleep

(Continued from Page 25)

on silver-gilt dishes with coats of arms. Everything at Cedarledge was silver-gilt. Pauline, as usual, had managed to transplant them all to New York, when all he wanted was to be quiet, smoke his pipe, and ride or tramp with Nona and Lita. Why couldn't she see it? Her vigilant eye sought his—was it for approval or admonition? What was she saying: "The Cardinal? Oh, yes. It's all settled. So sweet of him! Of course you must all promise to come. But I've got another little surprize for you after dinner."

"A surprize? Is this a surprize-party?" It was Amalasuntha now. "Then I must produce mine. But I dare say Pauline's told you. About Michelangelo and Klawhammer—*Cesare Borgia*—such a sum that I don't dare to mention it—you'd think I was mixing up the figures. But I've got them down in black and white. He sails to-morrow." Sailing again—was Michelangelo always sailing? Hadn't his debts been paid on the express condition—? But no; there's been nothing, as the Marchesa called it, "in black and white."

"It's the type, you see; between ourselves, there's always been a rumor of *Borgia* blood on the San Fedele side. A naughty ancestress! Perhaps you've noticed the likeness? You remember that wonderful profile portrait of *Cesare Borgia* in black velvet? What gallery *is* it in? Oh, I know—"

Manford, looking up, caught a double gaze bent in his direction. Gladys Toy's vast blue eyes had always been like search-lights; but to-night they seemed actually to be writing her private history over his head, like an advertising aeroplane. The fool! But was the other look also meant for him? That half-shaded glint of Lita's—was it not rather attached to the Marchesa? Klawhammer—Michelangelo—a *Borgia* film. Those listening eyes missed not a syllable.

"The offers those fellows make—right and left—nobody takes much account of them. Wait till I see your contract, as you call it. If you really think it's a job for a gentleman—" Manford growled.

"BUT, my friend, gentlemen can't be choosers! Who are the real working class to-day? Our old aristocracies, alas! And, besides, is it ever degrading to create a work of art? I thought in America you made so much of creativeness—constructiveness—what do you call it? Is it less creative to turn a film than to manufacture bathtubs? Yes! I see Lita listening, and I know she agrees with me. Lita! What a *Lucrezia* for his *Cesare!* But why look shocked, dear Dexter? Of course you know that *Lucrezia* has been entirely rehabilitated? She was a perfectly pure woman—and her hair was exactly the color of Lita's."

They were finishing coffee in the drawing-room, the doors standing open into the tall library where the men always smoked.

"Oh, what *is* it? Not a fire? A chimney in the house?"

The women, aflutter at the sudden siren-shrick, the hooting, and clattering up the drive, flowed with startled little cries out into the hall.

"A fire? The engine—the—oh, it's a *fire-drill!* How realistic! How lovely of you! What a beauty the engine is!"

Pauline stood smiling, watch in hand, as the hook-and-ladder motor clattered up the drive and ranged itself behind the engine. The big lantern over the front door illuminated fresh scarlet paint and superpolished brasses, the firemen's agitated helmets and perspiring faces.

"Just five minutes to the second! Wonderful!" Pauline was shaking hands with each member of the amateur brigade in turn. "I can't tell you how I congratulate you! Such an achievement! You really maneuver like professionals. No one would have believed it was the first time! Dexter, will you tell them a hot supper has been prepared down-stairs! And, oh, Mr. Motts, I think you're simply wonderful, all of you. Mr. Manford and my daughter are going to show you the way to supper. Yes, yes, you *must!* Just a sandwich and something hot."

She dominated them all, grave and glittering as a Goddess of Velocity. "She enjoys it as much as other women do love-making," Manford muttered to himself.

MANFORD didn't know what first gave him the sense that Lita had slipped out among the departing guests; slipped out, and not come back. When the idea occurred to him it was already lodged in his mind, hard and definite as a verified fact. She had vanished from among them into the darkness.

But only a moment ago; there was still time to dash round to the shed in the service-court, where motors were sometimes left for the night, and where he had dropped his car just in time to rush in and dress for dinner. He would have no trouble in overtaking her.

The car was gone.

Hatless and coatless in the soft night air, he rushed down the drive on its track. No moon to-night, but a deceptive velvet mildness, such as sometimes comes in Spring before the wind hauls round to a frosty quarter. He hurried on, and there, at the turn of the New York turnpike, stood his car, a figure stooping over it in the lamp-glare. A furious stab of jealousy shot through him. "There's a man with her; who?" But the man was only his own overcoat, which he had left on the seat of the car

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when he dashed home for dinner, and which was now drawn over Lita's shoulders. It was she who stood in the night, bent over the mysteries of the car's insides.

She looked up and called out: "Oh, look here—give me a hand, will you? The thing's stuck." Manford moved around within lamp-range, and she stared a moment. Then she broke into a laugh. "You?"

"Were you asking a total stranger to repair your motor? Rather risky on a country road in the middle of the night."

She shrugged and smiled. "Not as risky as doing it myself."

"Lita, you're mad! What are you doing here anyhow?"

She paused. "Running away," she said simply.

Manford took a quick breath. The thing was, he admonished himself, to take this lightly, as nearly as possible in her own key. But his heart was beating like a trip-hammer. She was more of a fool than he had thought.

"Running away from that dinner? I don't blame you. But it's over. Still, if you want to wash out the memory of it, get into the motor and we'll go for a good spin—like that one when we came back from Greenwich."

Her lips parted in a faint smile. "Oh, but that ended up at Cedarledge."

"Well——?"

"Bless you, I'm not going back."

"Where *are* you going?"

"To New York first—after that I don't know. Perhaps my aunt's. Perhaps Hollywood."

The rage in him exploded. "Perhaps Dawnside—eh? Own up!"

She laughed and shrugged again. "Own up? Why not? Anywhere where I can dance and laugh and be hopelessly low-lived and irresponsible."

"And get that blackguard crew about you again. Lita! Listen to me. You've got to."

"Got to? I wonder who you think you're talking to? I'm not Gladys Toy."

The unexpectedness of the challenge struck him dumb. He felt a rush of mingled strength and fear—fear at this inconceivable thing, and the strength her self-betrayal gave him. He returned with equal violence: "No—you're not. You're something so utterly different."

"Oh," she burst in, "don't tell me I'm too sacred, and all that. I'm fed up with the sanctities—that's the trouble with me. Just own up you like 'em artificially fattened. Or is that really the way you admire 'em? I thought you wanted to be with me. Do you suppose I'd have come all this way just to be taught to love fresh air and family life? The hypocrisy——!"

Her little face was flashing on him furiously, red lips parted on a glitter of bright teeth.

"*Lita!*"

"You're *stupid*—you're stupider than anything on God's earth!"

"Lita—" He put his hand over hers. Let the whole world crash, after this.

PAULINE sat in her up-stairs sitting-room, full of that sense of repose which comes of duties performed and rewards laid up. How could it be otherwise at the close of a day so rich in moral satisfactions? She scanned it again, from the vantage of her midnight vigil in the sleeping house.

Yes; all was well, from the fire-drill to the arrangements for the Cardinal's reception and the fact that Jim was philosophically remaining in the South in spite of his father's unexpected return. The only shadow on the horizon was Michelangelo's. But she was not going to let him darken her holiday, when everything else in life was so smooth and sunshiny.

She remembered her resolve to write to Jim, and took up her pen with a smile.

I can guess what heavenly weather you must be having from the delicious taste of Spring here. The baby is out in the sunshine all day; he's gained nearly a pound already, and is getting almost as brown as if it were Summer. Lita looks ever so much better too, tho she'd never forgive my suggesting that she had put on even an ounce. But I don't believe she has, for she and Nona and Dexter are riding or golfing or racing over the country from morning to night like a pack of children. It was a wonderful invention of Dexter's to bring Lita and the baby here while you were having your holiday.

Amalasuntha tells me your father is back. I expected to hear that he had got restless away from his own quarters; but she says he's looking very well. Nona will go in and see him next week, and report. Meanwhile I'm so glad you're staying on and making the most of your holiday. Do get all the rest and sunshine you can, and trust your treasures a little longer to your loving old

MOTHER.

THERE—that would certainly reassure him. It had reassured her merely to write it: given her the feeling that a thing was so if one said it was.

She sealed the letter, pushed back her chair, and glanced at the little clock on her writing-table. A quarter to two! She opened the window, and stood drinking in the hush. The Spring night was full of an underlying rustle and murmur that was a part of the silence. But suddenly a sharp sound broke on her—the sound of a motor coming up the drive. In the stillness she caught it a long way off, probably just after the car turned into the gate. She thought irritably of a servants' escapade. Queer, tho, the motor did not turn off toward the garage. Standing in the window, she followed its continued approach; then heard it slow down and stop—somewhere near the service-court.

Could it be that Lita and Nona had been off on one of their crazy trips since the guests had left? She felt angry, nervous, uncertain. She hesitated a moment, and then crossed to her own room, opened the door of the little anteroom beyond, and stood listening at her husband's bedroom door. It was ajar, all dark within. She hesitated to speak, half fearing to wake him; but at length she said in a low voice: "Dexter——"

No answer. She pronounced his name again, a little louder, and then cautiously crossed the threshold and switched on the light. The room was empty, the bed undisturbed. It was evident that Manford had not been up to his room since their guests had left. It was he, then, who had come back in the motor. She extinguished the light and turned back into her own room. Slowly she began to undress. Presently she heard steps in the hall, then in the anteroom; then her husband moving softly about in his own room. She drew a long breath, as if trying to free her lungs of some vague oppression.

WHEN Nona told her mother that she wanted to go to town the next day to see Mrs. Brass and Maisie, Mrs. Manford said: "It's only what I expected of you, darling," and added after a moment: "Do you think I ought——?"

"No, of course not. It would simply worry Maisie."

Nona knew it was the answer that her mother awaited. Nothing frightened and disorganized Pauline as much as direct contact with physical or moral suffering—especially physical. Her whole life had been a long, uninterrupted struggle against the encroachment of every form of pain. The first step, always, was to conjure it, bribe it away, by every possible expenditure—except of oneself. Checks, surgeons, nurses, private rooms in hospitals, whatever was most costly and up to date in the art of healing—that was her first and strongest line of protection.

Nona knew that this attitude was not caused by lack of physical courage. Had Pauline been a pioneer's wife, and seen her family stricken down by disease in the wilderness, she would have nursed them fearlessly; but all her life she had been used to buying off suffering with money, or denying its existence with words, and her moral muscles had become so atrophied that only some great shock would restore their natural strength.

"Great shock! People like mother never have great shocks," Nona mused, looking at the dauntless profile, the crisply waving hair, reflected in the

(Continued on Page 94)

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MAKING BETTER DRESSES

By MARY BROOKS PICKEN *Dressmaking Editor*

Simplicity Gives Distinction to Frocks

WHEN summer is just beyond the hill, with days of planning anticipated, joyful trips overnight, bags packed in a hurry for happy holidays, then it is that one needs a dress easy to wear and get into, and easy to keep in order.

The dress shown here is ideal for many reasons. Its surplice closing makes it easy to put on; its side-front plaits give it the desirable skirt fulness; and the slender sleeves and belted waist-line give it the simplicity of good taste. The design is one that can be adapted to silk, wool, or cotton, with the assurance of equal smartness, and is appropriate for ages from twenty to sixty. By the length of the skirt, and the finish of the waist-line, the dress can be adapted to express chic or becomingness, as the need requires.

Lucien Lelong has said that if the design is rightly cut, a dress can be worn by women in varying ages and sizes without losing its beauty. The frock shown here surely fits into M. Lelong's dictum.

The design calls for a bloused lining, which, for the young and slender, allows the blouse to be adjusted so that an easy effect is obtained at the waist-line. The larger woman will have less blouse, and the lower waist-line position proves more flattering for her. The larger woman also will use a narrow belt, while the older, more slender woman will find the belt as shown here particularly becoming.

Planning the Dress

If the material is wool, or any of the sports cottons, a leather, or suède belt is best to use. If it is a sports silk, a narrow belt, cut on the length of the fabric, is most appropriate. One could use for this dress any of the new blues, beiges, greens, yellows, or plain white, or the ever-fashionable black. As said before, the fabric can be voile or georgette, crêpe, satin, flannel, linen, or gingham, and the dress will prove smart because of the charm of the design itself.

To make the dress for the average figure, two and a quarter yards of 54-inch material is needed, or three and a quarter yards of 40-inch, or four yards of 32-inch. An additional yard and a quarter of 36-inch lining material is required for the under-bodice.

Making the Dress

The first thing to do in making this dress is to read the instructions in the envelop accompanying the design. Straighten one end of the material, place all the pieces according to the layout, and mark all notches and perforations.

Make the lining of the dress first, as shown in Fig. 1. First sew the underarm darts to position, stitching them as shown in the illustration. Then join the shoulder and underarm seams with plain seams. Clip the armhole edges, and turn a hem on both armholes. Turn the raw edge at the neck to the wrong side, and place very narrow, firm lace over this, stitching it to place. Turn the lower edge up, as shown in Fig. 1, and stitch the turned edge. Pin the plaits in the front, as indicated by the notches. Press the lining, so that it will be ready to baste in the dress when it is finished. By making the lining in this way, entirely separate from the dress, it is possible to remove it and wash it as often as necessary. A clean, fresh lining gives a dress a desirable freshness, and is easy to have when it is made as this one is.

If you have been very careful about measuring the length of the dress when cutting, you can stitch the skirt seams, overcast the raw edges as shown in Fig. 2, and turn the hem. Stitch seam binding to the top of the hem, as shown in Fig. 2, and slipstitch the top of the binding to the dress. By putting the hem in before the plaits are laid in the skirt, much time is saved, and the plaits are more easily finished off.

When the hem is in, and the plaits are in place, pin them first, and lay them according to the perforations, then baste them. The plaits should be stitched down from the top of the skirt, as shown in Fig. 3. The thread ends should be pulled through to the wrong side and tied, so that the stitching will hold securely. The skirt will then be ready to sew to the blouse when it is finished.

When the skirt and lining are ready, make the collar that finishes the edges of the surplice closing. The bias piping is put inside the seam of the collar as a trimming edge. This is done as shown in Fig. 4. The bias material is pinned carefully to the seam edge of the collar, and then the top of the collar is brought down over this and basted to place, with a row of machine-stitching added to hold the edges securely. If the piping is put in accurately, a scant ⅛ inch of it can show all the way around the outside edge of the collar. This may be of any bright, colored material, or may be of the material of the dress. When the collar is ready, remove all basting from the inside, turn it right side out, and press it neatly. Cut a bias facing ¾ inch wide to finish and conceal the raw edge where the collar is joined to it.

Shirr the shoulders, as shown in Fig. 5, making three rows of long machine stitching, and drawing up the threads to adjust the fulness as required by the back shoulders. Join the shoulders, and overcast the edges separately, as shown in Fig. 5. Put the collar on, matching all notches carefully, and place in the seam the bias facing that you have provided. After stitching, trim the seams, as shown in the illustration, so that they will not be too bulky, and then turn the bias facing down and whip it to place as shown. This makes a very neat and secure finish, and one that will cause the collar to keep to correct position on the dress.

Finishing the Dress

Fig. 6 shows how the seam in the sleeve is finished, and how tiny hems are turned in the bottom of the sleeve to finish the opening at the wrist. A bias facing of the trimming material, used for the piping on the collar, is used to face the bottom of the sleeves. This facing is allowed to extend down a scant ¼ inch, as the width of the piping. The free edge is brought up and hemmed down to make a finish for the bottom of the sleeve. When this is done the sleeves are put in to the armholes, the armhole seams overcast and pressed in toward the dress.

The lower part of the blouse is gathered according to the notches, and arranged on the skirt, all notches meeting accurately. The seam of the skirt and blouse is pressed up toward the blouse, and the dress pressed very thoroughly all over. Then the lining is pinned in, as shown in Fig. 7. By placing the lining in as shown in this illustration, that is, with the seam sides of the lining next to the inside of the dress, all raw edges are concealed, and a very neat effect is obtained. This method saves enough time in seam finishing to make up for the time used in making the lining.

This frock, made of fine gingham or print with organdie collar and sleeve piping, and sash piped with organdie, is very smart. An all-black satin frock in this design needs but a string of pearls, or a white organdie collar instead of the black one to give it distinction. To serve as a sports frock in silk, the dress needs simply contrasting collar and sash; a yellow frock with white collar and sash, for instance, or a novelty printed silk with plain silk trimming. Navy blue, with lighter shades of harmonizing blue in composé effect, would make the dress most attractive for street and daytime wear.

The design is one deserving of careful planning and good material and one's very best workmanship because it is a frock that can be worn a long time and with the assurance of its good taste and fashionableness.

Fig. 1

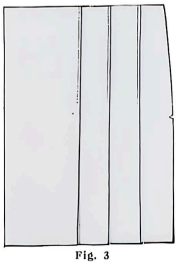

Fig. 3

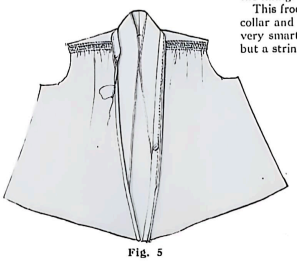

Fig. 5

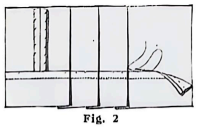

Fig. 2

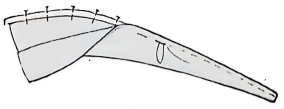

Fig. 4

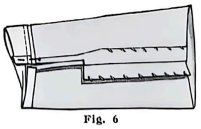

Fig. 6

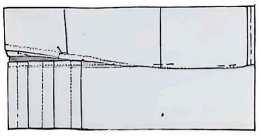

Fig. 7

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(Continued from Page 92)

toilet-mirror. "Unless I were to give her one," she added with an inward smile.

Mrs. Manford restored her powder-puff to its crystal box. "Do you know, darling, I believe I'll go to town with you to-morrow. It was very brave of Maisie to make the effort of coming here the other day, but of course I didn't like to burden her with too many details at such a time. When's the operation—to-morrow? Yes; I'll motor up with you early."

"She'll always delegate her anxieties," Nona mused, not unenviously, as Cécile slipped Mrs. Manford's spangled tea-gown over her firm white shoulders. Pauline turned a tender smile on her daughter. "It's so like you, Nona, to want to be with Maisie for the operation—so *fine*, dear."

Voice and smile were full of praise; yet behind the praise lurked the unformulated apprehension: "All this running after sick people and unhappy people—is it going to turn into a vocation?" Nothing could have been more distasteful to Mrs. Manford than the idea that her only daughter should be not only good, but *merely* good: like poor Aggie Heuston, say.

THEY started early, for forty-eight hours of accumulated leisure had reenforced Pauline's natural activity. Amalasuntha had bustled back to town early on Monday, leaving the family to themselves—and a certain feeling of flatness had ensued. Dexter, his wife thought, seemed secretly irritated, but determined to conceal his irritation from her. It was about Michelangelo, no doubt. Lita was silent and sleepy. No one seemed to have anything particular to do. Even in town Mondays were always insipid. But in the afternoon Manford "took Lita off their hands," as his wife put it, by carrying her away for the long-deferred spin in the car; and Pauline plunged back restfully into visiting-lists and other domestic preoccupations. She certainly had nothing to worry about, and much to rejoice in, yet she felt languid and vaguely apprehensive.

She began to wonder if Alvah Loft's treatment were of the lasting sort, or if it lost its efficacy, like an uncorked drug. And there was Arthur—poor Exhibit A!—on Jim's account it would be kind to look him up if there were time; unless perhaps Nona could manage that, too, in the intervals of solacing Maisie. Pauline's list of things to be done had risen like a Spring tide as soon as she decided to go to town for the day. There were hair-waving, manicuring, dressmaking—her dress for the Cardinal's reception. How was she ever to get through half the engagements on her list?

ON THE steps of the hospital Nona paused and looked about her. The operation was over—everything had "gone beautifully," as beautifully as it almost always does on these occasions. Maisie had been immensely grateful for her coming and as surprized as if an angel from the seventh heaven had alighted to help her through. The two girls had sat together, making jerky attempts at talk, till the nurse came and said: "All right—she's back in bed again"; and then Maisie, after a burst of relieving tears, had tiptoed off to sit in a corner of her mother's darkened room and await the first sign of returning consciousness. There was nothing more for Nona to do, and she went out into the April freshness with the sense of relief that the healthy feel when they escape back to life after a glimpse of death.

On the hospital steps she ran into Arthur Wyant.

"Exhibit, dear! What are you doing here?"

"Coming to inquire for poor Mrs. Bruss. I heard from Amalasuntha——"

"That's kind of you. Maisie'll be so pleased."

She gave him the surgeon's report, saw that his card was entrusted to the right hands, and turned back into the street with him. He looked better than when he had left for the South; his leg was less stiff, and he carried his tall, carefully dressed figure with a rigid jauntiness.

"Just like you, Exhibit, to remember poor Maisie."

He raised ironic eyebrows. "Is inquiring about ill people obsolete? I see you still keep up the tradition."

"Oh, I've been seeing it through with Maisie. Some one had to."

"Exactly. And your mother held aloof, but financed the whole business?"

"Splendidly. She always does."

He frowned, and stood hesitating, and tapping his long boot-tip with his stick. "I rather want to have a talk with your mother."

"With mother? Won't I do as a proxy? I was going to suggest your carrying me off to lunch."

"No, my dear, you won't—as a proxy. But I'll carry you off to lunch."

THE choice of a restaurant would have been laborious, but Nona luckily remembered a new bachelor girls' club which she had lately joined, and packed him into a taxi, still protesting.

They found a quiet corner in a sociable low-studded dining-room, and she leaned back, listening to his disconnected monolog.

The ten days on the island? Oh, glorious, of course—hot sunshine—a good baking for his old joints. Awfully kind of her father to invite him—was going to write a line of thanks. Only, no, really; he couldn't stay; in the circumstances he couldn't.

"What circumstances, Exhibit? Getting the morning papers twenty-four hours late?"

Wyant frowned, looked at her sharply, and then laughed. "Impertinent chit!"

"Own up, now; you were bored stiff. Communion with nature was too much for you. You couldn't stick it. Few can."

"I don't say I'm as passive as Jim."

"Jim's just loving it down there, isn't he? I'm so glad you persuaded him to stay."

"It was about the only thing I could persuade him to do."

"What else did you try to?"

"What else? Why, to *act*, d—— it—take a line—face things—face the music." He stopped and dipped his bristling mustache toward his cup of coffee.

"What things?"

"Why: is he going to keep his wife, or isn't he?"

"He thinks that's for Lita to decide."

"For Lita to decide! A pretext for his d—— sentimental inertness. A *man*—my son! Sit by and see—see. Nona, couldn't I manage to have a talk with your mother?"

"You're having one with me. Isn't that enough for the moment?"

He gave another vague laugh, and took a light from her extended cigaret. "I suppose she comes up to town sometimes, doesn't she?"

"Sometimes—but in such a rush! And we'll be back soon now. She's got to get ready for the Cardinal's reception."

"Great doings, I hear. Amalasuntha dropped in on me yesterday. She says Lita's all agog since that rotten Michelangelo's got a film contract, and your father's in an awful state about it. Is he?"

"The family are not used yet to figuring on the posters. Of course it's only a question of time."

"I don't mean in a state about Michelangelo, but about Lita."

"Father's been a perfect brick about Lita."

"Oh, he has, has he? Very magnanimous. Of course, if anybody's got to be a brick about Lita, I don't see why it's not her husband's job; but then I suppose you'll tell me——"

"Yes; I shall; please consider yourself told, won't you? Because I've got to get back to the hospital."

"The modern husband's job is a purely passive one, eh? If you go to him and say: 'How about that d—— scoundrel and your wife——'"

"What scoundrel?"

(Continued on Page 97)

Freedom

The Natural Lithe Figure of Youth

is the ideal of today — free, full of grace and perfectly rhythmic in line. This rhythm, this ease, this smooth flowing line can only be secured by wearing the correct corset for you. There is nothing so comfortable as a corset that really fits.

The new Warner guarantee plan will provide you with that corset. Every woman can be fitted in a Warner's, for the entire Warner Line is now made readily available to you. This is the Warner plan:

EVERY WARNER WRAP-AROUND* AND CORSELETTE*
carries this Guarantee to Fit

EVERY WARNER GARMENT IS GUARANTEED TO FIT

We Want Your Warner Corset To Fit You

If this model does not fit your figure, return it at once, together with your sales slip, to the store where you bought it. They will exchange it for a Warner's that does fit, either from their own stock or by procuring a model from us.

The Warner Brothers Company
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

(OVER)

EVERY WARNER GARMENT IS GUARANTEED TO FIT

DO YOU know that there are literally *hundreds* of different Warner styles, each one painstakingly designed on living models to ideally corset a particular type of figure?

It is obviously impractical for any store — and Warner's are sold only through the retail stores — to carry hundreds of different models. But those stores that feature Warner's have selected a variety that will properly corset most of their customers. Most likely you will select a Warner Corselette*, Wrap-Around*, or laced Corset at your store that will fit you perfectly.

But suppose you do select a model, take it home, and find that it does not fit you as it should — we have made it easy and practical for your merchant to secure exactly the proper style for you. The store will fill out a *Warner Personal Order Blank* giving your requirements, and our designing department will personally see that the correct model is sent forward promptly for you.

The Warner Guarantee to Fit gives to every woman the opportunity to secure a fitted garment that solves this most perplexing problem and gives luxurious ease with the smartest lines.

Warner's
GUARANTEED
TO FIT

At Prices Any Woman Can Afford

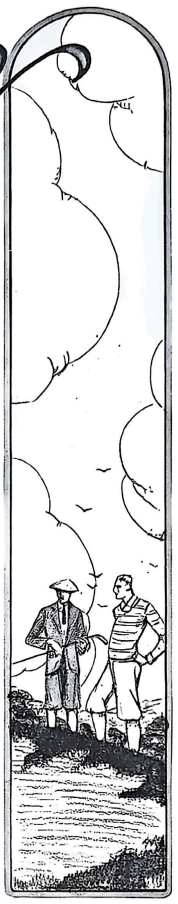
ALTHOUGH Warner's have always been famous for their high standards in quality and design, Warner prices are within the reach of everyone. *Guaranteed Corselettes*, $2 to $12.50; Wrap-Arounds*, $2 to $12.50; long and short Brassieres, 50c to $5.00.*

You must realize that the more complex designs cannot be made at the lower prices, and women of heavier build cannot expect to be fitted in garments designed for slight figures and sold, perhaps, at the lowest prices.

But Warner's Models, irrespective of price, have always been Guaranteed not to Rust, Break or Tear — and now comes the final step in Corset service—*A Guarantee to Fit.*

There is at least one Warner merchant in every town in the United States. Every one of them will be glad to give this new Warner service. *There is a Warner's Guaranteed to Fit You.*

* WARNER ORIGINATION. *Look for this registered trademark on each garment.*



To Gain The Newest Silhouette

THE line that a Warner's creates on your figure is subtly smart.

Advance fashion information from Paris and New York gives authenticity to Warner's silhouettes and assures your figure being in harmony with the very latest modes in this season's gowns.

THE WARNER BROTHERS CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT
347 Madison Avenue, New York
367 West Adams Street, Chicago
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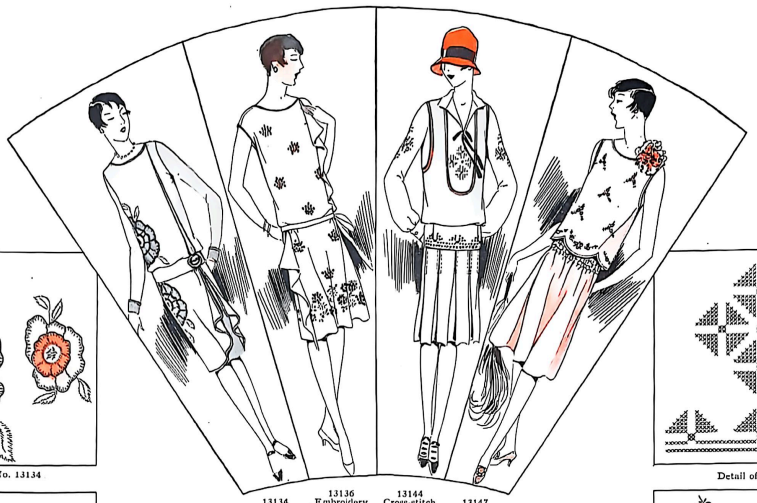
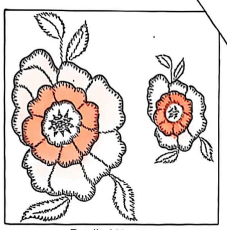
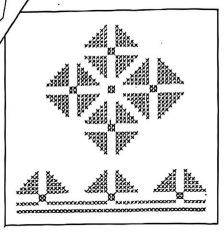
LOVELY APPLIQUÉS AND EMBROIDERIES MAKE DISTINCTIVE GOWNS AND PILLOWS



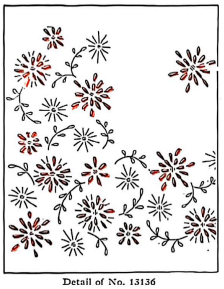
13134 Appliqué on Frock 3757 — 13136 Embroidery on Frock 3774 — 13144 Cross-stitch on Frock 3761 — 13147 Embroidery on Frock 3763



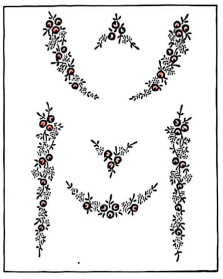
Detail of No. 13134



Detail of No. 13144



Detail of No. 13136



Detail of No. 13147

Appliqué Design No. 13134, blue or yellow, supplies two rights and two lefts of two motifs 4½ and 8 inches high. Blanket- or one-stitch are used. Shown on Frock 3757, designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years.

Embroidery Design No. 13136, blue or yellow, supplies 3 yards of 6½-inch border with four corner motifs and ten motifs 2½-inches high. Shown on Frock 3774, designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years.

Appliqué Design No. 13153, blue or yellow, supplies shape and design for the triangular pillow measuring on top 14 by 10 inches. It is 2 inches high. Cutting guide for the appliqué pieces are furnished.

Design No. 13152, blue only, provides the shape and design for a quilted pillow, 16 inches in diameter and 3¼ inches high. It may be worked with or without the appliqué pieces for embellishment.

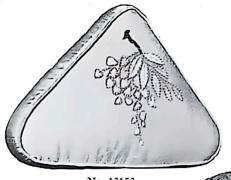
Cross-stitch Design No. 13144, blue or yellow, supplies twelve motifs 2¾ inches high, six 3¾ inches high, six 6¾ inches high, and 6 yards of 2¼-inch border. Shown on Frock 3761, designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years.

Embroidery Design No. 13147, blue or yellow, supplies four rights and four lefts of four motifs, sizes 1⅞, 2, 4½, and 8 inches high. Shown on Frock 3763, designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years.

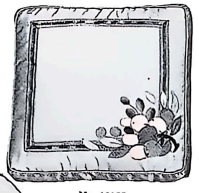
Design No. 13155, blue or yellow, provides the shape and design for a pillow 11 inches square and 2 inches high. The design may be appliquéd, embroidered or painted.

Design 13154, blue or yellow, supplies the shape and design for a round pillow 10 inches in diameter and 2 inches high. Pillows of this type are gay and comfortable in the living-room, den, or boudoir.

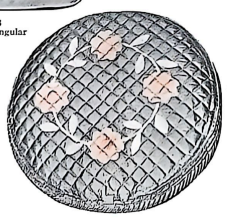
Design No. 13156, blue only, furnishes the shape and design of a quilted pillow 22 inches long and 16 inches wide. Taffeta, crêpe de Chine, satin, or any soft silk is suitable for the quilted pillow. Satin in light, delicate colors is charming in the boudoir.



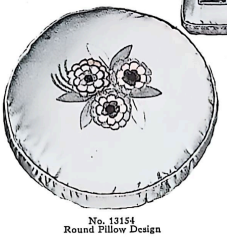
No. 13153
Design for Triangular Pillow



No. 13155
Square Pillow Design

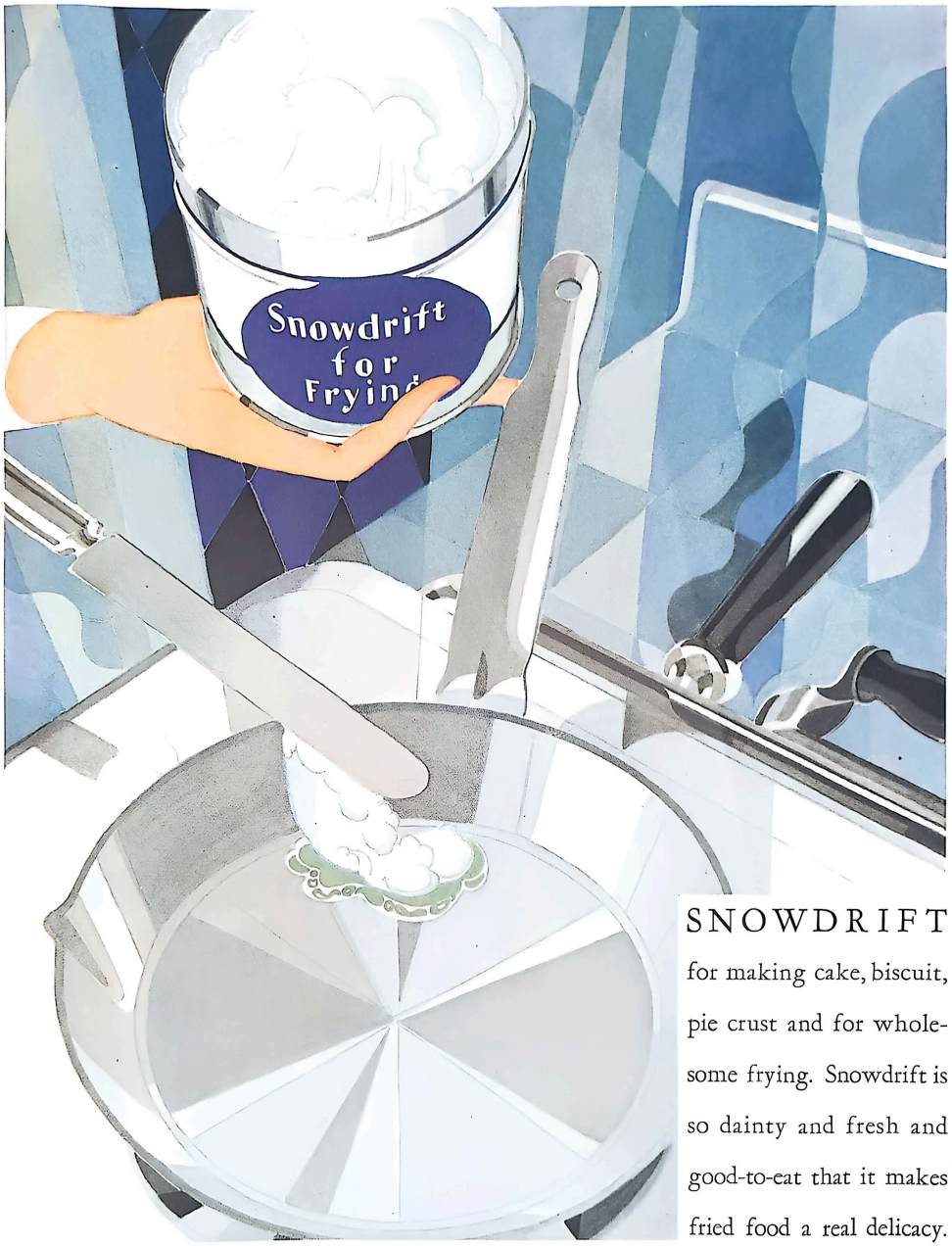


No. 13152
Quilted Pillow with Appliqué



No. 13154
Round Pillow Design

No. 13156
Quilting Design for Pillow



SNOWDRIFT

for making cake, biscuit, pie crust and for wholesome frying. Snowdrift is so dainty and fresh and good-to-eat that it makes fried food a real delicacy.

"Paris Says—"

3872—Frock. The popular basque. Designed for 34 to 38 bust, 12 to 20 years. Width about 2 1/8 yards. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards 39-inch rose printed silk—3/8 yard 39-inch blue.

3908—Frock. Smart for warm days. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1 3/4 yard. Size 36 requires 2 5/8 yards 39-inch orange print—3/8 yard 39-inch plain—3/8 yard 39-inch white for collar and cuffs.

3875—Frock. A one-piece bow frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1 3/8 yard. Size 36 requires 2 5/8 yards 39-inch blue crêpe—5/8 yard 39-inch white.

3924—Frock. Double-V neck-line and smart Monogram 545, 3 inches high featured. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1 1/2 yard. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch yellow silk—3/8 yard 39-inch darker.

3918—Frock. One of the new boleros. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1 7/8 yard. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards 39-inch satin—3/4 yard 39-inch print.

3887—Frock. One-piece model of original and slenderizing cut. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 2 1/8 yards. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards 39-inch red flat crêpe—3/8 yard 39-inch white.

THE NEWEST OF SUMMER DAYTIME COSTUMES INCLUDE THE JABOT FROCK AND THE BOLERO IN PLAIN AND PRINTED FABRICS

3895—Frock. Apron Model. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch blue crêpe—3 yards 39-inch print.

3901—Frock. Very important this season is the straight frock, softly bloused. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch printed silk—1¼ yard binding to trim.

3923—Frock. The soft cascade gives chic. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch beige satin—¾ yard 39-inch lighter.

3893—Frock. (Monogram 558, 2 inches high, decorates the blouse.) Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fuchsia crêpe—⅜ yard 39-inch darker—¼ yard 39-inch white.

3914—Frock. Jabots are used attractively. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch green silk—¾ yard 39-inch lighter.

3886—Frock. The front is cut to simulate a bolero. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 39-inch blue dotted foulard—⅝ yard 39-inch white—1⅞ yard binding.

"Paris Says—"

THE MODE OF TO-DAY FEATURES NEW BOLEROS AND MONOGRAMS

3896—Frock. A new bolero, decorated with colored embroidery 13040. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch gray silk—3⅛ yards 39-inch blue.

3899—Frock. The youthful basque with square neck and puffed sleeves. Designed for 34 to 38 bust, 12 to 16 years. Width about 2⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39-inch printed crêpe —¼ yard 39-inch plain.

3882—Frock. A chic V-necked, side-plaited model augmented with monogram 514. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch yellow wool Jersey.

Descriptions Continued on Page 118

After Lanvin
3848

After Ytab
3894

After Jenny
3912

After Jenny
3920

After Doeuillet
3889

After Lanvin
3866

After Cheruit
3881

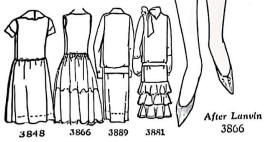
"Paris Says—"

A NOTE OF SOFTNESS CHARACTERIZES GOWNS FOR SEMI-FORMAL WEAR

3894—Frock. Wing-like draperies are softly feminine. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe Roma—⅜ yard 39-inch darker—⅜ yard 39-inch darkest.

3912—Frock. An elegant simplicity characterizes this gown. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch satin—⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining.

3920—Frock. Pointed lines and bows give this model the newest touches. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 2¼ yards. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch Georgette—3⅜ yards lace—1⅛ yard ribbon.

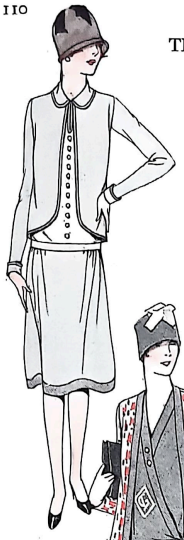


3848 3866 3889 3881

3894 3912 3920

Descriptions Continued on Page 118

THE SPORTS COSTUME LEADS THE MODE ON ALL INFORMAL OCCASIONS

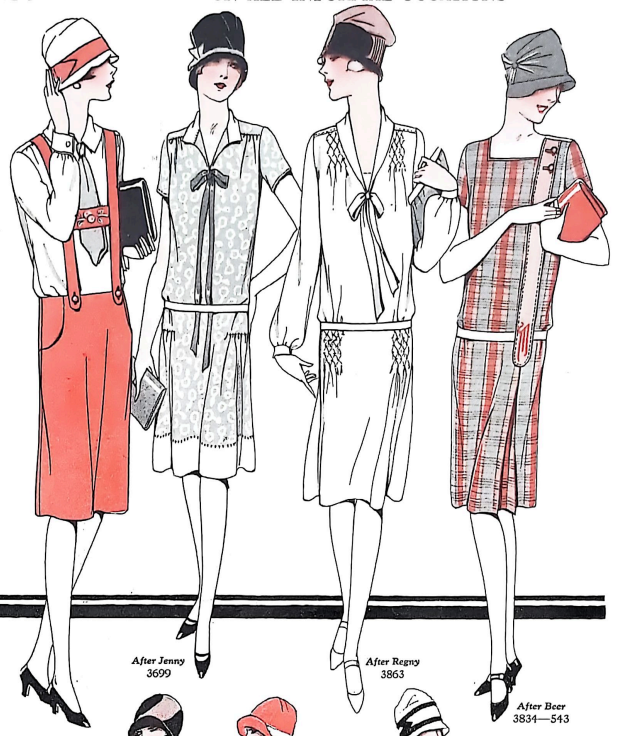


After Jenny
3729

3729—Frock. The Eton is cut curved and shorter in front. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe satin—1⅛ yard 39-inch white—⅛ yard 39-inch darker.

3849—Frock. Decorated with colored embroidery 13128. Designed for 34 to 38 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 54-inch kasha—1⅞ yard 39-inch silk.

3699—Frock. The skirt is interesting in cut. Designed for 34 to 50 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39-inch print—¾ yard 39-inch plain.



After Jenny
3699

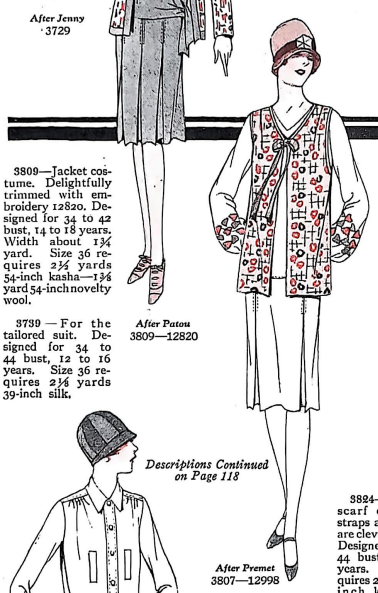
3849—13128

After Regny
3863

After Beer
3834—543

3809—Jacket costume. Delightfully trimmed with embroidery 12820. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch kasha—1⅜ yard 54-inch novelty wool.

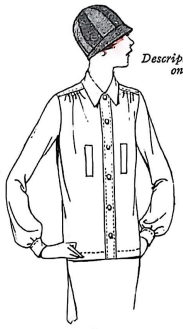
3739—For the tailored suit. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 12 to 16 years. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch silk.



After Patou
3809—12820

After Premet
3807—12998

Descriptions Continued on Page 118



3739

3824—Coat. The scarf collar and straps at the wrists are clever additions. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch kasha—2¾ yards 39-inch silk for lining.

3807—Jacket costume. The sleeve is smartly decorated with embroidery 12998. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch satin—1¼ yard 39-inch print.

3843—Frock. A soft fabric bow is posed at the neck and the belt-line. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch plain silk—1⅜ yard 39-inch bordered.

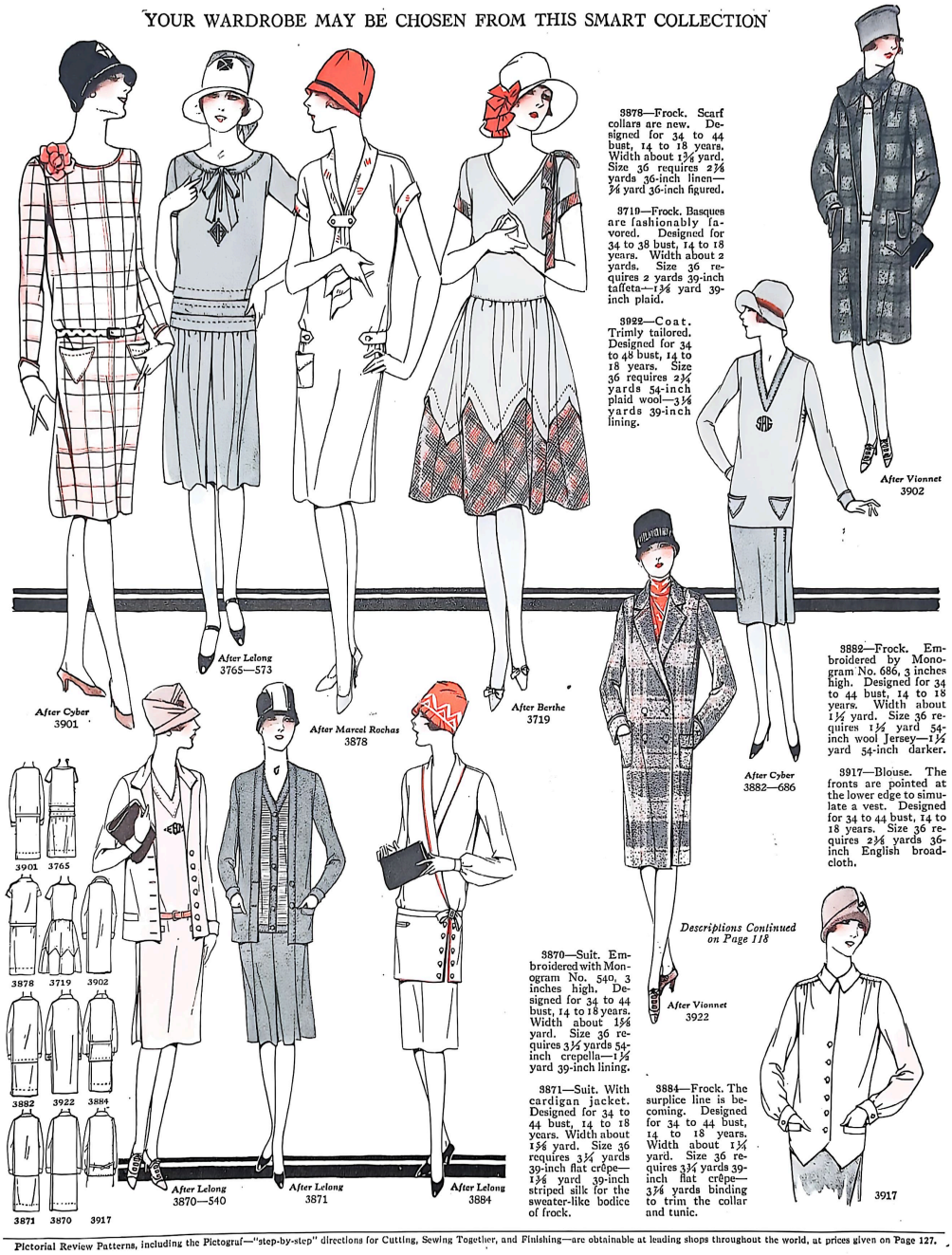
After Drecoll
3824

After Regny
3843

After Chantal
3893—546

3729 3809
3807 3849 3699
3863 3834 3893
3843 3824 3739

YOUR WARDROBE MAY BE CHOSEN FROM THIS SMART COLLECTION



3878—Frock. Scarf collars are new. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch linen—⅞ yard 36-inch figured.

3719—Frock. Basques are fashionably favored. Designed for 34 to 38 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 2 yards 39-inch taffeta—1⅜ yard 39-inch plaid.

3922—Coat. Trimly tailored. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch plaid wool—3⅛ yards 39-inch lining.

3882—Frock. Embroidered by Monogram No. 686, 3 inches high. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 54-inch wool Jersey—1½ yard 54-inch darker.

3917—Blouse. The fronts are pointed at the lower edge to simulate a vest. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch English broadcloth.

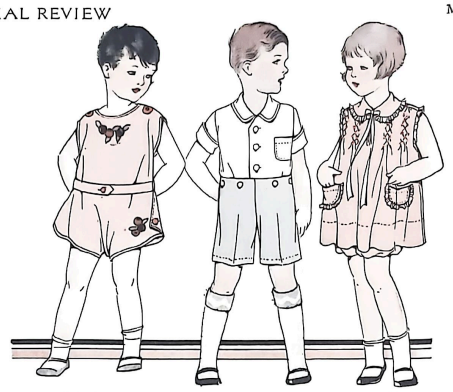
Descriptions Continued on Page 118

3870—Suit. Embroidered with Monogram No. 540, 3 inches high. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch crepella—1½ yard 39-inch lining.

3871—Suit. With cardigan jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch flat crêpe—1⅜ yard 39-inch striped silk for the sweater-like bodice of frock.

3884—Frock. The surplice line is becoming. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch flat crêpe—3¼ yards binding to trim the collar and tunic.

3750 3876



3873-12629 3880 3855

CORRECT ATTIRE FOR MODERN YOUTH

3876—Suit. Composed of straight trousers and loose-fitting blouse. Designed for 2 to 9 years. Size 6 requires ¾ yard 36-inch linen—1½ yard 36-inch dark—1½ yard braid.

3880—Suit. Straight trousers button to the tailored little blouse. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch percale—⅞ yard 36-inch contrasting percale.

3882—Frock. Including Embroidery Design. Rows of shirring simulate a belt at a low waist-line. Designed for 8 to 15 years. Size 14 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe.

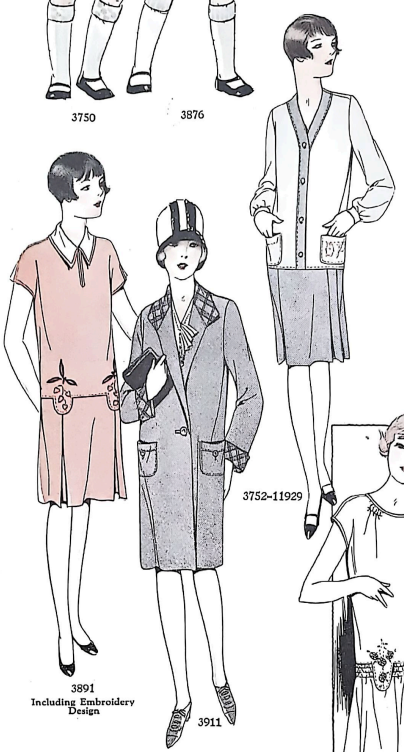
3714—Frock. Smartly decorated with embroidery No. 13148. Designed for 34 to 38 bust, 12 to 20 years. Width about 4⅛ yards. Size 14 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe.

3873 — Rompers. Short sleeves are comfortable and appliqué No. 12629 is attractive. Designed for ½ to 5 years. Size 2 requires 1¼ yard 32-inch chambray.

3855—Frock. Groups of smocking form soft fulness in this little sleeveless frock. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch voile—1½ yard frilling.

3745 — Frock. The cape-collar which decorates the neck of this frock gives a becoming line. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch Georgette.

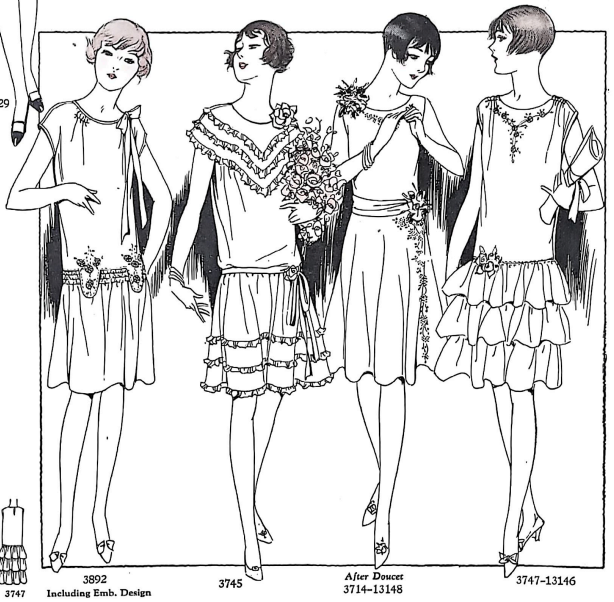
3747 — Frock. The skirt has three full flounces and the neck is bordered with embroidery No. 13146. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch silk.



3752-11929

3891
Including Embroidery Design

3911



3892
Including Emb. Design

3745

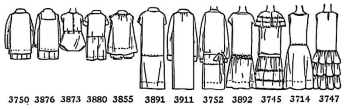
After Doucet
3714-13148

3747-13146

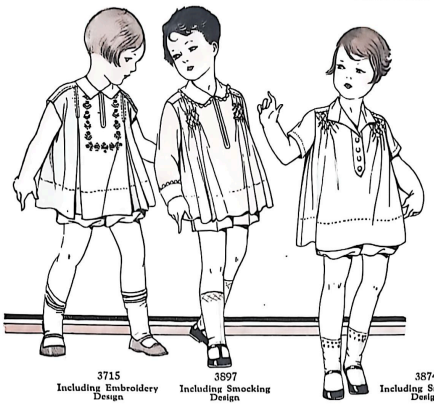
3891—Frock, including Embroidery Design. Inverted plaits give fulness in the front. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch pongee—¼ yard 36-inch percale.

3911—Coat. A tailored simplicity characterizes this youthful coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch kashmir—¼ yard 54-inch plaid—2¼ yards 39-inch lining.

Descriptions Continued on Page 118



3750 3876 3873 3880 3855 3891 3911 3752 3892 3745 3714 3747



3715
Including Embroidery Design

3897
Including Smocking Design

3874
Including Smocking Design

3764
Including Embroidery Design

3910
Including Smocking Design

THE NEW MODE IN MINIATURE

3715—Frock, including Embroidery Design. The cross-stitch embroidery gives a vest effect. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 32-inch chambray—¼ yard 32-inch contrasting.

3832—Frock. Monogram 568, 3 inches high, trims this frock most effectively. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch flannel—⅛ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

3897—Suit, including Smocking Design. Little boys look adorable in this type of suit. Designed for 1 to 3 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch linen—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting.

3877—Frock. The soft bow at the neck is formed from tie-strings attached to the frock. The shape of the neck-line is novel. Designed for 8 to 15 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch flat crêpe.

3874—Frock, including Smocking Design. The little convertible collar is a comfortable one for wear on warm days. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch cotton rep.

3898—Frock, including Embroidery Design. The novel vest effect is accented by embroidery. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch pongee—¾ yard 36-inch contrasting.

3832—568

3877

3898
Including Embroidery Design

3909—573

3906

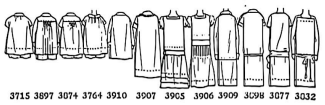
3907

3905

3905—Frock. In bolero effect. Designed for 10 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 39-inch plain voile—⅛ yard 39-inch contrasting for the square neck and sleeve bands.

3907—Frock. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 2⅜ yards 32-inch chambray—¼ yard 32-inch contrasting—2½ yards plaiting to edge the collar, cuffs, and scallops.

Descriptions Continued on Page 118



3715 3897 3874 3764 3910 3907 3905 3906 3909 3898 3877 3832

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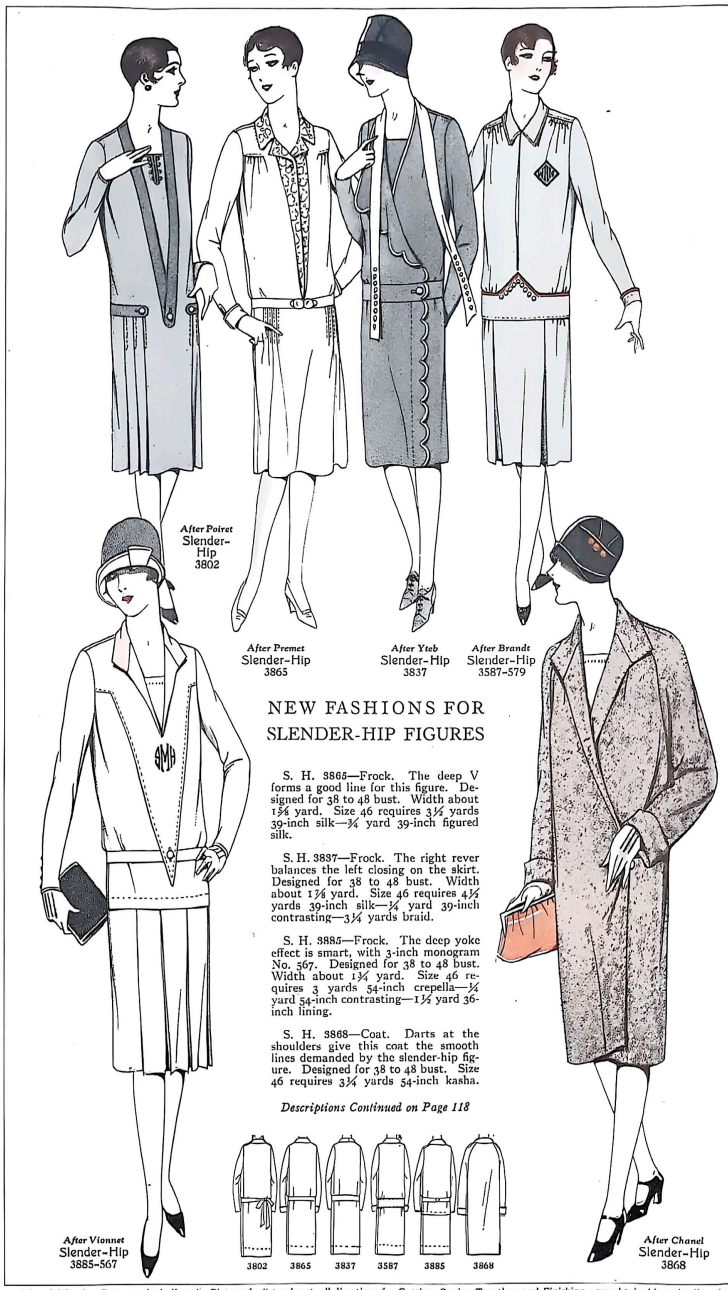
After Poiret Slender-Hip 3802
After Premet Slender-Hip 3865
After Yteb Slender-Hip 3837
After Brandt Slender-Hip 3587-579
After Vionnet Slender-Hip 3885-567
After Chanel Slender-Hip 3868
3802 3865 3837 3587 3885 3868

NEW FASHIONS FOR SLENDER-HIP FIGURES

S. H. 3865—Frock. The deep V forms a good line for this figure. Designed for 38 to 48 bust. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 46 requires 3½ yards 39-inch silk—¾ yard 39-inch figured silk.

S. H. 3837—Frock. The right rever balances the left closing on the skirt. Designed for 38 to 48 bust. Width about 1⅞ yard. Size 46 requires 4½ yards 39-inch silk—¼ yard 39-inch contrasting—3¼ yards braid.

S. H. 3885—Frock. The deep yoke effect is smart, with 3-inch monogram No. 567. Designed for 38 to 48 bust. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 46 requires 3 yards 54-inch crepella—½ yard 54-inch contrasting—1½ yard 36-inch lining.

S. H. 3868—Coat. Darts at the shoulders give this coat the smooth lines demanded by the slender-hip figure. Designed for 38 to 48 bust. Size 46 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch kasha.

Descriptions Continued on Page 118

Pictorial Review Patterns, including the Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, at prices given on Page 127.

SLENDER CHIC FOR LARGER-HIP FIGURES

L. H. 3771—Frock. Gives long lines. Designed for 35 to 45 bust. Width about 1⅝ yard. Size 41 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—¾ yard 39-inch plain—3 yards ribbon for sash, bow and tie-ends.

L. H. 3733—Frock. The plaits are slenderizing. Designed for 35 to 45 bust. Width about 2⅜ yards. Size 41 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch flat crêpe—⅛ yard 39-inch lighter flat crêpe for collar.

L. H. 3725—Frock. Slight blousing has a tendency to make the hips inconspicuous. The band gives length. Designed for 35 to 45 bust. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 41 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch flat crêpe.

L. H. 3903—Coat. Its silhouette is slim. Designed for 35 to 45 bust. Size 41 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch black satin—3¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for lining.

Descriptions Continued on Page 118

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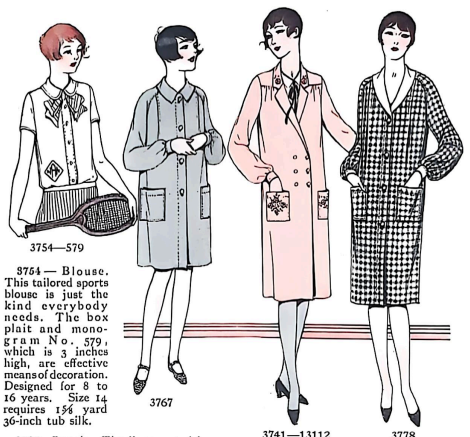
Address.....

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUMMER COMFORT



3754—Blouse. This tailored sports blouse is just the kind everybody needs. The box plait and monogram No. 579, which is 3 inches high, are effective means of decoration. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch tub silk.

3767—Smock. The line created by the raglan sleeves and the tucks at the shoulders is unusual and pleasing. The inverted plait extending down the center-back affords the necessary fulness. Designed for 8 to 15 years. Size 14 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch gingham.

Descriptions Continued on Page 118

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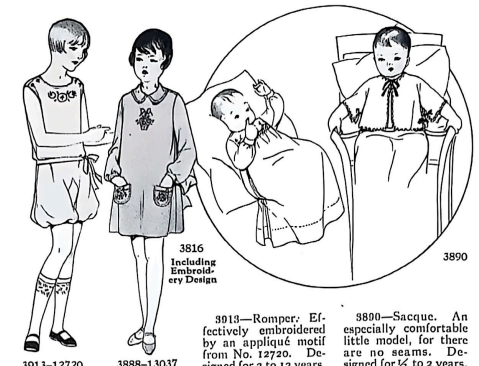
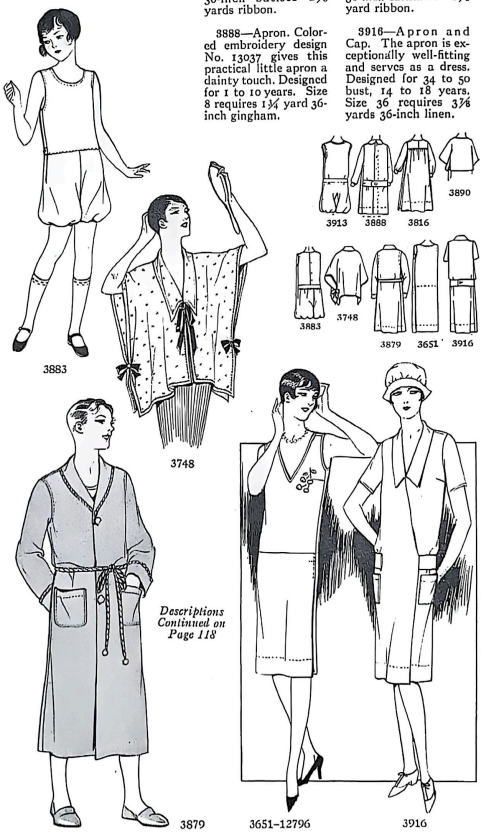


3913—Romper. Effectively embroidered by an appliqué motif from No. 12720. Designed for 2 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch batiste—2⅛ yards ribbon.

3888—Apron. Colored embroidery design No. 13037 gives this practical little apron a dainty touch. Designed for 1 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch gingham.

3890—Sacque. An especially comfortable little model, for there are no seams. Designed for ¼ to 2 years. Size 1 requires ¾ yard 36-inch cashmere—1⅛ yard ribbon.

3916—Apron and Cap. The apron is exceptionally well-fitting and serves as a dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch linen.



Descriptions Continued on Page 118

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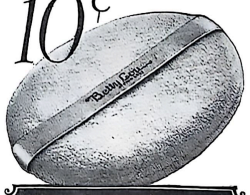

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City.....*State*.....

TRIAL BOTTLE

Fashions

(Continued from Page 108)

3921—Designed for 34 to 50 bust. 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch yellow printed silk—½ yard 39-inch plain.

3915—Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch blue silk—⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting. A smart conventional embroidery, No. 12820, simulates a monogram.

3900—Designed for 34 to 38 bust. 12 to 16 years. Width about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39-inch dotted silk—⅝ yard 39-inch plain—½ yard 39-inch white.

3884—Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch printed silk—⅝ yard 39-inch plain.

(Continued from Page 109)

3866—Designed for 34 to 38 bust. 14 to 18 years. Width about 2⅝ yards. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch taffeta—9 yards binding. The bouffant frock is favored for evening wear.

3881—Designed for 34 to 38 bust. 14 to 18 years. Width about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch printed silk—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting. The three flounces are cut circular.

3848—Designed for 34 to 38 bust. 14 to 18 years. Width about 2⅛ yards. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 39-inch foulard—1⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting.

3889—Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 14 to 18 years. Width about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch crêpe—1½ yard 39-inch check.

(Continued from Page 110)

3863—Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. The smocking, which is included, adds fulness.

3834—Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 14 to 18 years. Width about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch plaid—⅜ yard 39-inch plain. The attractive band at the left side is decorated with Initial 543, which is 3 inches high.

3893—Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 14 to 18 years. Width about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch flat crêpe—¼ yard 39-inch contrasting—¼ yard 39-inch dotted silk for tie. Monogram No. 546, which is 3 inches high, gives the effect of a patch pocket.

(Continued from Page 111)

3765—Designed for 34 to 38 bust. 14 to 18 years. Width about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. The attractive monogram is No. 573, 3 inches high.

3901—Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 14 to 18 years. Width about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—¼ yard 32-inch plain—1⅜ yard binding. Both cuffs and pockets are cut in pointed outline.

3902—Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch plaid wool—2⅝ yards 39-inch lining. This model makes a smart travel coat.

(Continued from Page 112)

3750—Designed for 2 to 10 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch tweed—1¼ yard 36-inch lining. This little coat is simply made.

3762—Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch jersey—1 yard 54-inch contrasting Jersey. While the front is one-piece, it gives a two-piece effect. The pocket is embroidered with alphabet No. 11929.

(Continued from Page 113)

3764—Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch linen—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting. The dainty embroidery design is included.

3910—Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch silk poplin—1¼ yard 39-inch lining. The smart little hat and smocking design on the coat are both included.

3906—Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch dotted Swiss—¼ yard 39-inch plain voile. Tucks give a smart bolero effect.

3909—Designed for 10 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch kasha—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting—1½ yard 39-inch lining for jacket. The attractive monogram on the frock is No. 573, 3 inches high.

(Continued from Page 114)

S. H. 3802—Designed for 42 to 52 bust. Width about 1⅞ yard. Size 46 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch wool crêpe—½ yard 54-inch contrasting. The V-line is becoming to the slender-hip figure.

S. H. 3587—Designed for 42 to 52 bust. Width about 1⅞ yard. Size 46 requires 4⅝ yards 39-inch flat crêpe—3¾ yards silk braid. The gathers on the shoulders give fulness and monogram No. 579, 3 inches high, is decorative.

(Continued from Page 115)

L. H. 3766—Designed for 35 to 45 bust. Width about 2⅛ yards. Size 41 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch crepella—1⅛ yard binding. Embroidery No. 12804 simulates a monogram.

L. H. 3904—Designed for 35 to 45 bust. Width about 1⅞ yard. Size 41 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch flannel—1⅝ yard 54-inch darker—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining. Monogram No. 686 gives a Parisien touch.

(Continued from Page 116)

3741—Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch linen. The tailored line is trimly smart and colored embroidery No. 13112 decorates the collar and pockets effectively.

3778—Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch checked gingham—⅜ yard 36-inch plain. Raglan sleeves and small plaits at the shoulders give well-fitting lines to this smock.

3910—Designed for 32 to 46 chest. Size 40 requires 3 yards 54-inch striped flannel—3 yards cord for belt. A comfortable garment to wear after the swim.

3860—Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch ratiné. 3857—Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool Jersey. The bath coat is attractively trimmed with underlay appliqué No. 13124.

3857—Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 14 to 18 years. Size 16 requires 1 yard 54-inch striped Jersey for shirt—⅞ yard 54-inch Jersey for trunks. The swimming enthusiast applauds this type of suit. It has 3-inch monogram No. 521 on the shirt.

3858—Designed for 8 to 15 years. Size 10 requires ⅞ yard 54-inch wool Jersey—⅞ yard 54-inch contrasting. This type of suit is favored by young girls.

3859—Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires ⅞ yard 54-inch wool Jersey. A belt and initial No. 12031 decorate this suit.

(Continued from Page 117)

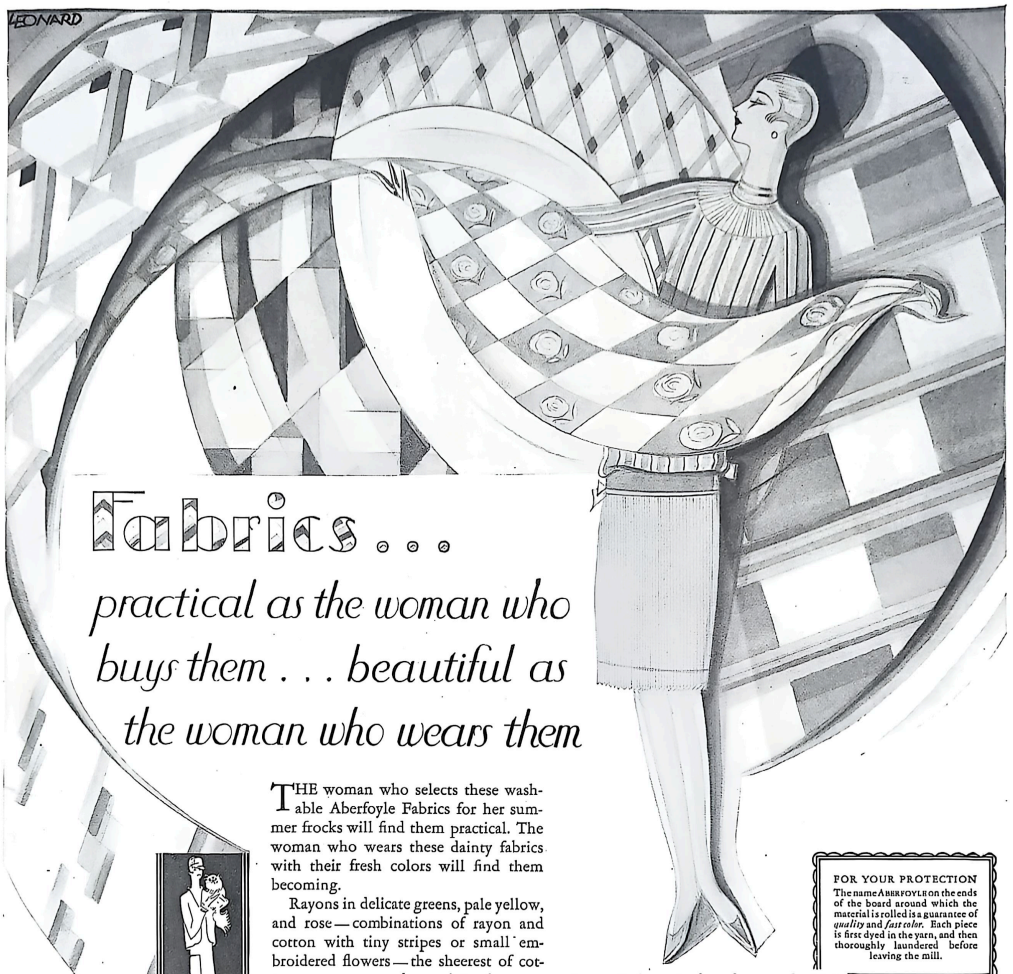
3816—One size. Requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch voile. The dainty embroidery design is included.

3883—Designed for 2 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch linen—½ yard 36-inch lining. For wear under play frocks.

3748—Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch figured voile. This dressing sack is attractive as well as useful.

3879—Designed for 2 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 54-inch flannel—1¼ yards cord. This robe is cut along the mannish lines that boys like.

3851—Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch radium silk. The applique motif is No. 12796.



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(Continued from Page 104)

Lita threw back her head to let the liquid slip slowly down between her lips. Her gold-fringed lids fluttered a little, as if the fruit-juice were a kiss.

"When are you sailing?" Nona asked, reaching for the cigaret-lighter.

"Don't know. Next week, I shouldn't wonder."

"For any particular part of the globe?"

Lita's head descended, and she turned her chestnut-colored eyes softly on her sister-in-law. "Yes; but I can't remember what it's called."

Nona was looking at her in silence. It was simply that she was so beautiful.

Her glance left Nona's and returned to her plate. "Letters. What a bore! Why on earth don't people telephone?"

She did not often receive letters, her congenital inability to answer them having gradually cooled the zeal of her correspondents; of all, that is, excepting her husband. Almost every day Nona saw one of Jim's gray-blue envelops on the hall table.

Lita was turning over some impersonal-looking bills and advertisements. From beneath them the faithful gray-blue envelop emerged. Nona thought: "If only he wouldn't—!" and her eyes filled.

Lita looked pensively at the postmark and then laid the envelop down unopened.

"Aren't you going to read your letter?"

She raised her brows. "Jim's? I did—yesterday. One just like it."

"Lita! You're—you're perfectly beastly!"

Lita's languid mouth rounded into a smile. "Not to you, darling. Do you want me to read it?" She slipped a polished finger-tip under the flap.

"Oh, no; no! Don't—not like that!" It made Nona wince. She got up abruptly and turned toward the door.

"Nona—wait! What's the matter? Don't you want to hear what he says?" Lita stood up also, her eyes still on the open letter. "He—oh—" She stopped and turned toward her sister-in-law a face from which the inner glow had vanished.

"What is it? Is he ill? What's wrong?"

"He's coming home. He wants me to go back the day after to-morrow." She stood staring in front of her.

"Does he say why?"

"He doesn't say anything but that."

"When did you expect him?"

"I don't know. Not for ages. I never know about dates. But I thought he liked it down there. And your father said he'd arranged——"

"Arranged what?" Nona interrupted.

Lita seemed to become aware of her again. "I don't know: arranged with the bank, I suppose."

"To keep him there?"

"To let him have a good long holiday. You all thought he needed it so awfully, didn't you?"

Nona stood motionless, staring out of the window. She saw her father drive up in the car. And through the open window she heard him call: "It's going to clear. We'd better start."

Lita went out of the door, humming a little tune.

"Lita!" Nona called out, moved by some impulse to arrest, to warn—she didn't know what. But the door had closed, and Lita was already out of hearing.

ALL through the day it kept on raining at uncomfortable intervals. Uncomfortable, that is, for Pauline and Nona. Whenever they tried to get out for a walk, a deluge descended; then, as soon as they had splashed back to the house with the dripping dogs, the clouds broke and mocked them with a blaze of sunshine.

"Really, I can't go up and change into my walking-shoes *again!*" Pauline remonstrated to the weather; and a few minutes later the streaming window-panes had justified her.

"April showers," she remarked with a slightly rigid smile. "It was selfish of me to keep you here, dear. You ought to have gone with Dexter and Lita."

"But there were all those notes to do, Mother. And really I'm rather fed up with Greystock."

Pauline executed a repetition of her smile. "Well, I fancy we shall have them back for tea. No golf this afternoon, I'm afraid," she said.

"No; but Lita may want to stay and dance."

Pauline made no comment.

The fire, punctually replenished, continued to crackle and drowse. The warmth drew out the strong scent of the carnations and rose-geraniums, and made the room as languid as a Summer garden. Dusk fell from the cloud-laden skies, and in due course the hand which tended the fire drew the curtains on their noiseless rings and lit the lamps. Lastly Powder appeared, heading the processional entrance of the tea-table.

Pauline roused herself from a languishing mah jong to take her expected part in the performance. She and Nona grouped themselves about the hearth, and Pauline lifted the lids of the little covered dishes with a critical air.

"I ordered those muffins your father likes so much," she said, in a tone of unwonted wistfulness. "Perhaps we'd better send them out to be kept hot."

Nona agreed that it would be better; but as she had her hand on the bell the sound of an approaching motor checked her. The dogs woke with a happy growling and bustled out. "There they are after all!" Pauline said.

THERE was a minute or two of silence, unmarked by the usual yaps of welcome; then a sound like the depositing of wraps and an umbrella; then Powder on the threshold, for once embarrassed and at a loss.

"Mr. Wyant, Madam."

"Mr. Wyant?"

"Mr. Arthur Wyant. He seemed to think you were probably expecting him," Powder continued.

Mrs. Manford rose to the occasion with one of her heroic wing-beats. "Yes—I *was*. Please show him in," she said.

Arthur Wyant came in, tall and stooping in his shabby, well-cut clothes, a nervous flush on his cheek-bones. He paused on the threshold, and sent a half-bewildered stare about the room.

"You've hardly changed anything here," he said with his vague smile.

"How are you, Arthur? I'm sorry you've had such a rainy day for your trip," Mrs. Manford responded, with an easy intonation intended to reach the retreating Powder.

Wyant took no notice.

"Hardly anything," he repeated, still seemingly unaware of any presence but his own. "That Raeburn, tho—yes. That used to be in the dining-room, didn't it? Wait a bit, tho. It's in the place where the Sargent of Jim as a youngster used to hang—Jim on his pony. Just over my writing-table, so that I saw it whenever I looked up." He turned to Pauline. "Jolly picture. What have you done with it? Why did you take it away?"

Pauline colored, but a smile of conciliation rode gallantly over her blush. "I didn't. That is—Dexter wanted it. It's in his room; it's been there for years." She paused, and then added: "You know how devoted Dexter is to Jim."

Wyant had turned abruptly from the contemplation of the Raeburn. The color in Pauline's cheek was faintly reflected in his own. "Stupid of me—of course. Fact is, I was rather rattled when I came in, seeing everything so unchanged. You'll have to excuse my turning up in this way; but I had to see you about something important. Hullo, Nona——"

"Of course I excuse you, Arthur. Do sit down—here by the fire. You must be cold after your wet journey—so unseasonable, after the lovely weather we've had. Nona will ring for tea," Pauline said, with her accent of indomitable hospitality.

NONA, that night, in her mother's doorway, wavered a moment and then turned back.

"Well, then—good night, Mother."

"Good night, child."

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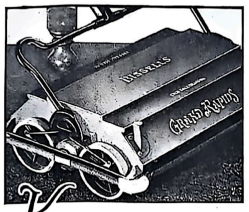

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But Mrs. Manford seemed to waver too. She stood there in her rich dusky draperies, and absently lifted a hand to detach one after the other of her long earrings. It was one of Mrs. Manford's rules never to keep up her maid to undress her.

"Can I unfasten you, Mother?"

"Thanks, dear, no; this tea-gown slips off so easily. You must be tired."

"No; I'm not tired. But you——"

"I'm not, either." They stood irresolute, facing each other on the threshold of the warm, shadowy room lit only by a waning sparkle from the hearth. Pauline switched on the lamps.

"Come in, then, dear." Her strained smile relaxed, and she laid a hand on her daughter's shoulder. "Well, it's over," she said, in the weary yet satisfied tone in which Nona had sometimes heard her pronounce the epitaph of a difficult but successful dinner.

NONA followed her and Pauline sank down in an armchair near the fire. In the shaded lamplight, with the glint of the fire playing across her face, and her small head erect on still comely shoulders, she had a sweet dignity of aspect which moved her daughter incongruously.

"I'm so thankful you've never bobbed your hair, Mother."

Mrs. Manford stared at this irrelevancy.

"You're so handsome just as you are," Nona continued. "I can understand dear old Exhibit's being upset when he saw you here, in the same surroundings, and looking, after all, so much as you must have in his day. And when *he's* so changed——"

Pauline lowered her lids over the vision evoked. "Poor Arthur!" Had she ever, for the last fifteen years, pronounced her former husband's name without adding that depreciatory epithet? She leaned back against the cushions, and added: "It was certainly unfortunate, his taking it into his head to come out here. And I didn't suppose he would have remembered so clearly how everything looked. The Sargent of Jim on the pony— Do you think he minded?"

"It's having been moved to father's room? Yes; I think he did."

"But, Nona, he's always been so grateful to your father for what he's done for Jim—and for Lita. He *admires* your father. He's often told me so."

"Yes."

"At any rate, once he was here, I couldn't do less than ask him to stay to dine could I?"

"No; you couldn't. Especially as there was no train back till after dinner."

"And, after all, I don't, to this minute, know what he came for!"

Nona lifted her eyes from the fire. "You don't?"

"Oh, of course, in a vague way, to talk about Jim and Lita. The same old things we've heard so many times. But I quieted him very soon about that. I told him Lita had been perfectly happy here. He seemed surprized that she had given up all her notions about Klawhammer; but when I said that she had never once spoken of Hollywood, and that she was going home the day after tomorrow to join her husband, it seemed to tranquilize him completely. Didn't he seem to you much quieter when he drove off?"

"Yes; he was certainly quieter. But he seemed to want particularly to see Lita."

Pauline drew a quick breath. "Yes. On the whole I was glad she wasn't there. Lita has never known how to manage Arthur, and her manner is sometimes so irritating. She might have said something that would have upset him again. It was really a relief when your father telephoned that they had decided to come down to Greystock—tho I could see that Arthur thought that funny too. His ideas have never progressed an inch; he's always remained as old-fashioned as his mother." She paused a moment, and then went on: "I saw you were a little startled when I asked him if he wouldn't like to spend the night. But I didn't want to appear inhospitable."

"No; not in this house," Nona assented with her quick smile. "And of course one knew he wouldn't——"

Pauline sighed. "Poor Arthur! He's always so punctilious."

"It wasn't only that. He was suffering horribly."

"About Lita? So foolish! As if he couldn't trust her to us——"

"Not only about Lita. But just from the fact of being here—of having all his old life thrust back on him. He seemed utterly unprepared for it—as if he'd really succeeded in not thinking about it at all for years. And suddenly there it was: like the drowning man's vision. A drowning man—that's what he was like."

Pauline straightened herself slightly. "A drowning man? What dreadful ideas you have! I thought I'd never seen him looking better; and certainly he didn't take too much at dinner."

"No; he was careful about that."

"And I was careful too. I managed to give a hint to Powder." Her frown relaxed, and she leaned back with another sigh, this time of appeasement.

Nona appeared less sure. She hung back a moment, and then said: "I haven't told you yet. On the way down to dinner——"

"What, dear?"

"I met him on the upper landing. He asked to see the baby—that was natural——"

Pauline drew her lips in nervously. She agreed with an effort: "Perfectly natural."

"The baby was asleep, looking red and jolly. He stood over the crib a long time. Luckily it wasn't the old nursery."

"Really, Nona! He could hardly expect——"

"No; of course not. Then, just as we were going down-stairs, he said: 'Funny, how like Jim the child is growing! Reminds me of that old portrait.' And he jerked out at me: 'Could I see it?'"

"What—the Sargent?"

Nona nodded. "Could I refuse him?"

"I suppose that was natural too."

"So I took him into father's study. He seemed to remember every step of the way. He stood and looked and looked at the picture. He didn't say anything—didn't answer when I spoke. I saw that it went through and through him."

"Well, Nona, bygones are bygones. But people do bring things upon themselves, sometimes——"

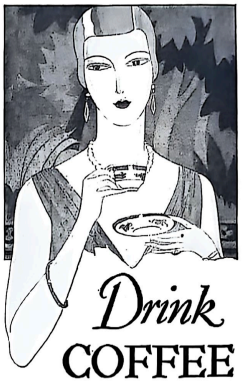
"Oh, I know, Mother."

"Some people might think it peculiar, his rambling about the house like that. But I don't blame him, and I don't want you to," Pauline continued firmly. "After all, it's just as well he came. I'm sure of that. He may have been a little upset at the moment, but I managed to calm him down; and I certainly proved to him that everything's all right, and that Dexter and I can be trusted to know what's best for Lita." She paused, and then added: "Do you know, I'm rather inclined not to mention his visit to your father—or to Lita. Now it's over, why should they be bothered?"

"No reason at all." Nona rose from her crouching attitude by the fire, and stretched her arms above her head. "I'll see that Powder doesn't say anything. And, besides, he wouldn't. He always seems to know what needs explaining and what doesn't. Good night, Mother—I'm beginning to be sleepy."

YES; it was all over and done with; and Pauline felt that she had a right to congratulate herself. She had not told Nona how "difficult" Wyant had been for the first few minutes, when the girl had slipped out of the library after tea and left them alone. What was the use of going into all that? Pauline had been a little nervous at first—worried, for instance, as to what might happen if Dexter and Lita should walk in while Arthur was in that queer excited state, stamping up and down the library floor, and muttering, half to himself and half to her: "D—— it, am I in my own house or another man's? Can anybody answer me that?"

But they had not walked in, and the phase of excitability had soon been over. Pauline had only had to answer: "You're in *my* house, Arthur, where, as Jim's



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father, you'll always be welcome." That had put a stop to his ravings, shamed him a little, and so brought him back to his intense sense of what was due to the occasion and to his own dignity.

"My dear—you must excuse me. I'm only an intruder here, I know——"

And when she had added: "Never, in my house, Arthur. Sit down, please, and tell me what you want to see me about—" why, at that question, quietly and reasonably put, all his bluster had dropped, and he had sat down as she bade him, and begun, in his ordinary tone, to rehearse the old rigmarole about Jim and Lita, and Jim's supineness, and Lita's philanderings, and what would the end of it be, and did she realize that the woman was making a laughing-stock of their son—yes, that they were talking about it at the clubs?

After that she had had no trouble. It had been easy to throw a little gentle ridicule over his apprehensions, and then to reassure him by her report of her own talk with Lita, and the affirmation that the Cedarledge experiment had been completely successful. And luckily, just as his questions began to be pressing again—as he began to hint at some particular man, she didn't know who—Powder had come in to show him up to one of the spare rooms to prepare for dinner; and soon after dinner the motor was at the door, and Powder had ventured to suggest, sir, that in view of the slippery state of the roads it would be well to get off as promptly as possible.

And now she was thankful that it had happened. The encounter had fortified her confidence in her own methods and given her a new proof of her power to surmount obstacles by smiling them away. She had literally smiled Arthur out of the house, when some women, in a similar emergency, would have made a scene or stood on their dignity. Dignity! Hers consisted, more than ever, in believing the best of every one, in persuading herself and others that to impute evil was to create it, and to disbelieve it was to prevent its coming into being.

How absurd and far away it all seemed now! Jim was coming back the day after to-morrow. Lita and the baby were going home to him. And the day after that they would all be going back to town; and then the last touches would be put to the ceremonial of the Cardinal's reception. Oh, she and Powder would have their hands full! All of the big silver-gilt service would have to be got out of the safety-vaults and gone over. Yes, life was really falling into its usual busy and pleasurable routine. Rest in the country was all very well, but rest, if overdone, became fatiguing.

She found herself in bed, the lights turned off, and sleep descending on her like a Summer dew.

Before it held her, she caught, through misty distances, the familiar sound of her husband's footfall, the opening and shutting of his door, and the muffled noises of his undressing.

Well—so he was back—and Lita—silly Lita—no harm, really. Just as well they hadn't met poor Arthur.

PAULINE sat up suddenly in bed. It was as if an invisible hand had touched a spring in her spinal column, and set her upright in the darkness before she was aware of any reason for it.

No doubt she had heard something through her sleep; but what? She listened for a repetition of the sound. All was silence. She stretched out her hand to an onyx knob set with rhinestones on the table by her bed, and instantly the face of a miniature clock was illuminated, and the hour chimed softly; two strokes followed by one. Half past two—the silentest hour of the night. Yet certainly there had been a sound—a sharp, explosive sound. Yes, explosive. Again! There it was: a revolver-shot—somewhere in the house. Burglars?

Her feet were in her slippers, her hand on the electric-light switch. All the while she continued to listen intently. Dead silence everywhere. But how had burglars got in without starting the alarm? Ah—she remembered! Powder had orders never to set it while any one was out of the house; it was Dexter who should have seen that it was connected when he got back from Greystock with Lita. And naturally he had forgotten to.

Pauline was on her feet, her hair smoothed back under her fillet-shaped cap of silver lace, her rest-gown of silvery silk slipped over her night-dress. This emergency garb always lay at her bedside in case of nocturnal alarms, and she was equipped in an instant, and had already reconnected the burglar-alarm and sounded the general summons for Powder, the footmen, the gardeners, and chauffeurs. Her hand played irresolutely over the complicated knobs of the glittering switchboard, which filled a panel of her dressing-room; then she pressed the button marked "Engine-house." Why not? There had been a series of bad suburban burglaries lately, and one never knew. It was just as well to rouse the neighborhood. Dexter was so careless. Very likely he had left the front door open.

Silence still—profounder than ever. Not a sound since that second shot, if second it was. By this time she was in the anteroom between her room and her husband's. "Dexter!"

No answer, no responding flash of light. Men slept so heavily. She opened, lighted—"Dexter!"

THE room was empty, the bed unslept in. But then—what? Those sounds of his return? Had she been dreaming? Or was it the burglars she had heard, looting his room, a few feet off from where she lay? In spite of her physical courage a shiver ran over her at the idea.

But if Dexter and Lita were not yet back, whence had the sound of the shot come, and who had fired it? She trembled at the thought of Nona—Nona and the baby! They were alone with the baby's nurse on the farther side of the house. And the house seemed suddenly so immense, so resonant, so empty.

In the wide, shadowy corridor she paused for a second, again straining her ears for a guiding sound; then she sped on, pushing back the swinging door which divided the farther wing from hers, turning on the lights with a flying hand as she went. On the deeply carpeted floors her steps made no sound, and she had the sense of skimming over the ground inaudibly, like something ghostly, disembodied.

Half-way down the passage she was startled to see the door of Lita's bedroom open. Sounds at last—low, confused, terrified—issued from it. What kind of sounds? She could not tell; they rushed together in a vortex in her brain. She heard herself screaming "Help!" with the strangled voice of a nightmare, and was comforted to feel the rush of other feet behind her: Powder, the men servants, the maids. Thank God, the system worked! Whatever she was coming to, at least they would be there to help.

She reached the door, pushed it—and it resisted. Some one clung to it on the inner side, struggling to hold it shut, to prevent her entering. She flung herself against it with all her strength, and saw her husband's arm and hand in the gap. "Dexter!"

"Oh, God." He fell back, and the door with him.

All the lights were on—the room a glare. Another man stood shivering and staring in a corner, but Pauline hardly noticed him, for before her lay Lita's long body, in a loose spangled robe, flung sobbing over another body on the floor.

"Nona—Nona!" the mother cried, rushing forward.

She swept past her husband, dragged Lita back, was on her knees on the floor, her child pressed to her, Nona's fallen head against her breast, Nona's blood spattering the silvery folds of the rest-gown, destroying it forever as a symbol of safety and repose.

"Nona—child! What's happened? Dexter—for pity's sake! Nona, look at me! It's mother, darling, mother——"

Nona's eyes opened with a flutter. Her face was ash-white, and empty as a baby's. She met her mother's agonized stare. "All right—only winged me."

(Continued on Page 124)

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No, two men; yes—that was right; the police had found the tracks of two men on the pantry linoleum, and up the back stairs.

Lita had screamed, and Nona had dashed to the rescue; yes, and Mr. Manford—Lita thought Mr. Manford had perhaps got there first. But then again, she wasn't sure. The fact was that Lita had been shattered by the night's experience, and her evidence, if not self-contradictory, was at least incoherent.

The only really lucid witnesses were Powder, the butler, and Nona Manford herself. Their statements agreed exactly, or at least dovetailed into each other with perfect precision, the one completing the other. Nona had been first on the scene: she had seen the man in the room—one of the men, since it appeared that there were two—and he had turned on her and fired. At that moment her father, hearing the shots, had rushed in, half dressed; and as he did so the burglar fled. Some one professed to have seen two men running away together in the rain and darkness; but no one had seen the face of either, and there was no way of identifying them. The only real proof of there having been two in the house was that Powder had found, and at once pointed out to the police, the carefully guarded foot-prints on the pantry floor; and these, of course, might help to trace the criminals. As for the revolver, that had also disappeared; and the bullets, one of which had been found lodged in the door, the other in the paneling of the room, were of ordinary army caliber, and offered no clue. Altogether it was an interesting problem for the police, who were reported to be actively at work on it, tho so far without visible results.

THEN, after three days of flaming headlines and journalistic conjectures, another sensation crowded out the Cedarledge burglary. The newspaper public, bored with the inability of the police to provide fresh fuel for their curiosity, ceased to speculate on the affair, and interest in it faded out as quickly as it had flared up.

During the last few days Nona's temperature had gradually dropped, and she had been allowed to see visitors; first one in the day, then two or three, then four or five—so that by this time her jaws were beginning to feel a little stiff with the continual rehearsal of her story. She always repeated her narrative in exactly the same terms, and presented the incidents in exactly the same order; by now she had even learned to pause at the precise point where she knew her sympathizing auditors would say: "But, my dear, how perfectly awful! What *did* it feel like?"

"Like being shot in the arm."

"Oh, Nona, you're so cynical! But before that—when you *saw the man*—weren't you absolutely sick with terror?"

"He didn't give me time to be sick with anything but the pain in my shoulder."

"You'll never get her to confess that she was frightened!"

And so the dialog went on. Did her listeners notice that she recited her tale with unvarying precision of a lesson learned by heart? Probably not; if they did they made no sign. The papers had been full of the burglary at Cedarledge: masked burglars—and of the shooting of Miss Manford, and the would-be murderer's escape. Within twenty-four hours the Cedarledge burglary was an established fact, and the suburban millionaires were doubling the number of their night-watchmen and looking into the newest thing in burglar-alarms. Nona, leaning back wearily on her couch, wondered how soon she would be allowed to travel and get away from it all.

The others were all going to travel. Her mother and father were off that very evening to the Rocky Mountains and Vancouver. From there they were going on to Japan and, in the early Autumn, to Ceylon and India. Pauline already had letters to all the foremost native princes, and was regretting that there was not likely to be a durbar during their visit. The Manfords did not expect to be back

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till January or February. Manford's professional labors had become so exhausting that the doctors, fearing his accumulated fatigue might lead to a nervous breakdown, had ordered a complete change and prolonged absence from affairs. Pauline hoped that Nona would meet them in Egypt on their way home. A sunny Christmas together in Cairo would be so lovely.

Arthur Wyant had gone also—to Canada, it was said, with Cousin Eleanor in attendance. Some insinuated that a private inebriate asylum in Maine was the goal of his journey; but no one really knew, and few cared. His remaining cronies, when they heard that he had been ill, and was to travel for a change, shrugged or smiled, and said: "Poor old Arthur—been going it too strong again," and then forgot about him. He had long since lost his place in the scheme of things.

Even Lita and Jim Wyant were on a journey. They had sailed the previous week for Paris, where they would arrive in time for the late Spring season, and Lita would see the Grand Prix, the new fashions, and the new plays. Jim's holiday had been extended to the end of August. Manford, ever solicitous for his stepson, had arranged the matter with the bank. It was natural, every one agreed, that Jim should have been dreadfully upset by the ghastly episode at Cedarledge, in which his wife might have been a victim as well as Nona; and his intimates knew how much he had worried about his father's growing intemperance.

NONA turned her head uneasily on the cushions. She felt incurably weary, and unable to rebound to the Spring radiance, which usually set her blood in motion. Her immobility had begun to wear on her. At first it had been a relief to be quiescent, to be out of things, to be offered up as the passive victim and the accepted evidence of the Cedarledge burglary. But now she was sick to nausea of the part, and envious of the others who could escape by flight—by perpetual evasion.

Not that she really wanted to be one of them; she was not sure that she wanted to go away at all—at least in the body. Spiritual escape was what she craved; but by what means and whither? Perhaps it could best be attained by staying just where she was, by sticking fast to her few square feet of obligations and responsibilities. But even this idea made no special appeal. Her obligations, her responsibilities—what were they? Negative, at best, like everything else in her life. She had thought that renunciation would mean freedom—would mean at least escape. But to-day it seemed to mean only a closer self-imprisonment. She was tired, no doubt.

THERE was a tap on the door, and her mother entered. Nona raised her listless eyes curiously. She always looked at her mother with curiosity now: curiosity not so much as to what had changed in her, but as to what had remained the same.

"My broken arm saved her," Nona thought, remembering, with a sort of ironical admiration, how that disheveled specter had become Pauline Manford again, in command of herself and the situation, as soon as she could seize on its immediate, its practical, sides.

Now even that stern and disciplined figure had vanished, giving way, as the days passed and reassurances grew, to the usual, the every-day Pauline, smilingly confident in herself and in the general security of things. Had that dreadful night at Cedarledge ever been a reality to her? If it had, it had already faded into the realms of fable, since its one visible result had been her daughter's injury, and that was on the way to healing.

Physically, at least, the only difference Nona could detect was that a skilful make-up had filled in the lines which were weaving their permanent web about her mother's lips and eyes. Under this delicate mask Pauline's face looked younger and fresher than ever, and as smooth and empty as if she had just been born again. "And she *has*, after all," Nona concluded.

She sat down by the couch, and laid a light hand on her daughter's.

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"Then you ought to be, Mother." Nona forced her pale lips into a smile.

"I *am*, dear. If I do a thing at all I like to do it well. That's always been my theory, you know: the best or nothing. And I do believe it was a success. But perhaps I'm tiring you." Pauline stood up irresolutely. She had never been good at bedsides unless she could play some active and masterful part there. Nona was aware that her mother's moments alone with her had become increasingly difficult as her strength had returned, and there was nothing more to be done for her. It was as well that the Manfords were starting that evening.

"Don't stay, Mother; I'm all right, really. It's only that things still tire me a little——"

Pauline lingered, looking down on the girl with an expression of anxiety struggling through her smooth rejuvenation. "I wish I felt happier about leaving you, darling. I know you're all right, of course; but the idea of your staying in this house all by yourself——"

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3740	35	1/–
3741	35	1/–
3745	35	1/–
3746	35	1/–
3747	35	1/–
3748	30	1/–
3750	35	1/–
3752	35	1/–
3754	30	1/–
3757	50	1/6
3761	50	1/6
3763	50	1/6
3764	35	1/–
3765	50	1/6
3766 L. H.	45	1/6
3767	35	1/–
3771 L. H.	50	1/6
3774	45	1/6
3778	35	1/–
3784	45	1/6
3802 S. H.	45	1/6
3803	35	1/–
3804	45	1/6
3805	45	1/6
3806	45	1/6
3807	50	1/6
3808	45	1/6
3809	50	1/6
3810	45	1/6
3811	35	1/–
3812	45	1/6
3813	45	1/6
3814	45	1/6
3815	35	1/–
3816	35	1/–
3817	45	1/6
3818	50	1/6
3819	50	1/6
3820	50	1/6
3821	45	1/6
3822	45	1/6
3823	45	1/6
3824	45	1/6
3825	40	1/6
3826	35	1/–
3832	35	1/–
3834	45	1/6
3837 S. H.	45	1/6
3843	45	1/6
3848	45	1/6
3849	50	1/6
3855	35	1/–
3857	40	1/6
3858	35	1/–
3859	30	1/–
3860	40	1/6
3863	50	1/6
3865 S. H.	45	1/6
3866	50	1/6
3868 S. H.	45	1/6
3870	50	1/6
3871	50	1/6
3872	45	1/6
3873	25	1/–
3874	35	1/–
3875	45	1/6
3876	35	1/–
3877	35	1/–
3878	45	1/6
3879	35	1/–
3880	30	1/–
3881	45	1/6
3882	45	1/6
3883	30	1/–
3884	45	1/6
3885 S. H.	45	1/6
3886	45	1/6
3887	45	1/6
3888	30	1/–
3889	50	1/6
3890	30	1/–
3891	35	1/–
3892	35	1/–
3893	45	1/6
3894	45	1/6
3895	45	1/6
3896	50	1/6
3897	35	1/–
3898	35	1/–
3899	45	1/6
3900	45	1/6
3901	45	1/6
3902	50	1/6
3903 L. H.	50	1/6
3904 L. H.	45	1/6
3905	35	1/–
3906	30	1/–
3907	30	1/–
3908	45	1/6
3909	40	1/6
3910	35	1/–
3911	35	1/–
3912	50	1/6
3913	30	1/–
3914	50	1/6
3915	45	1/6
3916	35	1/–
3917	35	1/–
3918	45	1/6
3919	45	1/6
3920	50	1/6
3921	45	1/6
3922	50	1/6
3923	45	1/6
3924	45	1/6

Embroidery

11929	20	1/–
12031	35	1/6
12029	30	1/6
12720	30	1/6
12796	40	2/–
12820	25	1/3
12864	50	2/6
12998	40	1/6
13037	35	1/–
13040	35	1/–
13112	35	1/–
13124	30	1/–
13128	40	1/6
13134	30	1/–
13136	40	1/6
13137	30	1/–
13138	25	1/–
13139	25	1/–
13140	25	1/–
13141	40	1/6
13144	35	1/–
13146	35	1/–
13147	30	1/–
13148	35	1/–
13152	40	1/6
13153	30	1/–
13154	30	1/–
13155	30	1/–
13156	40	1/6

Monograms

540	3 inches 00	3/–
544	3 inches 00	3/–
548	3 inches 00	3/–
558	2 inches 00	2/6
697	3 inches 00	3/–

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"It's just what I shall like. And on father's account you ought to get away."

"It's what I feel," Pauline assented, brightening.

"You must be awfully busy with all the last things to be done. I'm as comfortable as possible; I wish you'd just go off and forget about me."

"Well, Maisie *is* clamoring for me," Pauline confessed from the threshold.

The door shut, and Nona closed her eyes with a sigh. To-morrow—to-morrow she would be alone! And in a week, perhaps, she would get back to Cedarledge, and lie on the terrace with the dogs about her, and no one to ask questions, to hint and sympathize, or be discreet and evasive. Yes, in spite of everything, the idea of returning to Cedarledge now seemed more bearable than any other.

In a restless attempt to ease her position she stretched her hand out, and it came in contact with the bundle of newspaper cuttings. She shrank back with a little grimace; then she smiled. After the night at Cedarledge every one had supposed—even Maisie and Powder had—that the Cardinal's reception would have to be given up, since, owing to His Eminence's impending departure, it could not be deferred. But it had come off on the appointed day—the fourth after the burglary—and Pauline had made it a success. The girl really admired her mother for that.

The party had been not only brilliant but entertaining. Every one had been there, all the official and ecclesiastical dignitaries, yes, even the Scientific Initiate, looking colossal and Siberian in some half-priestly dress. Nona suspected her mother of longing to invite the Mahatma, whose Oriental garb would have been so effective. But she had not risked it, and her chief reflection, after the great ecclesiastics, had turned out to be Michelangelo, the newly arrived, and his mother at his side, explaining and parading him.

"The pity is that dear Jim and Lita have sailed," the Marchesa declared to all who would give ear. "That's really a great disappointment. I did hope Lita would have been here to-night. She and my Michelangelo would have made such a glorious couple: the Old World and the New. But dear Lita will be back before long." And she mingled her hopes and regrets with Mrs. Percy Landish's.

NONA shut her eyes again. Ever since that intolerable night she had ached with the incessant weariness of not being able to sleep, and of trying to hide from those about her how brief her intervals of oblivion had been. During the hours of darkness she seemed to be forever toiling down perspectives of noise and glare, like a wanderer in the illuminated labyrinth of an unknown city. It was only by day, alone in her quiet room, that her lids, in closing, sometimes shut things out.

Such a respite came to her now; and she started up out of nothingness to find her father at her side. She had not expected to see him alone before they parted. She had fancied that her parents would postpone their joint farewells till after dinner, just before driving off to their train. For a moment she lay and looked up at Manford without being clearly conscious that he was there, and without knowing what to say if he were.

It appeared that he did not know either. Perhaps he had been led to her side, almost in spite of himself, by the blind need to be alone with her before they parted; or perhaps he had come merely because he suspected she might think he was afraid to. He sat down without speaking in the chair which Pauline had left.

Dusk had fallen, and Nona was aware of the presence at her side only as a shadowy bulk, bent and heavy and motionless. After a while her father put his hand out and laid it on hers.

"Why, it's nearly dark," she said. "You'll be off in an hour or so now."

"Yes. Your mother and I are dining early."

She wound her fingers into his, and they sat silent again. She liked to have him near her in this way, but she was glad, for his sake and her own, that the twilight made his face indistinct. She hoped their silence might be unbroken. As long as she neither saw nor heard him there was a strange, unaccountable comfort in feeling him near—as if the living warmth he imparted were something they shared indissolubly.

"In a couple of hours now—" he began, with an attempt at briskness. She was silent, and he went on: "I wanted to be with you for a minute like this. I wanted to say——"

"Father——"

He turned suddenly in his chair, and, bending down over her, pressed his forehead against the coverlet. She freed her hand and passed it through the thin hair on his temples.

"Don't let's talk. There's nothing to say."

She felt a tremor of his shoulders as they pressed against her, and the tremor ran through her own body and seemed to loosen the fibers of her heart.

"Old dad."

"Nona."

After that they remained again without speaking till a clock chimed out from somewhere in the shadows. Then Manford got up. He gave himself one of his impatient shakes, and stooped to kiss his daughter on the forehead.

"'I don't believe I'll come up again before we go."

"No."

"It's no use——"

"No."

"I'll look after your mother—do all I can. Good-by, dear."

"Good-by, Father."

He groped for her forehead again, and went out of the room; and she closed her eyes and lay in the darkness with her heart folded like two hands around the thought of him.

"NONA, darling!" There were still the good-bys to her mother to be gone through. Well, that would be comparatively easy; and in a lighted room, too, with Pauline on the threshold, slim, erect, and consciously equipped for travel—complete and wonderful! Yes; it would be almost easy.

"Child, it's time; we're off in a few minutes. But I think I've left everything in order. Maisie's down-stairs; she has all my directions, and the list of stations to which she's to wire how you are while we're crossing the continent."

"But, Mother, I'm all right; it's not a bit necessary——"

"Dear! You can't help my wanting to hear about you."

"No; I know. I only meant you're not to worry."

"Of course I won't worry; I wouldn't *let* myself worry. You know how I feel about all that. And besides," added Mrs. Manford victoriously, "what in the world is there to worry about?"

"Nothing," Nona acquiesced with a smile.

Pauline bent down and placed a lingering kiss where Manford's lips had just brushed his daughter's forehead. Pauline played her part better—and made it correspondingly easier for her fellow-actors to play theirs.

"Good-by, mother dear. Have all sorts of a good time, won't you?"

"It will be a very interesting trip—with a man as clever and cultivated as your father. If only you could have come with us! But you'll promise to join us in Egypt?"

"Don't ask me to promise anything yet, Mother."

Pauline raised herself to her full height and stood looking down intently at her daughter. Under her smooth new face Nona again seemed to see the flicker of anxiety pass back and forward, like a light moving from window to window in a long-uninhabited house. The glimpse startled the girl and caught her by the heart. Suddenly something within her broke up. Her lips tightened like a frightened child's, and she felt the tears running down her cheeks.

"Nona—child! You're not crying?" Pauline was kneeling at her side.

"It's nothing, Mother—nothing. Go! please go!"

"Darling—if I could only see you happy one of these days."

"Happy?"

"Well, I mean like other people. Married—" the mother hastily ventured.

Nona had brushed away her tears. She raised her head and looked straight into Pauline's eyes.

"Married? Do you suppose being married would make me happy? I wonder why you should! I don't want to marry—there's nobody in the world I would marry." She continued to stare up at her mother with hard, unwavering eyes. "Marry! I'd a thousand times rather go into a convent and have done with it."

"A convent— Nona! Not *a convent?*" Pauline had got to her feet and stood before her daughter with distress and amazement breaking through every fissure of her paint. "I never heard anything so horrible," she said.

DEEPER than all her eclectic religiosity, deeper than her pride in receiving the Cardinal, deeper than the superficial contradictions and accommodations of a conscience grown elastic from too much use, Nona watched, with a faint smile, the old Puritan terror of gliding priests and incense and idolatry rise to the surface of her mother's face. Perhaps that terror was the only solid fiber left in her.

"I sometimes think you want to break my heart, Nona. To tell me this now! Go into a convent!" the mother groaned.

The girl let her head drop back among the cushions.

"Oh, but I mean a convent where nobody believes in anything," she said.

THE END

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